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Beverages, Past and Present

An Historical Sketch of their Production,
together with a Study of the
Customs Connected with
their Use

By

Edward R. Emerson

Author of "The Story of the Vine," "A Lay Thesis on Bible Wine," etc.

In Two Volumes

Volume II.

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1908

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BEVERAGES, PAST AND PRESENT

BEVERAGES, PAST AND PRESENT

CHAPTER I

TRANSYLVANIA AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

IF it were possible that an unbounded faith in one's country and its products could make that nation, or land, supreme, then that part of Hungary known as Transylvania and occupied by Saxons should be the greatest of all countries. The Saxon has an everlasting and all-pervading belief in the superiority of anything that emanates from his domains, as witness the following:

Draaser wheaten bread,
Heltau's cabbage red,
Streitford's bacon fine,
Bolkatsch pearly wine,
Schassburg's maidens fair,
Goodly things and rare.

Of course to argue against these assertions would be useless and therefore it is best at first to acquiesce, for perhaps later on you may almost believe as does the Saxon. It was Mr. Charles Boner who in speaking of wine in his *Transylvania* said:

We are often astonished, when a discovery is made,

that the appliance we have at last learned to use was never so used before: it seems to us quite inconceivable. But still more extraordinary must it appear that a thing which men seek, and enjoy, should exist in abundance within our reach, and no one, beyond a certain narrow limit, know even of its existence. Yet this is the case with a product valued too as an article of commerce, and held in still higher esteem as a source of joy, as an exhilarating power, as a restorer of energy and a mighty gladdener of the human heart. Who can read these words and not know that it is of wine that I speak?

> Ancient wine! Brave old wine!
> How it around the heart doth twine!
> Poets may love
> The stars above;
> But *I* love—wine!

And who shall taste Transylvanian wine without doing so? The very recollection of its noble qualities, and the pleasurable emotions its presence always brought me, carry me away; and were I to follow my bent I should write of it in dithyrambics, as the more natural form for so excellent, for so inspiring a theme. But I make an effort and return to steady prose. As the waters of Transylvania nearly all flow westward, the mountains and hills lie also in this direction; and one side being exposed to the vertical rays of the noontide sun, no better sites could be found for the cultivation of the grape. How the vine thrives in this country is proved by the superlative excellence of its products. The inhabitants are proud of their wine: and whoever has had an opportunity of testing it knows how delicious it is—how palatable and delicate, how refreshing and exhilarating, how abounding in all the generous qualities we look for in wine. On tasting, for the first time, good Transylvanian wine, I was

astonished at its rich flavour, its peculiarly pleasant freshness, and at the fire lurking within such liquid gold. Later, I learned still better to appreciate its virtues. I can only say that, as is the case with all true excellence, a nearer intimacy tended to strengthen my regard; and I never once had reason to repent of the judgment formed, or of the friendly footing to which that estimation led. On returning from Transylvania, I was telling Baron Liebig of the wines it produced, when he at once broke forth in praise of them. "But what do *you* know of Transylvanian wines?" said I. "Not know!" he answered. "I know that they are of rare excellence. Some were sent there to the exhibition; and as I was on the jury, I tasted them. They were delicious, and possessed all the best qualities looked for in wine. We accorded the first prize—the great gold medal—to wine from Transylvania." With this single exception, I have found no one out of the country who knew anything, or had ever heard of Transylvanian wine.

The vine in Transylvania is by no means of recent introduction. History proves conclusively that it was in a flourishing condition early in the thirteenth century, and it is the supposition that vines were planted by the Germans who were brought to cultivate and repeople this territory by Geisa II. between the years 1141 and 1161. What is still more wonderful about these wines is the fact that in the crudity of manufacture and the utter indifference as to the condition of the grapes at the time of picking and the facilities for storage—the casks seldom being thoroughly purified and the presses being left, to say the least, in an indifferent state—no other country can excel Transylvania in primitive methods. And yet, despite these environments, the jury at Munich had to award these wines the highest prize and honour in their power simply upon their merits. When the wines were sent to this exhibition they were not enclosed in fine bottles prettily

labelled and tastefully adorned with leaden capsules and other little embellishments to attract the eye. Far from it. Any old bottle—medicine and ink ones predominated—would have answered the purpose, and second-hand corks were almost a luxury, for pieces of corn-stalk and wads of paper were mainly used for this purpose.

The vintage is a most indifferent affair in this country: no care is taken to separate the various kinds of grapes, and as for sorting the ripe from the unripe and the good from the bad, such a thing was never thought of, for they say the fermentation will rectify all these conditions and what is the use of doing a lot of unnecessary work? In other countries this contention has been proven to be wrong, but in Transylvania the results seem to prove the assertion and bear the practice out. In fact, everything about the vintage is imperfectly manipulated, and yet the result is almost perfection; perhaps it is the element of climate that has much to do towards this condition of affairs. There may be, and undoubtedly is, something in the atmosphere that has a corrective tendency and makes the fermentation period a most powerful agency. The soil on these mountain-sides too is almost ideal for the grape, being composed of sand and marl, and consequently any variety quickly becomes acclimated or established. There are fourteen species of grape indigenous to the country; that is to say, which have been for centuries acclimatised here. Amongst them are five sorts of muscadine grape; but these, though most highly valued for the table, produce inferior wine. The most prized by the wine-growers is one with a small berry, called Maiden Grape (*avicella nitida*), which produces an incomparable wine.

A commission, deputed by the Klausenburg Agricultural Society to report on the different vines, thus speaks of it: "The wine which this grape yields is, it may be affirmed, approached by none in the country with the exception of the unique *bacca d'oro*. In taste, lightness, and delicacy of flavour, it reminds one at once of *riessling;* only that it has more fire and strength than that wine."

In the immediate neighbourhood of Bistritz, in the north of the province, is the village of Heidendorf. Here grows one of the choicest vines in the country. The grapes of this vineyard are the true *riessling*,—the same of which the celebrated *johannisberger* is made. (The soil here is marl, stony débris, and shelly limestone.) The Saxons, fond of thinking everything in the country indigenous to their land, believed that the *riessling* vine was a native of Transylvania. A naturalist visiting there examined the plant, and made the discovery that the vine was of the cherished sort found on the banks of the Rhine,—the only difference being that the reverse side of the leaf was more hairy, owing to the greater roughness of the climate. "What do you call these grapes?" he asked. "Fōsnische Trauben," was the answer,—a name by which all vines of this sort were known throughout the land. This word proved their origin, and showed they were *not* indigenous. "Fōsnische" is a corruption of "Venetianisch" (Venetian), they having been originally imported from the south.

Among the different articles of the farm which the Saxons stipulate to give their clergymen, instead of money, is wine, and in conjunction with this practice a story is told. A certain Saxon had a disagreement

with his minister and at first refused to give him his tithe of wine, but in the end was compelled to do so. Infuriated for the time beyond reconciliation, he left the country and went to live in Germany on the Rhine. While there he learned the cultivation of the vine and the management of the cellar, and returning to his home he destroyed the old vines, planted the vineyard afresh, racked his wine properly and in a few years his vineyard (Heidendorf) was celebrated.

The vintages most prized in Transylvania are those growing beside the Little Kokel River and near Karlsburg; also near the Great Kokel River, Hunyard Valley, the upper valley of the Maros, Nyarad near Maros, and in the Mezoseg. The grapes grown in these last-named vineyards are most aromatic, but the yield is small. The Karlsburg wines have all a golden tinge, except those growing in the vineyard of the bishop, which are of superlative quality and called *roszamaler*. This wine is a most excellent keeper and Mr. Boner says that he was presented with several bottles that was thirty years old. In fact all the wines of Transylvania can be said to be fine keepers, and those between fifteen and twenty years of age are common. When the wine is young, that is to say, one or two years old—and it is during this period that most of it is consumed—it imparts an agreeable prickling sensation to the tongue, which these people call "tschirpsen." Were it not for this the wines would be quite apt to cloy, as at this age they are somewhat sweet, but the "tschirpsen" renders them much like a champagne. Mr. Boner writing on this subject says:

The purity of the wine is undoubtedly one cause of its

salubrity. I never was better than while I enjoyed it; and as far as my own experience goes I should be inclined to change the proverb, and say, "In vino sanitas." You get the juice of the grape without any admixture of brandy; all the spirit that is in it is entirely its own. The strongest vintage never gave me a headache or deranged the stomach, and were any generous-minded man inclined to make me a present of whatever wine I might select, I would at once ask for a pipe of good Transylvania. [Further on he adds]: A man who suffers from headache or indigestion after a bottle of wine is a positive loser from such circumstances, for he is not fit to do anything. On the other hand the gain is equally positive if he drinks a wine which, besides being most palatable, leaves him clear-headed, cheerful, refreshed, and fit for work. And that this is a characteristic of Transylvanian wines I can attest.

In one respect Transylvania strongly resembles other wine countries, in reference to the quality of the wines served at the different inns and hotels. Here as in other lands the traveller will only be able to get the most inferior qualities and will be charged the highest prices. It is only among the private citizens and the land-owners that one can look for really good wine, and until a person has been able to meet these people and partake of their hospitality he can form no idea or judgment as to the excellent wine made in the land. Any attempt to explain this condition would be a speculation, but that it is universal one has only to travel and visit these countries to prove. In rare cases the stranger will happen upon an inn where good wine is dispensed, but this is the exception and when he is fortunate enough to have found such a place he should at once, if he is fond of good wine,

endeavour to become acquainted with the people and seek the privilege of tasting what they have reserved for themselves. Then and only then can he speak authoritatively upon the subject.

But wine is not the only inebriating beverage of Transylvania. *Brantewein*, otherwise brandy, is made in large quantities; the product, though, most universally used is *slivovitz*, distilled from plums. This is the national drink of the whole of this part of Europe, including Austria-Hungary, and as far south as the Turkish empire, where, by the way, it can also be obtained in almost unlimited quantities. Maize, our own Indian corn, is, as with us, also converted into an ardent beverage and next to the plum *slivovitz* it is the most popular, much to the detriment of the people. Neither of these beverages is carefully made and therefore they are most harmful in their action, being both fiery and raw, and will soon produce intoxication. Naturally there is a great quantity of wine consumed in a country so well favoured and many of the different transactions are sealed and consummated with it. For instance there is a custom in Transylvania that when a neighbour built a house, or barn, or dug a well, his friends were expected to assist and he, in return, gave them an "Ehrentrunk," or draught of wine. On the other hand a neighbour "who came slowly" to lend his aid had to pay a measure of wine; he "who came not at all" forfeited two. Should there be a widow in the community and she being possessed of a vineyard, it was the duty of the men to see that her wine was made first, for if it were deferred she, poor soul, would get no one to help her. The clergyman too has much use for wine and from the

beginning to the end of his career in the neighbourhood wine plays an important part.

Madame E. Gerard in *The Land Beyond the Forest* gives a very interesting account of a pastor's life and duties in Transylvania. She writes:

An early day is fixed for the presentation of the new shepherd to his flock, and at a still earlier date the new Frau Pastorin precedes him thither, where she is soon deep in the mysteries of cake-baking, fowl-killing, etc., etc., in view of the many official banquets which are to accompany the presentation. In this employment she has ample assistance from the village matrons, as well as contributions of eggs, cream, butter, and bacon. The day before the presentation the pastor has been fetched in a carriage drawn by six white horses. The first step of his installation is the making out and signing of the agreement or treaty between pastor and people,—all the said pastor's duties, obligations, and privileges, from the exact quantity and quality of Holy Gospel to the congregation, down to his share of wild crab-apples for brewing the household vinegars, and the precise amount of acorns his pigs are at liberty to consume. After this treaty has been duly signed and read aloud, the keys of the church are solemnly given over and accepted with appropriate speeches. The banquet which succeeds this ceremony is called the "Key-drinking." Then follows the solemn installation in the church, where the new pastor, for the first time, pronounces aloud the blessing over his congregation, who strain their ears with critical attention to catch the sound and pass sentence thereon. The Saxon peasant thinks much of a full sonorous voice; therefore woe to the man who is cursed with a thin squeaky organ, for he will assuredly fall at least fifty per cent. in the estimation of his audience. Then follows another banquet, at which each of the church

officials has his place at table marked by a silver thaler piece (about 3s.) lying at the bottom of his large tankard, and visible through the clear golden wine with which the bumper is filled. Etiquette demands that the drinker should taste of the wine but sparingly at first, merely wetting the lips and affecting not to perceive the silver coin; but when the health of the new pastor is drunk, each man must empty his tankard at one draught, skilfully catching the thaler between the teeth, as he drains it dry. This coin is then supposed to be treasured up in memory of the event. This has been but a flying visit to his new parish, and only some weeks later does the new pastor hold his solemn entry into the parish, the preparations for the flitting naturally occupying some few weeks. The village is bound to convey the new pastor, his family, as well as all their goods and chattels, to the new home, and it is considered a distinction when many carts are required for the purpose, even though the distance be great and the roads bad; for the people would have no opinion at all of a pastor who arrived in light marching order, but seem rather to value him in proportion to the trouble he gives them. As many as eighteen to twenty carts are sometimes pressed into service for this patriarchal procession. The six white horses which are to be harnessed to the carriage for the clergyman and his wife have been carefully fattened up during the last few weeks, their manes plaited with bright ribbons, and the carriage itself decorated with flowers and garlands. At the parish boundary all the young men of the village have come out on horseback to meet them and with flying banners they ride alongside of the carriage. By this way the village is reached, where sometimes a straw rope is stretched across the road to bar his entrance. This is removed on the pastor paying a ransom, and, entering the village, the driver is expected to conduct his horses at full gallop thrice around the fortified walls of the church before entering the parson-

age court-yard. The village pastor who lives among his people must adopt their habits and their hours. It would not do for him to lie abed till seven or eight o'clock, like a town gentleman: five o'clock, and even sooner, must find him dressed and ready to attend to the hundred and one requirements of his parishioners, who, even at that early hour, come pouring in upon him from all sides. Perhaps it is a petition for some particularly fine sort of turnip-seed which only the Herr Vater has got, or else he is required to look into his wise book to see if he can find a remedy for the stubborn cough of a favourite horse, or the distressing state of the calf's digestion. Another will bring him a dish of golden honeycomb, with some question regarding the smoking of the hives; while a fourth has come to transform his new-born son from a pagan into a Christian child. Various deputations of villagers, inviting the pastor to two different funerals and to six weddings, have successively been disposed of; then will come a peasant with some Hungarian legal document which he would like to have deciphered. Has he won the lawsuit which has been pending these two years and more? or has he lost it, and will he be obliged to pay the damages as well? This is a riddle which the Herr Vater can read him aright, by consulting the big Hungarian dictionary on the shelf. The next visitor is perchance an old white-bearded man, bent double with the weight of years, and carrying a well-worn Bible under his arm. He wants to know his age, which used to be entered somewhere in the book; but he cannot find the place, or else the bookbinder in mending the volume last year pasted paper over it. Perhaps the Herr Vater can make it out for him; and further, to facilitate the search, he mentions that there was corn in the upper fields and maize in the low meadows the year he was born, and that since then the corn has been sown twenty-four times on the same spot and sown there again next year if God pleases to spare him. The

pastor, who must of course be well versed in this sort of rural arithmetic, has no difficulty in pronouncing the man to be exactly seventy-three years and three months old, and sends him away well pleased to discover that he is a whole year younger than he had believed himself to be. Often, too, a couple appear on the scene for the purpose of being reconciled. The man has beaten his wife, and she has come to complain—not of the beating in the abstract, but of the manner in which this particular castigation has been administered. It was really too bad this time, as, sobbing, she explains to the Herr Vater that he has belaboured her with a thick leather thong in a truly heathenish fashion, instead of taking the broomstick, as does every respectable man, to beat his wife.

There are other duties besides these, too, but the above will suffice to give the reader an insight into the life of a minister. In this rocky country while many conditions tend to make it seem harsh and monotonous, the Herr Vater is almost an absolute ruler in his own parish, and when it is comprehended there is much to envy. Years ago, when the churches had to be fortified by a wall, owing to the many wars, there was a law compelling each bridegroom to roll up the incline and within the inclosure a large round stone weighing about two hundred pounds, in order that they could be used to roll down on the approaching enemy, and furthermore it was ordained in order to exclude from matrimony all sick or weakly subjects. The task was not an easy one and the performance of it showed that the subject was in good physical condition, and able to wield the broomstick if occasion required it. Among the many peculiar customs which these people have, and especially during the wedding

festivities, is one thoroughly unique to that part of Europe. On the morning after the wedding, bridesmen and brideswomen early repair to the room of the newly married couple, presenting them with a cake in which hairs of cows and buffaloes, swine's bristles, feathers, and egg-shells are baked. Both husband and wife must at least swallow a piece of this unsavoury compound to ensure the welfare of the cattle and poultry during married life.

Elsewhere, in another part called the Altmark they serve to the newly married couple a soup composed of cattle-fodder, hay, beans, oats, straw, and everything that is fed to the creatures of the farmyard so that the farm animals may thrive. In order that the couple may have a proper understanding between themselves, they must lick with their tongues a stone of salt together. Wine is a great agent for the prevention of witchcraft, and to free a child that has been bewitched all that is necessary is to heat a ploughshare red-hot and then pour some wine upon it and hold the child above it in the steam. This is almost an infallible method of absolution and should be remembered.

One of the most popular of the non-intoxicating beverages made in Transylvania is that called *kraut-suppe*. It is made of a specie of pickled cabbage and has a sharp acid flavour. No ball is thought to be complete without its cups of steaming hot *kraut-suppe*, and it must be admitted that it is most grateful to a jaded palate and is very refreshing. The use of wormwood (*Artemisia absinthium*), in conjunction with wine, making a specie of absinthe, is also common in Transylvania and the adjacent territory. The combination

makes a bitter, but nevertheless a most palatable, beverage, and when used with discretion is quite wholesome.

If there can be any credence given to the theory that climate and climatic conditions are often responsible for causing men to drink inebriating beverages, it should be extended to that part of Europe known as Austria-Hungary, for here, no matter where one goes in town or hamlet, valley or hill, some kind of ardent potation will be offered, and the refusal to partake will tend much to the traveller's future discomfort, for these people are of a very hospitable nature, and to refuse to drink or eat with them is, in their eyes, a serious offence. In illustration of this trait there is a story told of Baron——, one of the nearly extinct old-fashioned people, who regularly, an hour or so before the dinner-time, rides along the nearest highroad to try and catch a guest. It has been whispered that on one occasion a couple of intelligent-looking travellers, who declined to be "retained" for dinner, were severely beaten for their recalcitrant behaviour, by order of the hospitable Baron.

Things, you know, remarked another traveller, are done differently here, and it is better when in Hungary to do as the Hungarians do. The introduction of the grape into this part of the world was at a remote period, but how early none can exactly tell. The most plausible of the many theories is that the Emperor Probus had the vine planted in this extensive portion of his domains in the third century. That he did do so cannot be doubted, but that they were the first vines to be grown here is somewhat uncertain. Traditions make the period much earlier, but, as they cannot

be substantiated by any other source, the question must still remain unsolved. In the fifth century wine was a common article. Gibbon in his *Decline and Fall* describes quite minutely the amount of wine that was used at the feasts given to Attila. From the fifth to the thirteenth century the account of the vine is meagre; but about the middle of this last-named period, the Tartars devastated the whole land and the then reigning monarch, Bela IV., found it necessary to send to Italy for cuttings and stock to replenish the vineyards which the Tartar invaders had destroyed and it was this action that gave to the Huns the necessary stimulus for the future cultivation of the grape. In some respects the progress has not been rapid, and primitive methods are still to be found, but if Hungary never gives the world another boon she can forever rest upon her laurels in having produced Tokay. It is not Hungary that has made Tokay famous but Tokay which has made Hungary celebrated. To say that *tokay* wine is universally liked would be erroneous, but it may be said in truth that it has its admirers in almost every part of the world. Doctor Edward Daniel Clark, writing in the first decade of the nineteenth century, in his *Clark's Travels* says:

The opinions of different individuals are so opposite that one traveller will probably condemn what another has extolled; perhaps, therefore, the best judgment may be afforded by comparisons. The finest wine of Tokay is very like that of Cyprus; it has the same sweetness and it is also characterised by that slight effervescence from which the *commandaria* of Cyprus is never exempt. To compare it with other preparations brewed by English housewives, it is something like mead, or very luscious

old raisin wine; and we therefore pronounce it *bad.* The wines of Buda we thought were better, because they have more of a resinous flavour. But nothing is more likely than that the very reasons we have now urged, in affirming the bad quality of Tokay, may be considered by others as proofs of its excellence.

Thus it is with everything upon which man has to decide, and especially is this most true in the matter of wine; some like what others dislike, and again many are indifferent. It is a wise provision of nature, and ultimately the scales assume an even balance; for with the appreciation of one, there is at the same time a depreciation of another and while, for a time, there is a wavering of the balances, they soon settle evenly. Although Tokay derives its name from a village situated in the Hegyalia (mountain-slopes) of Hungary, it is a matter of fact that the best wines are not produced there, and the Tokay from other localities is more esteemed.

Andrew F. Crosse in *Round About the Carpathians* says:

Tallya, for example, situated a few miles east of Szanto, has long been renowned. As early as the sixteenth century the excellence of the wine from this district was acknowledged by infallible authority. It appears that during the settling of the Council of Trent wines were produced from all parts for the delectation of the holy fathers. George Draskovics, the bishop of Fünfkirchen, brought some of his celebrated vintage, and, presenting a glass of it to the Pope, observed that it was Tallya wine. Whereupon his Holiness pronounced it to be nectar, surpassing all other wines, exclaiming with ready wit, "Summum Pontificum *Talia* vina decent." This place, so

happily distinguished by papal wit, is pleasantly situated on the side of the hill; it possesses about twenty-one hundred acres of vineyards. The places in the Hegyalia are called towns, though in reality they are not much more than large villages. Tokay has four thousand inhabitants. It is at the foot of the hill close to the junction of the Theiss and the Bodrog; a ruined castle forms a picturesque object in the foreground, and beyond is the far-stretching plain. Professor Judd says (*Ancient Volcanoes of Hungary*) that at one period of their history the volcanic islands of Hungary must have been very similar in appearance to those of the Grecian Archipelago.

Looking at the conical-shaped hills of Tokay, and the other configurations of the range, it is quite easy to take in the idea, and under certain atmospheric conditions the great plain very closely resembles an inland sea. At Tokay the Theiss becomes navigable for steamers, but the circuitous course of the river prevents much traffic, more especially since the extension of railways. The next place is Tarczal, and here the Emperor of Austria has some fine vineyards. Some people have an idea that all the wine grown in the whole district is Imperial Tokay and that the vineyards themselves, one and all, are imperial property. This is very far from being the case. In fact since 1848 the peasant proprietors hold more largely than any other class. The easy transfer of land facilitates the purchase of small lots, and the result is that every peasant in the Hegyalia tries to possess himself of an acre or two, or even half an acre, of vineyard. The cultivation seems to pay them well; but a succession of bad seasons must be very trying, for the vineyards cannot be neglected be the year good or bad.

In Hungary it is said that "the weather seems to have no control over itself" and the vineyardist here

has a most uncertain time of it indeed. Late frosts in the spring of the year, wet summers, and heavy hail-storms all lend their aid in relieving the monotony of always having successful seasons, and heavy taxes make the raising of grapes anything but an absolute pleasure. While the method of making Tokay is somewhat peculiar, speaking moderately, it is only the outcome of some very ancient practices, particularly among the Romans. It is not until the last two weeks in October, when the air is frosty and cold, that the vintage can be said to have begun. And neither is it the abundance of grapes that makes the season a success; the test is the amount, and quality, of dried grapes, for it is to these brown, withered-looking berries that the peculiar character of the wine is due. If the season has been favourable, and the hail-storms have not been too severe, the over-ripe grapes will burst their skins in September, when the water will evaporate, leaving the raisin-like grape with its undissipated saccharine matter.

Mr. John Paget in his *Hungary and Transylvania* describes the making of Tokay in the following:

> Three kinds of wine are made at Tokay—the *essents*, the *ausbruch*, and the *maslas*, so called from the different modes of preparing them. From the length of time the grapes hang, a great number of them lose part of their juice, begin to wither, and become exceedingly sweet. These grapes, when gathered, are placed on wooden trays, and sorted one by one with the greatest care, only the finest being selected; those which are too much withered, and those which are unripe, being alike rejected. When it is wished to obtain the *essentz*, these grapes are placed in a barrel with holes at the bottom, through which all the

juice that flows, without any other pressure being applied than their own weight, is allowed to pass off; and this it is that constitutes the *essentz*. After the *essentz* is extracted, or—as happens most frequently—when none has been taken, the grapes are at once placed in a vat and gently pressed with the hand, a small quantity of good must, or new wine, obtained in the ordinary manner, being poured over them to increase the quantity and facilitate its flow; and the result of this process is the *ausbruch*. To produce the *maslas*, a large quantity of less choice must is poured over the same berries, which are now pressed as in making common wine. The *essentz* can only be obtained in the very best years; and indeed it is only in favourable years that *ausbruch* of a good quality is produced. The wine ought to have a bright topaz colour. The *essentz* is sweet and luscious to the highest degree, and is esteemed rather as a curiosity than as pleasing to the palate; but it is the *ausbruch* on which the reputation of Tokay depends. It is a sweet, rich, but not cloying wine; strong, full-bodied, but mild, bright, and clear, and has a peculiar flavour of most exquisite delicacy. I have never tasted it in perfection but at private tables, and that only twice; I could then have willingly confessed it the finest wine in the world. The *maslas* is a much thinner wine, rather sweet, with a preponderating flavour of the dried grape. The product of the whole Hegyalia vintage, in an ordinary favourable season, may amount to about two hundred and fifty thousand *eimers*, of which not more than one quarter, and probably much less, is *ausbruch*. Tokay should not be drunk until it is some years old: and it is none the worse for twenty years' keeping in a good cellar. Even in Hungary I have known a *ducat* (ten shillings) given for a pint bottle of good old Tokay.

Since Mr. Paget wrote the above,—and the reader

will notice that he says that he was able to get good Tokay but twice, even right in the heart of the Hegyalia, where one would naturally think it would be more or less plentiful—the thought arises, do we or can we ever get the genuine? "But now they have another wine called *szamarodni*—a dry Tokay. This dry wine preserves the bouquet and strength of the ordinary Tokay, but it is absolutely without any appreciable 'sweetness.' In order to produce *szamarodni* the dry grapes must not be separated from the others."

In another part of his book Mr. Paget gives the reason why good wine in Hungary was hard to procure. He writes:

We were put sadly out of temper to-night by the horribly sour wine they gave us to wash down a bad supper. In vain we begged, in vain we offered money for better; the landlady said that the wine was seigniorial, and no better dare she sell. As the reader will learn more fully hereafter, the sale of wine and the sale of flesh are rights of the lord of the manor, and here we have a striking proof of the annoyance of this custom. In some cases the inn-keeper pays an annual rent for the exclusive privilege of selling wine in a certain town or village, and of course can then poison the poor traveller with as bad wine and as costly as he chooses; in other cases, as at Szalna, the lord provides the wine and obliges the inn-keeper to sell it at a certain price which he fixes, and for which the other is accountable after the deduction of one tenth for spillage, and a certain percentage for profit. In most instances this is done to obtain a ready and certain sale for an inferior quality of wine of their own growth, but in some cases also from a desire of protecting the peasant against the extortion of the inn-keeper, and to

provide him with a wholesome article at a moderate cost. In either case the wine is generally very little to be commended; its consumers are principally the peasants and what they desire is something cheap and intoxicating: they cannot see the use of drinking what will not make them drunk. The whole blame must not, therefore, be thrown on the privileged order.

Besides Tokay, which is made in this district, they also make *rust*, *erlan*, *menesch*, *schomlau*, and a number of other kinds, but these are the principal ones. In all parts of Austria-Hungary vines are grown and the output of wine is enormous, reaching far into the millions of gallons every year. As a rule the true Hungarian wines are strong and heady, especially when young, and should be kept a number of years before using. In former years the wines of this country, especially those made in the Tokay district, were much in demand at the court of Russia, and in order that a sufficient quantity should be procured Russia stationed a regiment of soldiers in this district to buy the wine.

In Hungary they do not in general allow the plant to grow to any considerable height, but cut off the shoots of the previous year close to the ground. In consequence, the stem swells to a thick knotty growth from which, in spring, new shoots burst forth. These trunks naturally assume various and sometimes extraordinary forms. They also figure occasionally among the emblems of the vintage feast. Pieces of these strangely distorted stems are carried home with the vine-wreath and preserved as memorials, like the antlers of stags. Frequently they are fashioned into drinking-cups.

There are two customs in this country which will be of benefit to the traveller if he observes carefully. One is called *stehwein* and the other *johannissegen*. The first means "standing wine" and is what a person takes at a friend's house without sitting down, and it is asserted that there are people who swallow so many drops of *stehwein* that they lose the power of standing altogether. The second, *johannissegen*, is a drop offered at parting. "Well, you must drink the St. John's blessing with me," says a man to his friend when he sees him preparing to depart. "The origin of the expression," said a Stuhlweissenburger to me, "is derived from a custom which prevails of taking some bottles to a priest [on St. John's day?] to be blessed; a portion is then poured into the various casks, and from these the *segen*, or blessing, is offered to the guests."

Thus says Mr. J. G. Kohl in *Austria*, who also describes the vintage among the Wallachians:

It rained the whole day; but this to the Wallachians was a matter of rejoicing, for they say the skins of the grapes are softer, and that more wine is obtained, after a rainy vintage than when the fruit has been gathered in fine weather. The vineyard lay in the open fields, and round them were drawn up numbers of small waggons, near which oxen were grazing. Upon these waggons were placed vessels for receiving the fruit of the grapes trodden out in the fields, an operation usually performed with the feet, but for which there is also a wooden implement divided at the bottom like fingers of a hand. With this they crush the grapes, and then dip in a pot to take out the juice. This gives the best kind of wine; the grapes are afterwards pressed a second time, and from this second pressing an inferior sort of wine is made. At one place

I saw the vintage carried home. The master and owner of the vineyard walked in front of his waggon, drawn by four oxen, who followed, almost without any other guidance, precisely at the pace he adopted. On the top was seated a lad, his son, acting as driver; and the whole waggon load consisted of three barrels of *must*, or first juice of the grapes trodden out in the field, and these were covered with large branches of vines bearing the most magnificent bunches of grapes that could be found. These were intended to be carried home for a feast and to make the vintage garlands; nevertheless, some of them were readily bestowed upon us wanderers. Behind the waggon came a row of gossiping spinning women, the wife, mother, and daughters of the lord of the harvest, and near them the servants and assistants in the work.

These people, like the Hungarians, also make great use of the plum, but they call the result *raki* instead of *slivovitz*, and they are in nowise behind their neighbours in the amount of the "fatal and pernicious" spirit they use. Among the many vessels that the people of all this part use for drinking purposes there are two which are, it could almost be said, indigenous to the country. The first is an earthenware pitcher with a narrow neck, containing a sort of sieve to prevent impurities from passing into the vessel. The hole out of which the people drink is in the handle, which is hollow, and through this hollow tube the Hungarian sucks up the water, and praises the whole arrangement as calculated to keep his liquor cool and pure; but how such a pitcher is ever to be cleaned inside is a mystery. The second is a sort of bottle called *tshuttora*, in use everywhere in Hungary among Magyars, Germans, Wallachians, and Slavonians, to carry with

them on a journey, or into the fields, when they are keeping their flocks and herds, or doing farming work. The *tshuttora* is a round wooden vessel, of a corpulent shape, with a small narrow neck. It is generally turned out of one piece of wood, and has a hole at the top and another at the bottom, the latter closed with a spigot, and decorated with a rosette of coloured leather. It is also furnished with thongs by which it can be hung around the neck, and has four little feet so ill proportioned to its portly dimensions, that it hardly stands steadier on them than its owner does on his legs when he has been too frequent in his application to it.

There is no Hungarian house that does not contain *tshuttoras* of all sizes, some of them as big as a small cask. The Hungarian magnates are equally enamoured of the *tshuttora*, and take them with them on hunting parties or journeys, and all similar occasions, and they are filled with every kind of liquid, from the wine of Tokay to the dirty or brackish water of the marsh. In all songs in which the praises of the sparkling goblet or the jovial bowl would be heard among us, those of the *tshuttora* resound in Hungary. These vessels were made in the earliest times exactly as they are now, and there is little doubt that the nomadic tribes who wandered first into Hungary came with the *tshuttora* round their necks.

In speaking of the brackish water of the marsh Mr. Kohl gives elsewhere in his book an account of how this is obtained in the huts of the Magyar herdsmen.

We accompanied some of them to their dwellings in the marsh. These were huts of a conical shape, built of reeds,

with the floors also covered with reeds and straw. In the midst were some planks nailed together and covered with beaten clay, which served for a hearth. Round this were laid straw beds, with pillows made of blocks of wood covered with sheepskins. The inhabitants cannot even turn in their beds without feeling the ground shake under them, yet they occupy them all through the winter, and have a perfectly healthy appearance. Their principal nourishment consists of small pieces of beef, rubbed with onions and pepper and roasted; but the pepper—a Hungarian sort called *paprika*—is used in enormous quantities. I swallowed a piece of the meat and felt as if I had eaten a burning coal. With this piquant dish they drink the muddy marsh water. When they wish to drink, they lie down on their stomachs, and draw the water up by means of a reed. One of them showed me exactly how the operation was performed. He cut a reed, placed it upright and then stuck it about an ell down into the ground. He then sucked up the water and spit it out, as the first that came was thick, brown, and dirty. The more he sucked the clearer it became, till, at length finding it drinkable, he drew out the reed and wrapped a piece of rag around the lower end to serve as a filter. He then plunged it again into the hole and called on me to drink, saying it was delicious. I found one of these reeds sticking in the ground before every bed, and I was told that in the morning when they got up the first thing they do is to take a drink. On stooping to take a draught of this cool beverage I chanced to take hold rather carelessly of the reed, and they begged me to mind what I was about, as I might easily trouble the water beneath.

In some ways this method of having water in the house has its advantages. It saves plumbers' bills. Mr. Kohl also gives a most graphic account of the

Hungarian cuisine, the information for which he says he received from a friend.

The chief dish of all Hungarians, at least in this part of the country [he said], was dumplings with curdled milk. This dish made its appearance every day at every man's table, even on the nobleman's, and if not served up at dinner it never failed to figure at supper. Roast or boiled meat, roasted horseflesh, pork, or bacon almost every one ate every day; even the poor had their bacon and white bread. The vegetable part of the meal varied every day according to old-established custom. On Sundays, generally sour-krout (*toltett kaposzta*); Mondays, sweet cabbage (*oloaz kaposzta*); Tuesdays, another kind of sour-krout called *savangu kaposzta;* Wednesdays, yellow turnip, cabbage, or lentils; Thursdays, *savangu repa*, or white turnips preserved in vinegar; Fridays, yellow turnips, and Saturdays spinach, and so on.

The two national dishes of Hungary, however, are *gulyas*, beef stewed and seasoned with paprika, and paprika *handl*, chicken prepared with paprika. In the upper part of Austria the vine is almost entirely neglected and very little wine is made there. The need of wine is thoroughly compensated for in the quantity of *apfel-wein*, or cider, that is made there every year. There scarcely exists a land-owner who does not possess and operate at least one press and it is common to find ten or twelve of them under one roof. The apples are first crushed under a large stone, put in motion by a horse. This pulp is then placed in the presses and the operation is complete. *Apfel-wein* is a most popular beverage in this part of Austria, and so necessary has it become that unless a farmer has plenty of it in his cellars it is im-

possible for him to hire labour. Pears are also used in making a beverage, but good "hard cider" has the lead, and when it becomes too hard, or perchance if more than necessary has been made, it is readily turned into brandy.

Another of the highly intoxicating drinks made in Hungary is *fenuviz*, distilled from the juniper berries and closely allied to our gin. A near relation to *fenuviz* is *troster*, which is distilled from the pumice of grapes previously mixed with ground barley or rye and allowed to ferment in the usual way. This beverage is considered wholesome and a large amount of it is made in both upper and lower Austria.

Beers of all kinds are brewed and used in enormous quantities in all parts of the kingdom and a great deal is exported to other countries. No one can tell when beer was first made here, but there is an authentic account of the first brewery, erected in Vienna in 1384. At a later period, in 1564, the historical brewery with a hundred towers was completed and put into operation. Perhaps in all the annals of the vine there is no more central figure than the Esterhazy family of Austria-Hungary. For more than five hundred years has this family's history been closely interwoven with wine. In all of Christendom is not to be found their parallel in the making and disposing of vineyard products. On the banks of the Danube in a curious little town called Dotis is one of the many palaces of Prince Esterhazy, in the cellar of which is the celebrated Esterhazy vat made to hold thirty-five thousand gallons of wine. For years this vat has been filled regularly from the family's own vineyards.

In the older section of the city of Vienna is another of Prince Esterhazy's wine cellars, which in all probabilities is the oldest of its kind in existence. For five centuries this vault beneath the palace has been in constant use, and the practices that prevailed at its original opening to the public are in vogue to-day. Five centuries of a changeless attitude, continued by generation after generation of the same family—a genealogical record that few people to-day can boast of. The vault was chiselled out of the rock, is windowless, no natural light entering except that which comes down the narrow shaft of the long stairs. On the walls are a number of large, old-fashioned oil lamps. There is a narrow bench all around the wall, with a shelf above the head where the visitor can place his hat and bundles and luncheon, or rest his glass. The walls are covered by the mould of these many years and in the dim light afforded by the lamps the cavern looks much larger than it really is. Twice a day the place is open, from eleven to two o'clock in the middle of the day and from five to seven o'clock in the afternoon and evening. The vast majority of the patrons are working men and their families, and the wine that is served them is the same that is served on the Emperor's table and at all the best hotels and restaurants, where it costs ten or even twenty times as much. All of the wine comes from the vineyards of the Esterhazy family in Hungary and it is sold at the same prices that were charged when the cellar was originally opened over five hundred years ago. There are four qualities and every customer has to buy a litre, which is a little more than a quart. The best quality costs 1.28 kroner—that is, about twenty-five cents a quart; the second quality, .90 kroner, or about eighteen cents; the third quality, .80 kroner, or sixteen cents; and the fourth, .70 kroner, or about fourteen cents. Every customer has to deposit two cents extra for his glass, which is refunded when the glass

is returned in good order. Most of the customers bring their own luncheon in baskets or wrapped up in paper, which they lay down on the seat to hold their place and then go over to the counter and get a big glass of wine. They pass the glass around from lip to lip among the family while they munch their black bread and sausage. There is a lunch stand over in the corner where those who prefer can buy a loaf of bread, a piece of meat, and other simple viands at nominal prices. The wine cannot be taken from the cellar. It must be consumed on the premises. Formerly there was quite a revenue from the cellar, but of late years, owing to the increase of wages among the vinedressers and others connected with the vineyards, it is contended that there is a deficiency of several thousand florins annually. The patronage is great and many of the families residing in the immediate vicinity take their meals there regularly. The castle above the cellars is not at present occupied by the Esterhazy family, it being rented, the Esterhazys having built a palace in a more fashionable part of the city. A number of years ago the celebrated English author Miss Julia Pardoe, while passing through this dual kingdom, overheard some of the peasants singing their vintage song. It appealed to her with such force that she translated and printed it in her book *The City of the Sultan*. The words are as follows:

THE VINTAGE SONG

Around the oak the wild vine weaves
Its glittering wreath of blood-red leaves;
But it pays not back the peasant's cares—
No gold it wins, and no fruit it bears.
It may flaunt its glories to the breeze;
We have no time to waste in these.
Ours is the vine near whose goodly root
We seek and find the jewelled fruit!

The wild vine springs on the mountain's crest;
By every wind are its leaves caress'd;
But it sickens soon in the garish ray
That rests on its beauty all the day.
Let it joy while in the breeze and sun,
A lovely trifler to look upon;
Ours is the Vine with worthier pride
Gems with its fruit the fair hillside!

Ours is the Vine! Ours is the Vine!
Ours is the source of the rich red wine!
Flowers may be fair on the maiden's brow—
Streams may be bright in the sunny flow—
But dearer to us is the joyous spell
Which our clustering grapes call up so well;
Of purple and gold our wreaths we twine—
Ours is the Vine! Ours is the Vine!

CHAPTER II

GERMANY

WHILE the Germans do not claim they were the discoverers of beer, to them is due the development and perfection of this almost universal beverage. The Egyptians, as shown elsewhere, five thousand years ago understood the manufacture of an intoxicating liquor from grain. At first they called it *hek;* then as their language progressed it was known as *hemki* and finally to-day as *bousa.* It was, too, this same beer, *hek*, that was the first cause of "a temperance movement," as the papyri of only a little later period tell. But the beer question in Egypt is of little importance to-day, while in Germany it is not only vital but it is also most interesting. Of all the inebriating beverages there are none so popular, and in a certain sense so wholesome, as good honest beer used with discretion and judgment. The small amount of alcohol it contains would, if separated from the water and organic matter, be hardly appreciable even if extracted from as much as a pint of the fluid. Technically a pure beer should possess, in round figures, about ninety per cent. of water, one half per cent. of nitrogeneous matter, almost six per cent. of carbohydrates, a fraction of a per cent. of material matter, and about three and a half per cent. of alcohol, and

when a beer will analyse in such proportions its use in moderation will prove invigorating and beneficial.

Unlike wine, beer is distinctively a manufactured beverage and the ingredients which enter into its composition are as variable and extensive as the opportunity and natural products of the locality will admit. Perhaps it would be allowable to say that beer is an environmental beverage, for wherever it is made—in China, the heart of Africa, in Europe, and in America—it is manufactured almost solely of the grains and plants that are found near at hand, and it is these circumstances that render the question of what is a pure beer very difficult of solution. What would be considered an adulterant in one place is found to be the chief ingredient in another locality, and while one may prefer the malt of barley to that of maize the question of purity cannot be argued; in both cases the product is pure, and the differences are resolved into like and dislike, which never has or ever will prove anything but the personal preference on the part of the individual.

In the early history of beer-making, the use of hops was unknown and their introduction into the beverage was looked at askance by almost every one. Of the time when hops were introduced there is no authentic account, but many of the German authorities on the subject assign it to the eleventh century and some seem to be able to trace their use to a much earlier period. Pliny in his *Natural History* says that hops were used in, and prior to, his time. But whatever the conditions are the fact is that during the first centuries of our present era hops were not in general use in the brewing of beer and, as has been

said before, when brewers did begin to use them the people for a considerable length of time were suspicious of the product and often refused to drink it. In England Parliament was applied to, and there is an act of that body in existence which inflicts a severe penalty upon any brewer caught using hops. At present, however, it is just the reverse and every one wants to punish the brewer caught *not* using them. The use or nonuse of hops therefore does not constitute either a pure or impure beer, for they only impart a different flavour to the beverage.

Who first made beer is not known, but in an old book entitled *History of the Discovery of Beer*, written by Abraham A. Santa Clara of Vienna and published in 1710, is to be found this plausable theory:

> Noah planted the first vineyard and the culture of the vine afterwards spread over the world, but as some climates are too harsh for the grape and prevent its ripening, human ingenuity was forced to discover another drink which should not merely quench thirst, but like wine excite the brain. Among the Germans it is called beer, and its brewing requires a special experience, so that men of this craft are not counted least among workmen.

In the very early days of beer-making, and especially in Germany, the duty was left to the women, as it was considered degrading for a man to have anything to do with beer except drink it, in large quantities; but when it became of monetary value then the dignity, as well as the women, was pushed aside, with the result that it was generally conceded the old idea of dignity was entirely wrong. While the German of to-day, especially on his native soil, has the reputation of drinking very

freely of this favourite beverage, his ancestors did more than partake of it freely—they simply stored it away, and where they put such quantities is almost beyond comprehension. At their beer-conventionals, prior to the Renaissance, whoever acted in violation of any of their many rules had to empty the penal-horn in one draught. These horns were of various sizes from three to four and even five quarts, and a man was considered a weakling who required three draughts to atone for his offence. It was at these affairs that blood friendships were formed and consummated. The friends would inflict a slight wound upon each other from which the blood trickled into a goblet full of beer, which then was emptied by them together. When they took the dram of love (*minnetrank*) the men met in front of the altar of the gods drinking love (*minne*) to each other, which was supposed to receive the blessing of the gods. In order to prevent intoxication or injury when they drank to each other, or an assurance that the goblet did not contain a poisonous drink, beer-runes were scratched into the drinking-horn, also on the back of the hand or on the finger-nails, which were supposed to protect the drinker against such dangers. It was also thought that if rune-sticks were thrown into the drinking horn they would give to the drinker magical powers, strength, and great glory. These rune-sticks were many and varied; every tribe and locality had a distinctive sort and even individuals possessed some of their own making and carving which they claimed exerted more than ordinary power and influence. Generally they were made of small twigs, the bark removed and then some letter or character scratched or engraved upon them, after which they

were polished until they shone. In size they ranged from a small half-inch cube to any extent that suited the fancy or fulfilled the requirements.

To the philologist the word beer has proven quite a stumbling-block and many ingenious and plausible etymological explanations have been advanced as to its origin. By a process of elimination it is said to be derived from the Latin *bibere*, to drink, thus: *bibere*, *biber*, and (by removing the second letter *b*) *bier*. Another authority says that it comes from pear, because he claims that it was first made from this fruit. Again some assert that the Hebrew word *bar*, meaning corn, is the true root of the word; but the most plausible and undoubtedly the correct derivation is that it comes from the old Saxon word *bere*, which meant barley, for originally beer not only meant the beverage but also the plant from which it was brewed. In the old German it was written *pior* and also *bior;* by the Saxons *baer* and *alod*, *oel* in Danish, *hell* in Scottish, and *olo* in Sclavonish. The Poles and Bohemians called it *syto* and at times *pivo;* in Wales it was called *kwvw* and in Belgium *kuyt*.

The various convents and monasteries of early days did a great deal towards the perfecting and development of the art of brewing. In many of these institutions they paid as much attention to making their "cloister" beer as their fellow-religionists did elsewhere in caring for and increasing their vineyards. They made brewing an art the same as they did wine-making; the question was carefully studied from all points, in order that the element of uncertainty might be lessened or if possible entirely removed, and the result of their labour is evident

to-day, for the methods they discovered and practised in those times are in use at the present.

German legends are replete with references to beer, but they are so far from the truth in almost every particular that they become useless as a source of correct information. For example take the story of Gambrinus, who the legends say was the discoverer of beer; and it is only necessary to state that according to our best authorities Gambrinus was Jan Primus, Duke of Flanders, and lived in the thirteenth century, and therefore to trace the story to its origin would be futile, for there is a superfluity of evidence to prove that beer was made in his own country long before he was born. But the tale has had its effect and "Saint" Gambrinus is undoubtedly held in high esteem by a greater multitude of adherents, not only in Germany but wherever beer is brewed.

The beers of Germany are many and varied and as distinct in character as are the different wines. Like wine some are weak and others strong, some are sweet and others bitter, some will keep for a long time while others will sour quickly. Of one of the strong beers there is a story told of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. This beer is made at Dortmund and is known by the appellation of *adam*. The story is told by Corvin, in *An Autobiography*, who relates that

when King Frederick William IV. of Prussia visited Dortmund a deputation of the magistrates waited upon him, one of them bearing a salver with a large tankard filled with *adam*. When the King asked what it was, and heard that it was the celebrated beer, he said, "Very welcome, for it is extremely warm" and drained off the contents of the tankard at a draught. The members of the deputa-

tion, who were better acquainted with old *adam* than the unsuspecting King, smiled at each other, for they knew what would be the result. His Majesty was unconscious for more than twenty-four hours.

It is said of this beer that it will easily keep ten or fifteen years and grow in strength every year, and when it is old only a very small quantity can be drunk at a time without the drinker becoming intoxicated. The Germans have great faith in the efficacy of their beer and they have a favourite proverb which says that "He who does not become handsome before twenty years of age, strong before thirty, wise before forty, rich before fifty, on such a man malt and hops is altogether lost." In consequence beer is drunk by all classes of the community, and why should it not be used if it can accomplish these things? The purity of the beverage is something of which the government is very jealous and careful, and even the amount of froth or foam that a glass of beer should contain is a matter of governmental regulation. For the testing of beer there are many methods, but the one which was practised by the burgomasters and town councillors of Munich is undoubtedly the most original and unique of all tests devised:

Once a year, when the new beer is ready to be sold, these gentlemen attired in their strong leathern breeches repair to the Salvatorkeller. After greeting the host, a long heavy wooden bench is brought out into the centre of the room and a goodly quantity of the new beer is poured over it; then these dignitaries in all their civic pride sit themselves upon the wet bench. According to an unwritten law it is their duty to remain motionless upon this seat for a full hour and in order to make the time pass pleasantly they

sing a song, the same which their ancestors sung when performing the same office three hundred years and more ago. It takes twenty minutes to sing this song properly, so they repeat it three times and then on a given signal they all rise at once and in unison; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they essay to arise, for it is expected by all present that they should not assume an erect attitude without some trouble, and the greater that trouble is the more it is appreciated, especially by the brewer, for the faster the beer makes the leathern breeches adhere to the bench the better the beer is considered to be, and when the structure is lifted free of the floor the rejoicing is great.

The kind of beer that a person obtains in Germany is dependent upon two things, locality and season. In respect to season there are several of these beverages which are brewed especially for a stated period, which seldom or never exceeds three or four weeks and more often terminates at the end of the second week. The chief among these season-beers, if such they may be called, is the famous bock. It was originally made in Munich but now is manufactured in almost every place, but no matter where made, its season is short. Properly it should be brewed in December and January and be ready for use in the beginning of May. Bock beer is a savoury, seductive beverage and will soon overpower the drinker if he attempts to use it as he does his common beer. How this bock come to have its peculiar name no one seems to know positively. Some of the more modern of our dictionaries ascribe it to *eimbeck*, *aimbock*, bock being a shortening of the word, but this theory is not sustained by the facts. Both *aimpecker* and *eimbecker* beer are mentioned

as early as 1553 and there seems to have been no contraction of the words either then or for more than two hundred years later, while bock beer is at least three hundred years old. Another story is of a legendary character, but as it carries with it a goodly semblance of probability it is appended:

It was three hundred years ago in Germany that two rival brewers met in a beer-drinking place and each praised his own brew as being superior to the other's. The argument resulted in a wager. Each man was to make a special brew for the other to drink. They were to have the contest in the same place at the same table, as soon as the two brews were ready, and each was to drink the beer made by the other. The winner was to be the man who held out the longest, as that would indicate of course that his beer was the stronger. The contest came off in good time and it was carefully conducted. Neither brewer dared to get up and risk a walk across the room. But one of them did venture finally to start to walk to the door for air. Just then a goat, a buck, sauntered into the place; brushed against the contestant who was trying to keep his feet and who promptly fell sprawling on the floor. "I win," muttered the other brewer, who could just about see what had happened to the other fellow. "It's the buck" growled the man on the floor, not even trying to get up. And so after that the dark beer such as both contestants had been drinking was called buck or bock beer. Bock is the German word for goat.

In support of the above story perhaps it may not be amiss to mention that there is a much lighter beer brewed in Germany that bears the appellation *gais*, which means she-goat. Another of these "season-beers" is one known as *salvator* beer, a forerunner or

premier of bock. It is also called *märzen* or *grüncher's* beer. The time of sale is the first two weeks in April and in many localities it is a popular beverage. It was first brewed by the Paulinian monks in the reign of the Elector Maximilian I. and from them it has spread over the whole of Germany. The proper dispensing of salvator beer is surrounded with a number of very ancient ceremonies. The first glass should be drunk by the burgomaster, and he in accordance with an old well-established precept should be gorgeously arrayed and be on horseback. Another feature is the closing of the tap at a certain hour after which time no one can get another drop. The people, knowing that this will occur, provide against it by purchasing a number of glasses with which they regale themselves after the prescribed time.

Another ancient institution was the beer-bell. This however was not confined to any special brew, as it was more of a city ordinance which compelled the various beer shops and places wherein beer was sold to cease business whenever it was rung. The law was rigidly enforced and to neglect the warning of the beer-bell was a serious matter.

At one time the most popular beverage in certain localities in Germany was weiss-beer, made from wheat malt, very light and extremely frothy, which is produced by rapid fermentation. Unless taken in very large quantities weiss-beer cannot properly be termed intoxicating. In fact it has been known to have a sobering effect and for that reason has been called *Montag* beer, or Monday beer, being a favourite beverage with those Germans who devoted their Sundays to merrymaking. There is a saying in Ger-

many that it takes three days hard drinking to become drunk on *weiss*-beer and it takes three weeks to sober up. Another saw is that only four swallows of the beer is possible, for the fifth will meet the other four coming up. In Berlin it is called by its adherents and admirers *kühle blonde*"—a cool fair maiden. Owing to the large quantity of carbonic acid gas which it contains the real genuine Berlin *weiss*-beer is served in stone bottles containing nearly a pint, which are emptied into a tumbler holding at least a half a gallon. These glasses are in shape like our common tumblers, being flat-bottomed and perfectly round; and large as they are the contents of the bottle will often more than fill them to overflowing, there being so much froth or foam on the beer. The management of these glasses is a fine art and only a true born and bred Berliner can ever expect to acquire it in its perfection. He tips his glass slightly and pushes his little finger under it; then spreading his hand he draws the glass towards him and raises it to his lips. It looks very simple and easy, but the novice after several trials finds it far more convenient to use both hands. Of late years they have a glass of the same capacity but with a foot attached to it, in fact a huge ungainly goblet. Large bottles of *weiss*-beer can also be purchased, and it is no unusual sight to see a whole family gathered around one of these and all drinking out of the same glass, father, mother, sons, and daughters. At first, the sight of a stylishly attired young lady holding one of these huge goblets, with both hands, to her lips is most surprising and startling. If she is opposite you, her face is entirely hidden from your view, while if *en profile* only her ear is visible. The strangeness of the sight, however, soon

passes away and in a short period of time you find yourself doing likewise with the same gusto and enjoyment.

If while in Berlin, the traveller should be fortunate enough to have a friend who is acquainted with the proprietor of a place where Penarth beer is kept he should by all means accept the invitation and procure a glass or two of the beverage. It is a most ancient drink. It is of this beer that the King of Bohemia, after having drained off two silver tankards at Heinrich von Kniprode's court, exclaimed enthusiastically, "Your beer is so good that it almost glues one's mouth up." The beer derives its name from being made at Penarth, near Kõnigsberg and, while there are several places where it can be purchased, the patron must be known to mine host, or another and cheaper article will be substituted.

There is in Germany a malady which is known locally as *eier-durst*, or beer fever. A burning thirst gradually dries up all the available moisture, and a craving for beer ensues. Says Henry Vizetelly in *Berlin Under the New Empire:*

> One symptom of the disorder is that the patient passes into a state of great irritation if the beer proffered to him be drawn with too much head. The first mug is swallowed without any perceptible effect, and the second is ordered with the injuction to the doctor—that is the beer-maiden—"Liebes Mädchen, nur nicht zu viel Schaum." Should a second dose not give immediate relief a third will be found an unfailing remedy, so that the ailment is after all no very serious one, if but promptly treated in the proper way.

The Bayerisch or Bavarian beer, true lager or stored

beer—lager meaning stored—is another beer that has a great following all through the Fatherland and for that matter wherever any of his children may dwell. Lager, as we are more apt to call it in America, always follows in the footsteps of the Germans. In Berlin it is the most popular of all the beverages consumed, superseding *weiss*-beer by a great quantity. The chief characteristic of lager beer is produced by its fermentation, which is induced in an extremely low temperature all through the process, the result being that the development is delayed over several days. This method is now in use in every country where beer is made, though of course at one time it was solely confined to Germany. Perhaps the chief inducement to make lager at first was the desire to send it abroad and have it keep during transit. The Germans began very early to export their beer. Roberts in his *Map of Commerce* (1638) says of Lübeck: "The place is famous for the beers made, and hence transported into other regions, and by some used medicinally for bruises of the body . . . though by them in use commonly for their own drink and food and rayment."

While the allusion to drink and food is entirely reasonable the use of beer as a "rayment" does not agree with our present-day conception of the use of beer, and we ponder as to what article of dress these ancient people made from it. In the very early days the making of beer was indeed a haphazard affair; in fact the term "hit or miss" is very descriptive of the operation. In the matter of ingredients also there was little regularity; even the celebrated "cloister beer" in those days was made quite as frequently of oats as of wheat, rye, or

barley. Herbs of all kinds were used indiscriminately and spiced beers were common indeed. For this purpose a decoction of oak-bark or of ash-leaves and of the leaves and branches of the German tamarisk was used. In the sixteenth century amber, coriander, and raspberry juice were frequently mixed with beer. Grains of all kinds were turned into malt and Saxo Grammaticus tells of a famine which was said to have been produced by the transformation of *all* available grain into beer. In 1433 the Common Council of Augsburg went so far even as to forbid the use, in brewing, of any grain but oats; while two hundred years earlier, says Dr. J. G. Th. Grässe in his *Beer Studies*,

> the authorities of the city of Nüremberg [probably for the same reason, *i.e.*, abundance of one kind of grain and scarcity of another] forbade the use of oats, rye, and wheat, permitting only that of barley.
>
> In reference to the use of hops it may not be amiss here to mention that the producers and sellers of these flowers were accused of adulterating them with *cocculus indicus* as early as 1620. The amount of knowledge that these early brewers possessed of their duties was deplorable. As to any acquaintance with the scientific principles underlying the chemical transformations incident to steeping, couching, flooring, sweating, and kiln-drying, to mashing, cooling, fermenting, and cleansing—it was entirely out of the question; if the brew turned out good the brewer was to be congratulated, if bad it was confiscated and distributed among the poor of the community, the brewer also being fined and otherwise punished.

This was decreed by the Common Council of Augsburg away back in 1155. Five hundred years later the

people began nick-naming the different beers and such names as Dishwater, Sick Henry, Sour Maid, Hale and Hearty, Cheerful, and Laughing Mouth were common. Spiced or flavoured beer was at one time the universal beverage in Germany, and that it was held in great esteem is evident from the fact that the Ecumenical Councils of Worms and Treves (A.D. 868 and 895 respectively) decreed that persons doing penance should not partake of spiced beer except on Sundays, common beer only being allowed them on work days.

Delving still earlier into the beer-lore of Germany we find that Tacitus, the Roman historian, in his *Treatise on the Situation, Manners, and Inhabitants of Germany* makes special reference to the beer made in the first century. In chapter xxiii he says, "Their drink is a liquor prepared from barley or wheat brought by fermentation to a certain resemblance of wine."

Pliny in book xiv., chapter xxii, also says: "The western nations have their intoxicating liquor, made of steeped grain. Thus drunkenness is a stranger in no part of the world; for these liquors are taken pure, and not diluted as wine is. Oh, the wonderful sagacity of our vices! we have discovered how to render even water intoxicating." It was Tacitus who ascribed the defeat of the Roman general Varius (who had been sent by Augustus to conquer the country and subdue the inhabitants) to the Teutons' free use of *bior* (beer). At one time, in the fourth century, the making of beer must have been practised even on the field of battle. Mr. Frederick William Salem in his book called *Beer* writes of the incident as follows:

The Allemanni, a large German tribe who were first mentioned by Dion Cassius 213 A.D., and who occupied the country between the river Main and the Danube, were formidable enemies both to the Romans and the Gauls. They attached great importance to their beer, which was brewed under the supervision of the priests, and before use was blessed with many solemn rites. In an old code we find that every member of a church (*gotheshaus*) had to contribute for its maintenance fifteen *seidel* of beer or some equivalent. The Emperor Julian who defeated them in the year 557 A.D. near Strasburg, where all their forces were assembled under seven chiefs, found on the field of battle numerous utensils designed to be employed in brewing. The old Saxons in the seventh and eighth centuries when sitting in council to consider questions of high importance would only deliberate after drinking beer, which they took in common out of large *humhen* (stone mugs). Charlemagne (742–814 A.D.) himself gave directions how to brew the beer for his court, and was as careful in selecting his brewmasters as in choosing his councillors and leaders. A single circumstance, attendant on his defeat of the Saxons at Paderborn 777 A.D., illustrates the high respect in which brewing was then held, and in this particular is suggestive of its semi-sacred character among the Allemanni as mentioned above. On that occasion it is related that the Emperor, surrounded by his chief leaders and councillors and by the ambassadors of distant nations, received the homage of the heathen Saxon warriors, caused many thousands of them to be baptised, and then celebrated the double triumph of his arms and the Christian faith at a great feast, at which were seated with him Eginhard, Paul Warnefried, and Alcuin the Emperor's friends and advisers, and all drank of beer brewed by Charlemagne himself, while they discussed the great events that had just occurred. The drinking vessels were large mugs of a peculiar form which are still to be seen among a collection of relics presented to the Emperor

by Eastern potentates and now kept in a tower at the west end of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, and exposed to public view once in every seven years. Within a few years numerous relics have been found in the vicinity of Paderborn which indicate that beer-brewing must have been as common and necessary in both parties as the cooking of food.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century coffee became a common beverage in Germany. All who could afford it were addicted to its use, and at last Frederick the Great in order to restrain its increasing popularity erected large coffee-roasting establishments. These establishments monopolised the business and consequently charged an enormous price for the berry. "Coffee-smellers" or spies were appointed everywhere to search out and detect people using the beverage; but while they were the means of slightly decreasing its consumption the scheme was found to be impracticable, and accordingly on the 13th day of September, 1777, Frederick issued his celebrated "coffee and beer manifesto." It reads:

It is disgusting to notice the increase in the quantity of coffee used by my subjects and the amount of money that goes out of the country in consequence. Everybody is using coffee. If possible this must be prevented. My people must drink beer. His Majesty was brought up on beer and so were his ancestors and his officers. Many battles have been fought and won by soldiers nourished on beer, and the King does not believe that coffee-drinking soldiers can be depended on to endure hardship or to beat his enemies in case of the occurrence of another war.

The proclamation had the desired effect and beer

was restored to its accustomed place and use, while coffee became a luxury.

There is, besides the Berlin *weiss*-beer another beer of like nature called *lichtenhainer* and which is a great favourite among the students of the Jena University. It is a white beer made from wheat, and like its compatriot of Berlin, is low in alcohol and in order to become intoxicated upon it one must perforce not only drink a large amount but must continue drinking for some time. According to Mr. Henry Mayhew in *German Life and Manners*,

> the flavour of it [*lichtenhainer*] is far from pleasant at first, for it tastes not unlike the smallest English small-beer, that has turned slightly sour and gone somewhat flat. Indeed the only thing to which we can compare it is a mixture of cider and water with a dash of camomile-tea added to it. The students, however, assure you that the taste for it is a growing one, and ultimately becomes so strong that persons who are accustomed to drink *lichtenhainer* prefer it to beer of any other kind. . . . On ordinary occasions, however, *lichtenhainer* is assuredly the usual drink of the Jena students; and the reason of this is, we are of opinion, because quantity is desired rather than quality; for the *lichtenhainer* beer is of so exceedingly mild a character as to admit some score or more of pints of it being swallowed at one sitting, with scarcely any intoxicating effect.

Mr. Mayhew gave the beer question in Germany considerable thought and attention and on another page writes as follows:

> The greater part of the German beers, indeed, approximate in character to what we call "table ale" or "intermediate," as such kind of dilute malt liquor used, some time

ago, to be styled. They are by no means unpleasant, and, so far as our experience goes, they contribute, when taken in moderation, to an improved action of the vital functions. Indeed, in America, where the naturalised Germans have begun to brew such beers for the enjoyment of their countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic, they are often prescribed by the physicians, as the best of medicine for those who are in a weakly condition. That they are by no means so heady as our ales the English reader can well understand, after having been assured that it is not unusual for a youth of not yet twenty years of age to drink some thirty pint glasses in the course of an evening.

Lichtenhainer beer is always served in stoops, that is, wooden cans, and for a very good reason. The beer is not apt to be clear—in fact it is always more or less cloudy and therefore is unpleasant to the eye; the stoop prevents all sight except the foam or froth on the top. These cans are invariably coated with resin on the inside and are fitted with a handle of wood. Every student is presented with a stoop on the lid of which are engraved his friend's nick-name and his own soubriquet; between the names are the letters *s m l* standing for "seinem lieben"—"to his beloved" so and so. On the front of the can is the word Jena and the date annexed, and the letters filled, in all cases, with red sealing-wax. On the inside of the lid the character § 11 is sure to be found and refers to section 11 of the handbook of beer-etiquette, which says, "Es wird fortgesossen." This book is for the students of Jena and it gives in detail all the laws, regulations, and observations of the time-honoured beer-customs.

The "Boys" and "Foxes" are by no means confined to the *lichtenhainer* beer, in fact they have an extensive

choice in Ziegenhain, and Woellnitz *weiss*-beer and a lager beer called *rosenbeer;* then they have *koesteritz* either black or white. The black *koesteritz* beer is in great demand among the students as an early morning drink in the place of coffee; it is very much like English porter.

Another beverage among the students is the light very acid red wine called *creo* or *kreo*, which is grown and made around Jena, and also *krallo*, a white and less acid wine. For their mixed drinks such as punches, etc., they have a vocabulary of their own, and which has in many cases gone through the country. A mixture of two liqueurs and the yolk of an egg all carefully put into a glass with the yolk between, making a three-coloured drink, is called *knickerbein*, meaning a spasm or sudden giving away of the knee. A punch made of claret and other ingredients of a fiery nature is named *schlummer*—to sleep or doze. Quite a popular drink is *bierbeer*, made of beaten eggs and sugar upon which hot beer is poured, but the greatest of all the beverages is *crambambuli*. A goodly pyramid of loaf sugar is erected and then thoroughly saturated with *schnapps*, a lighted match is applied, and that which drops off forms the drink. A very little of this will suffice, even for the hardened toper, and an overdose will affect the victim for almost a week. In Berlin they have a peculiar drink called *kaltschale*. It is composed of beer, sugar, lemon, biscuit, rum, and currants, which as the name implies is iced; the initiated are very fond of this heterogeneous mixture, but the stranger in the land generally finds one taste enough and a glassful far beyond his capacity.

In the spring of the year, when the sun has started

the low-growing plants, there appears on the edge of the woods and elsewhere a little herb-like plant which is most dear to every German man or woman. They call it *waldmeister*. Our name for it is woodruff and its scientific appellation is *asperula odorata*. It is a most fragrant little plant and the German housewife makes the same use of it as the English and Americans do of lavender. Little bunches are placed here and there among the clothing, imparting to them its sweet new-mown-hay fragrance, and driving away that most troublesome of insects, moths. The Herr German finds a more poetical use for it by infusing it in wine and making his celebrated *maitrank*, which while it is most pleasant to the taste is decidedly deceiving, and the unwary soon ceases to manifest any interest in things terrestial.

During the summer season another beverage is made by steeping strawberries in Moselle wine. It is known as *erdbeereubowle* and is a pleasant and refreshing beverage. *Bischof* and *cardinal* are also among the names applied to mixed drinks which are usually made of wine. Warm beer with honey in it is called *honigbier*, being another "season" beverage and used during the winter in many parts of the Fatherland. Honey in Germany from the remotest period has been always used in making an intoxicating beverage. There are some authorities that ascribe the origin of mead, *metheglin* or *hydromel* to this part of Europe, and their contentions seem to be well founded. Others, too, there are who assert that honey and water mixed and fermented was the first intoxicant that mankind drank, and possibly it may be so, for to make the beverage in its simplicity requires no art or training, and

we can very easily picture autochthonal man diluting his honey with water; and after having drunk what he then needed, putting the rest aside, which, on a warm day, would soon ferment and on again requiring to quench his thirst, he finds something very different, both in taste and effect. His curiosity would be excited and he would repeat the experiment and, step by step, he would gradually arrive at a certain stage of perfection in its manufacture. A variation of *hydromel* is *oxymel*, where vinegar instead of water is used and which during the summer and early fall is a common beverage in rural Germany, even to the present day.

Simplicity of parts in the making of drinks cannot be said to have ever been a national trait of the Germans. A multiplicity of ingredients have always found favour with them, and a close secretiveness as to what and how were used rigidly maintained. An ancient author, writing about the beer called *mum*, and sometimes *mum* of Brunswick, says that the makers of this beverage, in order to keep their secret inviolate, hired their men for life. Whether this was true or not we cannot say, but Robert Harley in the *Harleian Miscellany*, 1682, says that General Monk procured the following receipt for brewing Brunswick *mum*:

To make vessel of sixty three gallons, the water must be boiled to the consumption of a third part. Let it then be brewed, according to art, with seven bushels of wheat-malt, one bushel of oat malt, and one bushel of ground beans, and when it is tunned, let not the hogshead be too full at first, when it begins to work, put to it of the inner rind of the fir three pounds of the tops of fir and birch, each one pound, of carduus benedictus dried, three handfuls;

flowers of *rosa solis*, two handfuls; or burnet, betony, marjoram, awens, penny-royal, flowers of elder, wild-thyme of each one handful and half; seeds of cardamum bruised, three ounces; bayberries bruised one ounce; put the seeds into the vessel: when the liquor hath wrought awhile with the herbs, and after they are added, let the liquor work over the vessel as little as may be, fill it up at last, and when it is stopped, put into the hogshead ten new-laid eggs not cracked or broken; stop all close and drink it at two years old; if carried by water it is better.

Not satisfied with this combination another party, Doctor Aegidius Hoffmann, added water-cresses, brook-lime, and wild parsley, of each six handfuls, with six handfuls of horseradish, rasped, in every hogshead; it was observed that the horseradish made the *mum* more quick than that which had none.

A hundred years or so afterwards the process was greatly simplified. The malt was mixed with a larger proportion of water than was used in brewing beer or ale; after remaining saturated in the mash-tun for about two hours, it was drawn off and reboiled. This liquor was again introduced into the kieve, on a quantity of fresh malt merely wet, and which had stood there soaking for about an hour in water; after this the worts were drained off and pumped into coolers, from which they were sent to the coppers, and boiled with a quantity of hops for some hours. The produce was of a rich glutinous nature, and after undergoing a partial fermentation it was put into casks for sale, under the title of *mum*. From the materials left in the kieve, two other brewings were effected, the first making a strong kind of beer, and the second an inferior sort, or table drink.

Mum, it is hardly necessary to add, had a fine reputation not only in Germany but in other parts of Europe, especially England, and there is an old book, *England's Improvement by Sea and Land*, published in 1677 that contains a remarkable proposition for the bringing over the *mum* trade of Brunswick, and establishing it at Stratford-on-Avon. The fact that Brunswick was the original home of *mums* seems to be well established for, in an old book printed in 1515 and entitled *De generibus ebriosorum et ebrietate vitanda* we find the passage "mommon sine mommum Brunsvigen" as being very popular even at that time.

There has existed for many years a great deal of speculation in reference to the origin of this word *mum*. Our earlier dictionaries simply say of it, "*Mum*—a strong liquor brought from Brunswick, Germany." Other writers, however, ascribe it as coming from *mumme*, a strong German ale, which from its intoxicating qualities produces silence, by rendering its votaries incapable of utterance. Others assign to the word an origin from *mummeln*, to mutter, and perhaps Pope had this idea when he wrote,

> The clamorous crowd is hushed with mugs of mum
> Till all, turned equal, send a general hum.

Our later dictionaries, however, ascribe it as being derived from Christian Mummer, the man who invented the beverage in 1492, and this is most probably correct. Other cities, seeing how popular Brunswick *mum* had become, tried to imitate it, and named their beverage after their own town. None of these, however, made much progress, though at one time (but only for a

short period) Hamburgh *mum*, had some reputation outside of its birthplace.

At the present writing the Brunswick beers known as Israel Brewer and Stader, of Lübeck, are among the best known beers of Germany. The Germans, however, consider Dantzic beer, more often called *joppenbier* and *doppel-bier*, the queen of the red or brown beers. It is very strong and has almost the consistency of syrup in thickness. Dantzic also makes another beer called *junkerbier* or beer of nobility which many claim is the best beer of its kind made.

In that part of Germany known as the Black Forest there are grown thousands of cherry trees and from their fruit is distilled that celebrated ardent beverage known the world over as *kirschwasser*, or cherry water. It is from the Black Forest that the best grade of this liquor comes and to the peasants of the place its manufacture is most essential and important, as it is a chief source of revenue to them. At one time, the word schnapp in Germany meant gin, and especially Holland gin, but it is now applied to any ardent liquor in much the same manner as we formerly used the word "rum."

What Germany has done for the advancement and perfection of beer she has also done for wine. For nearly two thousand years her people have been making wine and what they have accomplished in that time would take volumes to relate. Only a nation with the stern determination of the Germans could make grape-growing a source of profit in the Fatherland, and only a people of indomitable will and untiring energy would undertake the task. Miss Anna C. Johnson in *Peasant Life in Germany* draws

a fine pen-picture of what the care of a vineyard means. She says:

> What patient, persevering labour is required during all the process of cultivation from the first day of spring to the last day of autumn. The snow is scarcely off the ground when the women may be seen toiling up the steeps with baskets of manure upon their heads, and little hand-spades, with which to dig about the roots and between the rows, to fill and spread the manure. Often upon rocky eminences a soil is entirely made in this way and every particle of nourishment that is needed for the plants carried on the heads of the women. Often a long row may be seen ascending a narrow pathway, with their burdens, slowly, wearily, and then descending to replenish their baskets. Neither horse nor plough is employed in vine-culture, but all is accomplished by the patient labour of the hand. How early and how late must be their industry, to be in season with every department.

And yet it is from these steep hillside vineyards, so laboriously tilled, that wine of such a superb quality comes that it challenges the world to reproduce. There are nearly one hundred different kinds of grapes grown in the many parts of Germany and the list of wines made is almost as numerous. The better known wines of the country, those which have a foreign market, number in the neighbourhood of fifty. The majority of them are white, but there are some red wines that are most excellent. Who is there that drinks wine that has not drunk Rhine wine? and they who have been so fortunate as to get it in its purity and properly aged are the ones who never cease singing its praises, for when thus obtained the palate of man requires no better.

At Hochheim on the Main,
At Wurzburg on the Stein,
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
There grows the best of wine.

In most places the vintage commences about the 12th of October, and in the districts where the grapes ripen about the same time, the day for commencing is designated by government, as on that day the watch must cease. Owing to the smallness of the vineyards and also to their number fences are dispensed with and in order to protect the growing and ripening crops the government appoints certain men, fully armed, to patrol these districts.

Just before the grapes are ready to pick the watch is very alert and the owner of a vineyard must obtain permission to enter it, and let his desires be known, or otherwise he is apt to be fired at, but when the watch has been withdrawn then the jollity commences. The announcement is made by the ringing of bells a week previous, accompanied by a formal notice from the police. The evening previous, the bells are again rung, and early in the morning they give out a merrier peal at the hour the vintagers are to commence, and soon they may be seen issuing forth, not in their best, but in holiday costume, singing as they go, with baskets upon their heads and in their hands, till the streets are thronged, and the hillsides and valleys covered with happy people, whose hearts one would not think had ever been burdened by care or sorrow. And this is a sight upon which more than eighteen centuries have looked, and the only one, perhaps, which has not varied through all the changing dynasties, from the bright autumn days when Cæsar sat in his palace at Spire, and contemplated it, through all the years of devastation by barbarian hordes, in the dark ages, when bishops, and monks, and priests

exercised a stern rule, yet milder and better than those of savage chiefs, inasmuch as it substituted for brute force the curbing of the spirit; during the dawning of still brighter days, when Charlemagne brought order out of confusion, and erected a still higher standard of law and honour; through the mysteries of the *Vehmgericht*, or Secret Tribunal, which filled the land with terror, and made the dungeons of a hundred cities echo with the groans of innocent and guilty victims; until the Reformation stirred all the nations to strife, and for a century deluged a whole continent with blood, and, popes and princes and people learning to respect the opinion of each other, a peace for once filled the earth which did not every moment fear the fierce war-whoop and the tramp of armies. Whether Roman or Gallic legions revelled in your castle-halls, whether pope or prince or prelate waved the sceptre from its proud turrets, whether imperial or republican armies marched through the land, the vineyards lay ever smiling and peaceful upon the hillsides, and the mountains enclosed the laugh of happy vintagers, for the time indifferent alike to the fortunes of friend or foe. Bread and wine were the food upon which all depended, and though palaces were demolished, and cities and villages destroyed, the harvest must remain untouched, for when it failed famine and pestilence overtook the victor and vanquished and made more fearful havoc than the sword.

Thus writes Miss Anna C. Johnson. She further says:

We are looking upon a sight which has varied little through all these changing times, and the mode of gathering the purple clusters must be nearly the same as when the daughters of Judea were admitted to the grapes and pomegranates on Canaan's shore.

Wine in Germany has never been considered a

luxury; in fact it is always deemed a necessity and to be deprived of it was a hardship few could complacently endure, and it was this mutual need that restrained the warring factions from destroying the vineyards during their periods of invasions and repulse. Other countries were not so fortunate, and history is replete in accounts of sanguinary battles being fought by opposing armies right in the midst of flourishing vineyards. The drinking capacity of the German has always been a matter of comment to every visitor and traveller in that land. Whether it is beer or wine the amount they consume in twenty-four hours is much beyond the ability of the average American or Englishman, and yet withal such a spectacle as a drunken person upon the streets is rarely witnessed. They have the faculty of imbibing to a great extent without its apparently overcoming them, and therefore what to us would be injurious to them only becomes a pleasure, and if they are so constituted as to be able to stand more, then their drinking only becomes a question of a proper amount. A few years ago Mr. William Howitt spent some time in Germany and like many others who had gone this way before him he eventually put his experience into a book, which he called *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany*, and among the many incidents that he records we cull this:

We sent out empty jugs to the tapster, who prayed us to have a little patience, till the fourth barrel was begun. The third, early in the forenoon, was already drawn low. No one here feels ashamed of the love of wine; they even to a certain degree boast of their drinking. Lovely ladies declare that their children, while at the breast, also were

nourished with wine. We asked them whether it was really true that clergymen, aye Electors, prided themselves on drinking within four-and-twenty hours their eight Rhine measures—that is, sixteen of our bottles. One apparently serious guest remarked that, in answer to this question, one need only to mind the last sermon of their consecrating bishop; who, after he had represented the drunkenness of his flock in the strongest colours, thus closed his sermon: "Hence, my pious and-to-confession-and-repentance-already-disposed hearer, you must be convinced that he perpetrates the greatest sin who in such a manner abuses the noble gifts of God. The abuse, however, excludes not the use. It stands written 'Wine rejoices the heart of man.' By this it is clearly made manifest that, to rejoice ourselves and others, we may and should enjoy our wine. But now there is probably no one among my male hearers who cannot take to himself two measures of wine [four bottles] without finding the slightest trace of confusion in his senses; but he who on the third or fourth measure falls so far into forgetfulness of himself that he does not recognise his own wife and children, but abuses them with scolding, striking, and kicking and treats his best friends as his worst enemies—let him retreat into himself, and meddle no more with this over-quantity, which renders him displeasing to God and man, and a scorner of his fellow.

"But he who, in the enjoyment of four measures, aye, of five or six, only feels himself in such a mood that he can take his fellow-Christian under the arm, can rule his own household, yes, is in a condition to follow out the commands of his temporal and spiritual rulers—let him enjoy his modest portion, and take it with thankfulness away. But let him take heed that, without sufficient probation, he goes no further, since here the goal is generally set to weak man; for the case is rare in the extreme in which the fundamentally munificent God has bestowed on any

one the especial grace to be able to drink eight measures [sixteen bottles], as he has vouchsafed to me, his servant. As, however, it cannot be charged to me that I have fallen into unjust wrath against any one, that I have mistaken my relatives or the inmates of my house, or that I have neglected or put off the spiritual duties and business which are incumbent upon me, but rather that you are all become my witnesses how I am ever in readiness, to the praise and honour of God, and how active I show myself for the good and benefit of my neighbours—so may I yet further rejoice myself with a good conscience, and with gratitude for this gift that has been conferred upon me; and you, my pious hearers, that he may be in body and in soul refreshed, and rejoice according to the will of the Giver, take each one his modest portion away with him. And that this may be the happy experience, let all superfluity be banished, and let every one conduct himself according to the precept of the holy apostle who says, 'Prove all things and hold fast that which is good.'"

The venerable bishop undoubtedly was proud of his capacity, but in a few words he told what should be considered the world over, and what if adhered to would prove the most powerful of temperance pleas. If a person cannot even drink a glass of wine without injury then he should let it alone, but he should not attempt, from his experience, to restrict his neighbour who finds pleasure and profit in drinking even if the neighbour should, like the bishop, drink sixteen bottles per day; as the bishop says, "The abuse, however, excludes not its use," and the degree wherein abuse is to be found, rests in the drinker himself.

While, as was said before, the list of wines made in Germany is large, there are some to neglect mention of which would almost amount to treason; among these,

and being perhaps the oldest, is the wine *bacharach.* This wine is very ancient indeed. In fact its origin is lost in antiquity and all efforts to trace its beginning have thus far proven futile. The Romans called the place *Bacchi ara* (the altar of Bacchus) on account of the excellence of the wine they found there and this fact alone is sufficient to establish the early origin of the wine. At a later period, during the reign of Eneas Sylvio Piccolomini—Pope Pius II.,—a tun of it was imported to Rome every year for his individual use. The Emperor Vinceslus was also another admirer of this wine and in order to obtain it he stipulated with the citizens of Nüremberg for four casks annually and in return granted them their freedom.

From a hill of only fifty-five acres in extent comes the celebrated Johannisberger wine. This vineyard while not as old as many of its neighbours has gained an enviable reputation for its produce both at home and abroad, and to obtain the genuine Johannisberger wine in the open market is almost an impossibility. In Granville's *Journey to St. Petersburgh* there is a good account of the prices paid for some of the leading Rhine wines of his time. It reads, in part, as follows:

Rüdesheim wine of 1825 was sold at Frankfort in 1827 for 1,000 rix-dollars the ohm, or 15 dozen bottles, nearly $8.50 per bottle. The schlossenberger (Johannisberg), for 700 rix-dollars; the steinberger, for 300 rix-dollars; while in 1822 the same three kinds of wine brought respectively 1400, 750, and 980 rix-dollars. The same growth in 1818 produced: Johannisberg, 3,000 rix-dollars for 15 dozen; Rüdesheim, Bergwein, 910 rix-dollars.

It will be observed that the above list of prices is

not for old wine but for wine only two years of age, something which would require several more years to mature. Whenever any really old Johannisberger comes upon the market the prices begin to assume most alarming proportions, and it is a matter of record that fifteen dozen pint bottles have brought $3,320. The connoisseurs of Europe are always on the alert for this wine and the competition to secure a goodly quantity is always great.

Frankfort is the great mart for the sale of Rhenish wine, which consists of two sorts, red and white; the former the stronger of the two. The white wines are distinguished by their particular properties, or by the places where they grow. According to the former classification, those of Nierstein, Markobuenner, Steinberg, Rüdesheim, Bingen, and Bacharach are the strongest and have more body. Those of Schlossberg (Johannisberger), Steinberg, Geissenheim, Rothenberger, and Hochheim are the most endowed with aroma and perfume, and of moderate strength. Lastly, those of Laubenheim, Aamannshausen, (red) Bischteim, are the most agreeable, possess a most delightful flavour, with a requisite degree of perfume, and are the most wholesome of all the Rhenish wines.

During the fifteenth century a drink came into vogue that had many adherents. It was called *stumwein*, and while its chief ingredient was wine it was made in such a manner that it soon intoxicated the drinker. Its fermentation was checked at a certain stage and it was then subjected to boiling. Various herbs were added; the principal one was mustard, which imparted to it a pungent and warming taste. Its use soon spread all over Germany, but in 1472 its manufacture was prohibited on the ground that "it

was a bad liquor and prejudicial to health." The Germans have always been great believers in the use of large casks for the storage of their wines and many of their vessels have assumed a historical value.

The tun of Heidelberg is noted the world over for its immense size and numbers of other places have also received much notice on account of their great vats. In like manner were the cellars—some so large that a coach and four could easily be driven round and turned without touching the large number of casks, ranging from fifteen to eighteen feet in height.

CHAPTER III

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

ACCORDING to history there lived in Leyden, a small town in the south of Holland, a man called by the name of Sylvius; he was born in 1614 and died in 1672. His proper name was Francis de le Boë and our readers of the medical fraternity will best recall him as being the founder of the iatro-chemical school. He was a learned man and for fourteen years was professor of medicines at Leyden, and it was during this incumbency of office that in his many experiments in the laboratory he discovered how to make the beverage called *geneva*, but which is better known in the English tongue as gin. The name *geneva* was long thought to be derived from a town of that name in Switzerland, but this is a corruption by confusion, to make use of a lexicographical term, and is far from the fact. The word is taken from the French *genieve*, meaning juniper, the plant from which the berries are derived that impart to gin its flavour.

Perhaps while on this subject of names it may be appropriate to state that shortly after the drink was introduced into England the people began to bestow upon it such names as Tityre-white-tape, and Royal Poverty: double *geneva*, royal *geneva*, and celestial *geneva*. In reference to Royal Poverty, Bailey's dic-

tionary (1720) says, "A modern nickname for the liquor called *geneva* or *genevre;* because when beggars are drunk they are as great as kings." The same authority defines *tityre* as "a nickname for the liquor called *geneva*, probably so called because it makes persons merry, laugh, and titter."

The word gin as applied to *geneva*, however, does not appear to have been in use at this period, for Mr. Bailey does not record it and the contraction must have occurred much later. Another very common name for the liquor is Hollands from the fact of its origin in Holland and also that that country leads in the manufacture of the beverage. In the outset Professor Sylvius's idea of the liquor was more as a medicine than a beverage and accordingly the apothecaries in and around Leyden were the first to dispense it; but the people soon felt that "if a little was good more was better," and instead of being a medicine it quickly became a most popular beverage and its manufacture grew apace. There is another story, given by Morewood, as to how *geneva* came to be made. He says:

It was the custom in the distilling of spirits from worts, or other fermented liquors, to add in the working some aromatic ingredients, such as ginger, *cortex winteranus*, or grains of paradise, to rake off the bad flavour, and to give a pungent taste to the spirit. Among other things used with that intent some tried the juniper-berry (*genevre*, as it is called in French), and finding that it gave not only an agreeable flavour, but a very valuable quality to the spirit, the distillers adopted it generally, and the liquor has since been sold under the French name *genevre*, or, as it is rendered in English, geneva. It is highly probable that this spirit, now so esteemed throughout Europe, owes

its name to the juniper wine, invented or brought to perfection by Count De Morret, son of Henry IV. of France, to the use of which he attributed his good health and long life. This liquor was considered so wholesome, and made with so little expense, that it was called *the wine of the poor.*

While this story has a good deal of plausibility about it and perhaps may be the true one, yet the ascribing of the discovery to Professor Sylvius seems more natural. He was, as we have shown, a man of an investigative turn of mind and was constantly experimenting and the evidence all points in his favour. In reference to the manufacture of gin the same authority writes:

The berries remain two years on the trees before they are ripe. In the mode formerly practised, the juniper was added to the malt in the grinding; a proper proportion was allowed, and the whole was reduced to meal and worked in the common way. The spirit thus obtained was flavoured *ab origine* with the berry, and exceeded all that could be made by any other method. The two principal modes observed in the preparation of wash for geneva are thus described: A quantity of rye-flour, coarsely ground, is mixed with a third or fourth part of barley-malt, proportioned to the size of the tub in which the vinous fermentation is to be effected. This they mix with cold water, and then stir it with the hands to prevent the flour from gathering into lumps, and to facilitate its dissolution; when this point is attained, water is added of the heat of human blood. The whole is well stirred, after which the ferment is mixed with the wort, having been previously diluted with a little of the liquor. The fermentation generally begins six hours afterwards; if it commences earlier, there is reason to apprehend that it will be too

strong, and means are employed to check it. If the fermentation be well conducted, it generally terminates on the third day, when the liquor becomes transparent and assumes an acid taste, hot and fiery on the tongue. Having attained this point, the wash is well roused or stirred, and the mash with all the corn is put into the still, and then commences the first distillation, which is conducted very slowly. This is a matter of the utmost importance, as it is considered that when the first distillation proceeds rapidly, the essential oil goes over with the spirit, and mixes with it so intimately that an unpalatable taste of the grain is imparted, which no subsequent process can neutralise without employing ingredients hurtful to the health. This liquor is then rectified over juniper-berries once or twice, according to the sort of spirit which it is intended to produce. For common use, one rectification is deemed sufficient, though it is not considered so fine or pleasant as that which has undergone several rectifications, and which is called double *geneva*. Some distillers mix the juniper-berries with the wort, and ferment them together; but in that case they only draw a spirit from it for the use of the interior, or for exportation to England; the juniper, however, is most commonly used at the rectification and not before. . . . Gin is a spirit supposed to be produced only in its greatest purity by the Dutch, from the uncommon care taken in its manufacture, and its perfection is greatly attributable to the manner in which the wash is prepared, and the extraordinary pains bestowed on the fermentation in the course of alterations. Certainly if care is not taken at this stage of the process, it would be difficult to produce a fine spirit free from any peculiar flavour, which is the great characteristic of good Holland gin, the spirit only discovering in any mixture merely the aroma of the juniper. No grain is used in the Dutch distilleries but the most perfect kind, after it has undergone the process of malting. Wheat is considered

the best for producing the choicest spirit; but barley is more productive. Rye, however, chiefly of Russian growth, is the principle article used, as it produces one third more spirit than wheat or barley. The fermentation of the wash is completed in about three days, and in the distillation the first operation is conducted very slowly and with great caution; in the second process, or redistillation, the juniper-berries are introduced, which give it the peculiar flavour by which it is distinguished. Modern ingenuity, however, has artfully substituted oil of turpentine for the juniper, as less expensive and answering the purpose of giving it the peculiar flavour of this spirit. The cleanliness of the Dutch is proverbial, and this is nowhere more rigidly observed than in their distilleries, which contributes not a little to the excellence of the spirits. Lime-water is chiefly used in cleaning the vessels, and the practice of plastering the staves of their fermenting tuns with lime is thus obviated; a practice much more commendable than that in common use, and less liable to produce acidity.

Apropos of the matters used for the adulteration of gin perhaps it would be best to say they are legion. Corianders, crushed almond cakes, angelica root powdered, licorice, cardamons, cassia, cinnamon, grains of paradise, and cayenne pepper are only a few of the great hosts of substances that are found to be cheaper and easier to use than the juniper-berry. Sometimes these spurious ingredients will produce a cloudy appearance and consequently the liquor has to be refined by other adulterants, such as alum, sulphate of zinc, and acetate of lead. Many people have often speculated as to why the gin made in England came to be called Old Tom, and while the following story may not be the true one yet it has a plausible sound. It is

taken from *The Life and Uncommon Adventures of Captain Dudley Bradstreet*, published in Dublin in 1755. After the Captain had told of the act forbidding the selling of gin in less than two gallons quantity, and in consequence the different goals were full, many being sent there by his efforts, he being a government spy, he says:

Most of the gaols were full, on account of this Act, and it occurred to me to venture upon the trade. I got an acquaintance to rent a house in Blue Anchor Alley, in St. Luke's parish, who privately conveyed his bargain to me: I then got it well secured, and laid out in a bed and other furniture five pounds, in provision and drink that would keep, about two pounds, and purchased in Moorfields the sign of a cat and had it nailed to a street window. I then caused a leaden pipe, the small end out about an inch, to be placed under the paw of the cat; the end that was within had a funnel to it. When my house was ready for business I inquired what distiller in London was most famous for good gin, and was assured by several that it was Mr. L—dale in Holborn. To him I went, and laid out thirteen pounds. The cargo was sent to my house, at the back of which there was a way to go in or out. When the liquor was properly disposed, I got a person to inform a few of the mob that gin would be sold by the cat at my window next day provided they put the money in his mouth, from whence there was a hole which conveyed it to me. At night I took possession of my den, and got up early next morning to be ready for custom. It was over three hours before anybody called, which made me almost despair of the project; at last I heard the chink of money and a comfortable voice say, "Puss! give me two pennyworth of gin!" I instantly put my mouth to the tube and bid them receive from the pipe under her paw, and

then measured and poured it into the funnel, from whence they soon received it. Before night I took six shillings, the next day about thirty shillings, and afterwards three or four pounds a day. From all parts of London people used to resort to me in such numbers that my neighbours could scarcely get in and out of their houses. After this manner I went on for a month, in which time I cleared upwards of two-and-twenty pounds.

Although gin is made in many places in Holland the principal city of manufacture is Schiedam, which, while having a population of only about thirty thousand people, has more than two hundred distilleries. As one writer aptly puts it, "Schiedam is the Mecca of the Dutchman, the birthplace of his beloved Schnapps. This drink is always acceptable and fifty good reasons exist for drinking it." Unfortunately he fails to give the reasons and the reader is left in the dark as to what they are.

The present-day nomenclature of gin in the trade has resolved itself into *geneva*, *hollands*, and *schiedam*. These names, in conjunction with the private brands of the makers, thoroughly describe the kinds made in Holland and therefore are sufficient.

Gin, however, is not the only beverage the Dutch make—far from it; in the making of beer they are as adept as the Germans, and as regards individual consumption there is an old saw which says "It 's hard to beat the Dutch," and perhaps the matter had better rest there.

In their private lives the Dutch always have on hand a quantity of good stuff to drink and also with plenty to eat, but the drink is the most important, especially on festive occasions. Wedding invitations

are made in poetry which must be repeated, not written, to every guest by two young men relatives of the bride and groom as they go from friend to friend delivering the pleasant fact that they are requested to attend the affair. Mr. P. M. Hough, B.C., has translated one of these poems in his book *Dutch Life*, which is given below. It is entitled:

GOOD DAY!

I rest here on my stick,
I don't know what to say;
Now I have thought of it
And I know what I may say:
Here sent us Gart van Vente, the bridegroom,
And Mientje Elschob, the bride,
To invite you
To-morrow morning at ten o'clock
To empty ten or twelve barrels of beer,
Five or six hogshead of wine,
And a basketful of dried grapes.
You will come to the house of Venterboer
With all your inmates
And forget nobody.
Come early and remain late,
Else we can't swallow it all down.
Then sing cheerfully, leap joyfully,
Leap with both your legs.
And, what I have yet forgotten,
Think of the bridegroom and the bride.
If you have understood me well
Let pass the bottle round the table.

Naturally one would think that after ten or twelve barrels of beer and five or six hogsheads of wine had been consumed there would be very little leaping done,

but the Dutch, you know, are always moderate—from their point of view. These people have many prepared drinks of which the whole family partake *ad libitum*. Brandy and sugar, called by them *brandewyn met suiker*, is a favourite and is always served in the afternoons of Sunday along with *boerenjongens* (brandied raisins); and while even the children can use considerable quantities of these two intoxicants without ill effect, it behooves the visitor to partake sparingly if he is at all desirous of retaining his mental faculties.

Another mixture that is commonly used is called *advokat borrel*, composed of brandy and eggs and served in large glasses, of which each guest is expected to drink at least two. *Kandeel*, prepared with Rhine or Hock wine and eggs, is a milder variation of the *advokat*, but it is, nevertheless, sufficiently ardent to call for a certain amount of circumspection, although its general use is on the first day the young mother receives her friends and neighbours. The gentlemen on these occasions generally meet the father in another part of the house and drink to the life of the newly arrived, in *klare*, the Dutchman's appellation for *schiedam*. At the weddings of the working people the great drink is *bruidstranen* (bride's tears). It is a liqueur in which little flakes of gold are floating, and to omit this beverage would be a breach of etiquette that none would forgive. Another liqueur for which Holland is famous is *curacoa*, made from the dried peel of the *curacoa* orange. It is a simple liqueur. That is, it contains only the one ingredient, which is partly incorporated with the spirit by distillation and later a certain quantity of the expressed juice added.

On New Year's eve the high and the lowly, the poor

and the rich always eat *bolussen* and *appelbollen* and drink *bisschop*. The *bolussen* is a syrupy cake called after a man named Bolus. *Appelbollen* are covered apples and *bisschop* is hot spiced claret.

If there is any reliance to be placed upon statistics, official and otherwise, then to Belgium and the Belgians must be given the credit of being the greatest consumers, per capita, of alcholic beverages, in all Europe. Recent figures place the consumption of strong alcoholic drinks at fifty quarts per head a year, while the amount of beer consumed per capita is almost beyond belief. The principal drink among the working classes, more particularly the miners, is called *schnick*, but what it really is would be difficult to state. At first taste there is a slight indication of gin, but this quickly disappears and the final impression is that of paraffin oil and corrosive sublimate. The best that can be said of it is that it does not kill instantly, but that it draws out all the evil there is in man cannot be doubted, for it is, according to many writers who have tasted it, one of the most vicious compounds ever manufactured by man. It is made for the production of immediate intoxication and it most assuredly fulfils its mission, and being excessively cheap is within the means of the poorest-paid.

Beer is also responsible for much of the drunkenness to be seen in this historical region, not because of its potency but on account of the great amount every drinker feels it incumbent upon himself to consume. Moderation is most certainly not a characteristic of the Belgian when he feels disposed to drink. They have a number of beers, several of which are very ancient. For instance the *pierterman* and its close relative the *wibeer*,

and the *faro* and *lambic*, also *gueuse lambic*, *brune*, *orge*, and *uitzet*. The *gueuse lambic* is a beer which is greatly improved by age; in fact during its first year of life it is not considered fit to drink, being thick and cloudy, but when it grows older these conditions disappear and when ten or fifteen years of age it is thought to be in its prime, though there are many who keep it as long as twenty years before using.

Early in the fifteenth century there were two beers brewed in Brussels, called *happe* and *walgbaert*. They were composed of a mixture of oats and wheat and were white beers, very low in alcoholic strength and consequently quickly spoiled. Later on a beer called *cuyte* came into fashion. This was, as one writer describes it, an aristocratic drink, but its reign was not for long and eventually it was driven from the market by the beers of Lourain. Another very popular beverage of an inebriating quality is called *pecque*. This is also very cheap, a half-measure being sold for a penny, and on holidays it is the custom to stroll from place to place buying and drinking *pecque*.

The only vineyards in Belgium are on the road to Huy at Jehay, but, while they are extensive and a goodly quantity of wine is made there, it cannot be said it ranks very high in quality, being sharp and rough.

CHAPTER IV

RUSSIA, POLAND, AND FINLAND

IN all the category of liquors there is scarcely another that people have disagreed so much about as the national drink of the Russians which bears the name of *vodka*, *vodki*, *votki*, and sometimes *votky*. Seldom indeed is it that two travellers in the land of the Czar agree as to *vodka* when they first taste it. One says it is mild and insipid, while the other claims it to be liquid fire and only one remove from carbolic acid in its full strength. In one particular, however, they generally agree,, viz. that none likes his first taste of the spirit; but this dislike soon passes away and *vodka* can be as easily and plentifully drunk as any other liquor. The Russians themselves say it is much milder than our whiskey, and it is a truth that when one of them tastes whiskey for the first time he is nearly strangled, especially if the weakening of it by water has been omitted. The better grades of *vodka* are prepared from barley and rye and it is therefore closely allied to whiskey. The inferior sorts, though, are more often made from potato spirits, which in a degree accounts for its fiery qualities. Before the Russians acquired the art of distillation which, by the way, it is said—they were taught by the Genoese early in the fourteenth century—their chief intoxicating drinks were made from

honey. Mead is a very ancient drink in this part of the world. As far back as the tenth century and in a chronicle of Novgorod of the year 989 it is stated that "a great festival took place, at which a hundred and twenty thousand pounds of honey were consumed," and the liking for mead is still strongly manifested by the people. Naturally after so many hundreds of years in making this liquor the manufacturers have arrived at a degree of excellence that can seldom be surpassed in any part of the world. They long ago solved the mystery of preparing it so that it would keep indefinitely and Doctor Clarke in his *Travels* tells us that he met with some thirty years old that tasted very much like the finest Madeira wine. Generally the makers confine themselves to brewing only two kinds, white and red, though when necessity demands they readily manufacture a number of variations. To make the white, two *poods* of white honey are mixed in five *ankers* of clear river or soft water, and boiled and skimmed till nearly an *anker* is boiled away. The liquor is then strained through a fine sieve or piece of linen into a broad open vessel, and mixed with a couple of spoonfuls of beer lees, and a pound of white bread, *kalatsch*. After it has stood in the vessel, in a moderately warm place, and fermented for thirty-six hours, it is poured through another sieve or piece of linen into a cask, in which has been previously put a pound of small shred isinglass for clarifying it, and in a few days it is ready for use.

The operation for making red mead is quite different, as the following receipe will show: To every *pood* of honey add eight *vedros* of water, and reduce them by slow boiling to six *vedros*. When cold, the juice of

about half a *chetvert* of pressed or bruised cranberries, strained through a sieve, is mixed with it. A small portion of yeast is then applied, and a roll of clean sand with about four ringlets of isinglass or the albumen of eggs is thrown into the vessel to clear or fine the liquor. Cinnamon, cloves, ginger, mace, and other spices are infused. It is placed in a cool cellar, and, after standing there for some weeks, it is either bottled for use or drawn from the cask direct. It is this mead, the red mead, that will keep for years, and when properly made and preserved it is a most delicious and wholesome beverage, comparing very favourably with some of the finest wines. The different variations are due to the addition of other fruits such as strawberries, raspberries, and particularly cherries, the stones or seeds of which are bruised and put in along with the fruit.

The honey [to quote from Morewood] of which the *metheglin* is made in such abundance is of the best kind, and forms a considerable article in the trade of the empire. The great bulk of it is drawn from the beehives reared in the *oka*, on the Don, in Little and White Russia, in the Polish provinces, and in the western tracts of the southern Ural. Independent of the internal consumption, the export to foreign countries is considerable, and amounts in value, on an average, to from 6 to 10,000 rubles in the year. There are many tribes in Russia who scarcely follow any other employment than that of rearing bees. Pallas and Tooke tell us that among the Bashkirs are individuals who possess, besides their bee-gardens, some hundreds, nay, thousands of wild beehives in the forests, and obtain annually from 40 to 100 *poods* of honey. The hives are formed in the hardest and strongest trees, upwards of five fathoms from the ground, by excavating the

trunk, and closing the aperture with a board perforated with small holes for the bees to enter. The greatest enemies to their labours are bears, who frequently make terrible havoc among the hives. To defeat the purposes of this animal, the peasant is often obliged to have recourse to some curious contrivances, of which the following appear the most singular: knives are placed in such parts of the tree where the bees are situated, where the bear in climbing or coming down may encounter death almost at every step; some, however, have been cunning enough to elude this contrivance altogether, by removing the knives with their paws. A block of wood is sometimes suspended before the entrance of the hive, which, as often as the bear attempts to remove it, falls back and hits him on the head, when he becomes so enraged that he is frequently precipitated to the bottom on spikes prepared to receive him. Boards are often suspended from a neighbouring branch, like scales, and so fastened to the tree where the animal climbs that, when he gets upon the platform and attempts to rifle the hive, he finds himself in a moment separated from the object of his search, and swinging in the air, with the prospect of a descent upon spikes below, threatening instant death. Others, again, cut the trunks into blocks, which they hollow out and close at both ends, leaving an opening on the side for the bees: this plan is generally found to prove more than a match for the ingenuity of the luxurious brute. Another method of destroying this formidable enemy to honey is by putting strong spirits into the honey-combs in the trees, and the bear, ravenous of the honey, and unmindful of the flavour of the spirits, takes so much that he soon becomes intoxicated, and falls an easy prey to his destroyers.

In a very ancient book, written in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and entitled *The Book of Ranks*, there occurs a passage in which a kind of beer called

o!oul is mentioned. How this beer was made it does not say and present-day literature and even legends make no mention of it.

Without doubt the most popular drink in all Russia is *kvass*, sometimes written *quass*. It is to be had everywhere and at any time, and while it is a fermented beverage it contains so little alcohol that it is almost impossible to become intoxicated by drinking it. Historically it is a very ancient beverage: according to the chronicle of Nestor it was a popular drink among the Sclavonians two thousand years ago and, therefore, it must of necessity have been in vogue for some considerable time prior to the period which is mentioned. While *kvass* can be made in a most simple way it is also susceptible of considerable elaboration and the more careful the maker is of the details of the operation the better his liquor will be. The method most generally pursued is something after the following:

To one *chetvert* (about thirty-five pounds) of barley-malt, two or three handfuls of rye-malt and the same proportion of unbolted rye-meal are added, and the whole mass is thrown into iron pans, where it is stirred with a quantity of warm or boiling water until it resembles thin porridge. About two inches deep of oat husks are then thrown over it, when the pans are placed in the oven, where they remain for twenty-four hours. Boiling water is again poured upon it, till it is full to the brim. It is then poured into wooden vessels, the bottoms of which are covered inside with straw, having a plug or cock to let out the liquid. Lukewarm water is now added, and the whole is suffered to stand for some time. When it has stood as long as necessary, it is drawn off into casks, in each of which a piece of coarse rye-bread is put to acidulate the *kvass*.

The casks are placed in a cellar, and in twenty-four hours it is fit for drinking.

This recipe is the one generally followed where the liquor is for domestic use only. The commercial method of making the beverage is more accurate and prolonged, but the result warrants the labour. The proportions are twenty pounds of rye, ten pounds of rye-malt, and three pounds of barley-malt, the two species of malt being mixed together with tepid water in an earthen vessel till it forms a sort of liquid paste. It is then covered for an hour, after which more water is poured over it, and the rye-meal is gradually added, stirring it all the time so as to form a paste-like dough. The vessel is then covered and made air-tight with bread-paste, when it is placed in an oven of a temperature equal to that when bread may be considered to be half-baked, where it remains till the following day. The oven is then heated again, and the vessel placed in it, and on the third day it is removed, and the paste diluted with river water, during which operation it is stirred continually with a large wooden spoon. The whole fluid is next put into a barrel with a sufficient quantity of leaven, where it is stirred well for some minutes and set aside in a place of moderate temperature. As soon as froth appears on its surface, the barrel is carefully closed and carried to an ice-house or cold cellar, and at the end of two or three days it is fit for use.

To the ingredients mentioned above, sometimes there is added half a pound of mint and two pounds of wheaten and buckwheat flour, which are said to improve its effervescence. When *kvass* is made as above and is properly iced it is a most refreshing and wholesome summer beverage.

Kvass made of different fruits is also very common. That in which apples are used is called *yablochni kvass* and it has caused many travellers to confound it with

cider, for it greatly resembles it both in taste and looks, but it is not cider at all. The apples are cut into small pieces and put into a barrel along with the malt and flour and allowed to stand for fifteen days, when it is ready for use, fermentation having ceased and it becoming clear in the meantime.

Kislya shchee is another kind of *kvass*, made of two kinds of malt, three kinds of flour, and dried apples. This species can be made in the winter time and it is often drunk hot. *Grushevoi kvass* is made from pears and *malinovoi kvass* from raspberries and so on through an almost inexhaustible list.

In Barrow's *Excursions to the North of Europe* there is an account of how the keepers of *kvass* shops proceeded to obtain customers when he was there. He says:

> At the outside of the door are invariably stationed two or three young men, each dressed in a pink-coloured coat, which folds over the breast, and is tied in with a sash at the waist, with loose blue trousers tucked into a clumsy pair of boots. They wear their hair very long and divided in the centre. When any one passes near a shop, these decoy lads plant themselves directly in his way and commence a series of salutations, bowing almost to the ground with their hair hanging dishevelled about the face, rendering their appearance ludicrous, and in this posture they earnestly entreat his entrance, and in such a manner that it is scarcely possible to pass without purchasing a draught.

The sale of the beverage is not confined solely to shops; pedlers are met with in almost every busy street of the different towns selling it, though being generally of a very indifferent sort it is no criterion by which the stranger can judge. In the year 1568 George Turber-

ville was secretary to the English embassy to Moscow. He was something of a poet and among his writings is the following, which gives us a fair idea of the Russians as he saw them.

Folks fit to be of Bacchus' train, so quaffing is their kind;
Drink is their whole desire, the pot is all their pride;
The soberest head doth once a day stand needful of a guide.
If he to banquet bid his friends, he will not shrink
On them at dinner to bestow a dozen kinds of drink,
Such liquor as they have, and as the country gives;
But chiefly two, one called *kwas*, whereby the Moujike lives,
Small ware and water-like, but somewhat tart in taste;
The rest is mead, of honey made, wherewith their lips they baste.

Kisslyschtschy is the name of another beverage which is closely related to *kvass* and by many thought to be the same only bottled, but properly speaking *kisslyschtschy* is not *kvass* at all. To make it only rye-meal and boiling water is used. The mixture is violently and frequently stirred, keeping the water hot; when this has been done enough cold water is added and then set aside to ferment, after which it is bottled. It foams almost as much as *weiss*-beer, but its gas is more lively and consequently it subsides more quickly. Some people add a little honey to it while others flavour it with the preserves of different fruits, which is done, of course, during the stirring period.

The common ancient name for all beverages prepared from fruit is *nalivki* and at one time every family, poor or wealthy, large or small, had their store of *nalivki* always on hand; but, it is said, with the introduction of wine into all parts of the empire the art of preparing it has declined until now very little is made.

A refreshing drink prepared from syrup, water, and spirits, and bottled, is called *voditsa*. It is purely a summer

drink, there being only enough of spirit in it to give it a flavour. Among the more popular of the winter drinks that are sold upon the streets by pedlers is *izbiten* or *sbitena*. It is a very old Russian beverage and was formerly used by all classes. Now its use is restricted to the common people almost entirely. It consists of pot-herbs, ginger, pepper, and honey boiled together and drunk like tea, either with or without milk. The *izbitenchiji*, or pedlers of *izbiten* carry it about with them boiling hot and serve it to their customers upon the streets, who stay and drink it there, returning him the cup when finished. It is a wholesome warm drink, and is most appropriate on a cold, freezing, or stormy day.

Beer such as the Germans make is called *pivo*, and, while it is not exactly as popular as *kvass* among the people, it is steadily growing and will undoubtedly in the future supersede it. A number of years ago a party by the name of Krouskji made and introduced a beverage that for lack of a better name was called after him—Krouskji porter. He was the first maker of porter in Russia and all dark ales that are made there generally bear his name, not because he made them or had anything to do with them but in order to distinguish them from the English article.

Near the banks of the Volga there grows a dwarf tree that bears a walnut which the Russians call *babovnick* and also from which they distill a liquor known by the same name. This tree belongs to the almond family and is exceedingly plentiful in the vicinity. An oil, somewhat bitter to the taste but much used by them in salads, is also extracted from these nuts. The one beverage of Russia that has found almost universal favour is *kümmel*. This liqueur the Russians make to great perfection and they use it

in large quantities. There is no secret in reference to its ingredients or their quantities and any one is privileged to manufacture it who feels so disposed. To make twenty gallons there should be placed in a simple still, with ten gallons of spirit and eight of water, four pounds of caraway seeds, one quarter of a pound of fennel, and two ounces of Florentine iris root. This mixture after maceration is distilled, the first portion of the distillate on account of its rough aroma, after which about eight gallons of fine *kümmel* spirit is obtainable. There still may be procured, by forcing the heat, from three to four gallons of inferior spirit. To the eight gallons of fine spirit is added a syrup consisting of sixty pounds of refined sugar dissolved in ten gallons of water, the two compounds being thoroughly incorporated with heat in an open vessel. On cooling, the amount of water necessary to make up twenty gallons is added. The liqueur is fined with isinglass, and stored to mature and mellow. There is another variety of *kümmel* which is called *allasch*, a much richer and finer drink. It differs from the parent by having bitter almonds, star-anise, angelica root, and orange peel added to it.

There is one trait of the Russian's character that is worthy of emulation. Everything that can be made or grown in his own country he considers it his duty to use. Perhaps it may not be the equal of what he could import, but if by any effort it can be brought to this standard every encouragement will be given to advance the industry. The raising of grapes and the making of wine was for a long period an art in which the Russians could not seem to become proficient. They did make considerable wine, but it was of such a nature

it would not bear transportation. At last several noblemen in the southern part of the empire induced a Frenchman by the name of Winzer to settle there and to teach the people the art of raising grapes and making wines. His instructions were thorough and the wines of his region are now to be had in every part of the empire.

Along the river Don they make a wine called *tsemlinskoi* which is a very good champagne. It is, however, better known throughout the empire as *donskoe champanskoe* and by many authorities it is deemed a most worthy article. *Gumbrinskoe* is a sweet wine grown in the Gumbri district. *Kahetia* is of two kinds, white and red, both being of fair quality. The most common wine is called *tscheheer*. It is of light quality and is drunk by many in lieu of beer. The wines of the Crimea rank so highly that they are in demand even in the most remote parts of the country; and at St. Petersburgh they are in such repute that there is a chartered company for the management of the sale of these wines, supported by the emperor and other high dignitaries. The valleys of Soudak and Koos are considered to yield the best. Upwards of thirty thousand *eimers* are annually produced, nearly one third of which is sent to Cherson. The imperial vineyards at Soudak, a name which signifies the valley of grapes, are of great extent and afford many varieties, not only of the native vine, but of others introduced at different periods. Soudak grapes are considered the best in the whole Taurida, particularly one kind of an oblong shape, and of the firmness of a small plum, the bunches of which are sometimes of four or five pounds weight. The wines made here are distinguished by the

names of the places from which the vines were brought, such as white wine of Corfu, red French wine, white Hungarian wine and so forth. It is this peculiar method of nomenclature that has led many visitors in the land of the Czar to believe that the Russians drink only imported wines whereas in fact it was only the name and not the wine that was imported. Some of the cellars in this vicinity are noted for their size, one in particular belonging to Admiral Mondizinoff being able to hold more than three thousand pipes of one hundred and twenty gallons each.

Kayavodka, or brandy, is another important liquor in Russia and its manufacture is carried on all through the southern portions. The ancient Slavonians had their Bacchus under the name of Hors and in the spring they held their Semika, which in many ways resembled the Bacchanalia of the Romans. They have always been exceedingly partial to family festivals, the two most important of which are the name's-day and birth-day. These are scrupulously observed by all classes, and never fail to bring together the relatives and friends of the family to partake of the feast, which is the necessary attendant on such an occasion. Thus every individual in a family, young and old, has his two days in the year which bring the festivity into the domestic circle. Of the two fêtes, the name's-day, or anniversary of the saint after whom the person is named, is considered the most important. On both occasions, it is the custom to make presents to the individual, to drink his health at table, to show him marked attention, and to use every possible means of gratifying him.

Among the Russian merchants in the interior, it is

still common, before the commencement of the feast, in the presence of the guests, to take a large pie made of buckwheat and eggs and break it in pieces over the head of the *imieninnik;* and if its contents remain richly upon his head and shoulders, this is taken as a sign that he is to be blessed with health and plenty during the succeeding year. There is a Russian popular tale that says: "When God created the world He made different nations and gave them all sorts of good things—land, corn, and fruit. Then He asked them if they were satisfied, and they all said 'Yes' except the Russians, who had got as much as the rest, but simpered 'Please, Lord, some *vodki.*' "

On the other hand they have a proverb the observation of which needs by no means to be confined to Russia. It reads, "When thy neighbour's cheek begins to flush, leave off drinking." On the wall of the common dining-room of a restaurant in Moscow is the following inscription: "I ate twelve herrings to one glass of *vodka.*" Beneath is a second which reads: "The more fool you! I drank twelve glasses of *vodka* to one herring." And it is the second writing that has the true genuine Russian ring.

Of all the countries where the produce of the bee is manufactured into intoxicating beverages perhaps none excel Poland in variety and excellence. The bees in Poland seem (if that could be possible) more industrious than those of other countries and while their season for labour is comparatively short the amount of stores that they lay by is most astounding. There are many thousands of hives, but the size of these dwellings far exceeds anything we have here. Birch logs six feet and more in length are hollowed out, then covered with boards,

leaving only a small aperture for the bees to enter and leave; and these hives, it is said on good authority, are often filled twice before the winter sets in and stops these busy little fellows from working. Naturally, the supposition would be that where such a large amount of honey was made the quality would suffer, but this is not the case, for some of the honey, particularly that called *lipice* will sell for as much as two ducats per pound at the hives. This honey is gathered from the flowers or bloom of a tree called stone-lime and is white as chalk and almost devoid of wax. Although it is costly yet it is plentiful enough to make an intoxicating beverage, called *lipiecniak*, which takes three years to produce, but the beverage is worthy of the time it consumes.

In the process of manufacture three parts of water are mixed with one of honey, and to one hundred and sixty-three gallons of this mixture about fifty pounds of hops are added. This amalgamation is termed *waar* or *brewing*. While the water is in a boiling state, the honey and hops are stirred in it, till they become milk-warm; it is then put into a cask where it ferments for some days. The liquid is then racked into another barrel in which *vodka* had been kept, is bunged closely, and put into a cool cellar, and after lying three years in this state it is considered to have arrived at a stage of excellence, but it will continue to improve for many years and the older it is the more valuable it becomes. Another mead-like beverage is prepared from a more common honey and wild cherries; this is called *wisniak* and is very intoxicating. *Dereniak* is made by the addition of cornelian cherries, and the red berries of a species of dog-wood tree, and *maleniak* is composed of raspberries. They are all very spirituous and are excellent keepers. According to ancient Polish writers,

bees were so superabundant in their time that they not only filled the hollows of trees but even the ground was covered with their cells. The Poles at one period brewed *hydromel* to such an extent that the workmen were sometimes drowned in the huge vats employed in the manufacture.

It was at one time a mark of Polish gallantry to take off a lady's shoe and pass it round the table, filled with wine or *hydromel*, as a bumper to her health. One variety of honey which is of an intoxicating nature is collected in some parts of Poland. This honey is gathered by the bees from the *azalea pontica*, chiefly at Oczakow and Potesia, and is solely used for medicinal purposes, no mead being manufactured from it, nor can it be eaten like other honey, as it produces nausea as well as inebriation. The manufacture or distilling of *vodka*, as it is called by the Poles, from potatoes and grain is an important industry in Poland, as is also the brewing of *pivo*.

A perusal of the books written a hundred years ago will lead the reader to think the Finns would part with their most cherished possessions to obtain a drink of brandy. The following taken from Von Buch's *Travels through Norway and Lappland* is a fair sample of what was written:

Neither Finn nor Norwegian drinks brandy to keep him warm, to promote digestion, or to lighten labour; all is consumed before the door of the merchant with whom he trafficks, and the infatuated being would be surprised at himself were he to return home without becoming raving mad with brandy. Edicts have been issued to prevent the merchants supplying him with liquor to excess, but to no effect. The poor creatures, when reproved for

such irregularity, exert all the little intellect and ingenuity they possess to defend the practice. With the greatest self-complacency, they urge as an unanswerable argument that "brandy is as equally strong, and as equally nourishing as bread, because like bread it is prepared from grain [the word brandy at times was used to designate all spirits], and bread being the staff of life, brandy which is prepared from it must be equally nourishing as it is exhilarating. Thus this unfortunate propensity enervates every spring of activity, every incentive of improvement, and every moral sentiment. By the influence of this beverage, the imaginations are carried to the heights of frenzy and enthusiasm. In their moments of merriment, they boast of an intercourse with fairies at banquets and dances; they talk with triumph of the feasts which they have shared in the elfin-caverns, where wine, brandy, and tobacco, the productions of the fairy regions, have flowed in abundance. With these and similar notions, many of the gloomy days of life are enlivened; while poverty is forgotten amidst the reveries of intemperance and folly.

Other writers were just as absurd and as far from the truth, and why they wrote such nonsense none but themselves can tell. There undoubtedly were and are hard drinkers in Finland, and what country is free of them? But to judge a whole nation by a few and then publish the conclusion in books is the privilege of the traveller—*similis simili gaudet.*

Finland, on the whole, is a country few visit and, comparatively speaking, but little is known of it, though when everything is taken into consideration it is a most progressive land. At Helsingfors, the capital, the buildings will vie with those of any city of its size on the continent and surpass many. All the streets are spacious, well paved, and lined with

fine stone buildings of the most modern architecture. The outlying thoroughfares are also laid out with regularity and kept as spotless as those of the most fashionable localities. It is a self-supporting country, exporting large amounts of minerals, grain, paper pulp, tar, and cattle, and it is only in case of a bad season when the crops have been a failure that grain of any kind has to be imported. They make their own *obutta*, beer, and like the Germans they make a number of different kinds, running the gamut from lager beer to the dark heavy ales and porters.

Their breweries are planned according to the most modern ideas and are as complete in equipment as any to be found elsewhere. On the other hand there are nearly one hundred factories where non-alcoholic beverages are made. Every popular, so-called "soft" drink of other countries is made and imitated in these establishments. All the natural mineral spring waters are closely counterfeited, but the label on the bottle plainly states that it is not the genuine article. All classes use these harmless beverages during the summer, and if nothing else could be advanced to show that the Finns are a sober people, this one fact would be enough. To the stranger in the land the Finn is always hospitable, in fact at times so much so that it becomes embarrassing. They like the good things of this life and when they are so situated that they can afford them they use them plentifully.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie in her book *Through Finland in Carts* says:

One of the greatest features of a high-class Finnish meal is the *smorgasbord*. On a side-table in every dining-room rows of little appetising dishes are ranged, and in the

middle stands a large silver urn, *brannvinn*, containing at least a couple of liqueurs or *schnapps*, each of which comes out of a different tap. Every man takes a small glass of brandy, which is made in Finland from corn and is very strong. No brandy is allowed to be imported from Russia or *vice versa*, a rule very strictly adhered to in both countries. Having had their drink, and probably *skalad* ("I drink your health") to their respective friends, each takes a small plate, knife, and fork from the pile placed close at hand, and helps himself to such odds and ends as he fancies before returning to the dining-table to enjoy them. Generally four or five of these are heaped upon each plate, but as they are only small delicacies they do not materially interfere with the appetite. Usually in summer the *smorgasbord* contains salt, *graf lax*, raw or smoked salmon; *radiser*, radishes; *ost*, cheese of various kinds shaved very thin and eaten with black bread and butter, *bondost* and *baueruk* being two favourite kinds among the peasantry; *renstek*, smoked reindeer, which is not nearly so good as it is when eaten fresh in the winter in Norway; *agg*, cold hard-boiled eggs cut in slices and arranged with sardines or anchovies; *ost* omelette, a delicious sort of custard or omelette, made with cheese and served hot, although everything else on the side-table is cold. Mushrooms cooked in cream is another favourite dish. Then small glass plates with slices of cold eel in jelly, salmon in jelly, tongue, ham, potted meat, etc., complete the *smorgasbord*, which was often composed of fifteen or twenty dishes.

The great drink among the better classes is *mjod*. It is effervescent and sparkling like champagne though not quite as strong. It is made at the breweries and commands a good price, ranging between seventy-five cents and a dollar the bottle. The drink of the peasantry is *kalja* and belongs to the genus *kvass*. It is a free drink, inasmuch as any one is at liberty to make it,

the government deriving no benefit by taxation. Almost every farmer raises his own hops, so virtually there is no expense incurred in the manufacture of *kalja*. As regards its palatableness—well, the Finns like it, and as they are the people who drink the most of it foreign criticism is entirely unnecessary. However, it is very light in alcohol and therefore not to be classed among inebriating beverages.

From a low-growing shrub, called in Latin *rubus saxatilis* they gather immense quantities of berries which after a process of distillation with spirit they make into a liqueur called *mesikka*. From milk the Finnish peasants and others as well sometimes make two drinks which (after one has become accustomed to their taste) are decidedly wholesome and nourishing. The first and best is *filbunke*. This is made of sour unskimmed milk and when sweetened and cold is very reviving on a hot summer day. The other is *pumea*, which is made of sour skimmed milk curdled. Both of these drinks must be fresh in order to be good, but, as cattle-raising is among the chief industries of the country, milk, of course, is plentiful and consequently it is easy to procure either one of them at any place, especially in the interior among the farming classes.

A popular beverage which is made on the place and sold at restaurants is called *mansikka* from the fact that it contains a large quantity of *mousikka* or wild strawberries, which grow almost everywhere in the greatest of abundance and form an important part of the summer dietary of the people. The drink *mansikka* is made with *mjod* and various liqueurs and the berries, some whole and others crushed, and is put into a bowl containing a large piece of ice. Three or four glasses

of this punch will not injure any one on a hot summer's day—and a summer in Finland is much hotter than here; but more than this number is not advisable unless one has become accustomed to it.

The chief winter drink is *vŭnaa*, which is nothing less than a whiskey, though from the manner in which it is distilled in Finland it would perhaps be allowable to say that it is a little more than whiskey, for it is stronger than that to which we are accustomed, being what is termed, in the trade, as over-proof, or in other words it contains more than fifty per cent. of alcohol, and *vŭnaa* when new and raw is an exceedingly fiery drink; time, however, will mellow it to a palatable degree, but never robs it of its inebriating qualities. Owing to its strength very little of it is drunk at a time, except by those who are hardened, and as a general rule it is freely diluted with water. The number of distilleries making *vŭnaa* has decreased wonderfully in the last few years. In fact with the introduction of brewing on a scientific basis, and the making of *obutta* at an exceedingly low price—a quart bottle costing but five or six cents—the use of a more ardent beverage is rapidly disappearing even during the long cold winters. To quote from the journal of a traveller:

To the stranger thinking of visiting the "Strawberry Land," or again as it is often called "The Land of a Thousand Lakes," three things are necessary: The lightest and coolest clothing, if the trip is to be taken in the summer time, and every known mosquito remedy that can be purchased. Do not be afraid to take a double or even a triple supply, for every drop will be needed as soon as you enter the more rural districts. These pests abound the further north one goes and their bite or sting seems

to grow worse in direct ratio to the distance travelled. The last thing in the equipment is a full supply of good nature, to answer very personal questions, for, while the Finn is one of the most hospitable people that one can ever hope to meet, he is at the same time most inquisitive; or, perhaps, it would be better to say that according to our accepted standard of etiquette he is inquisitive, for from his point of view it seems to emanate from a feeling of *bonhomie* and everyday matter-of-fact incidents. For instance, one question that no traveller will ever escape is the amount of his or her income. How much money have you? This is getting into personalities with a vengeance, and until the stranger learns that once a year every one's income is published in the official paper of the government he is very apt to resent this seeming impertinence, but with knowledge comes complacency and afterwards he answers it without resentment. Every conceivable question is asked by every new acquaintance one makes, because it is the custom of the people and they will, in like manner, answer freely every question of the same nature that the traveller will put to them, and in fact sometimes seem to resent it if personal queries are not made of him or her.

Our agricultural reader will appreciate the difficulties of the Finnish farmer when he learns that, in order to be able to milk the cows, fires of green wood that give forth a large quantity of smoke have to be made in different parts of the field in order to drive away the mosquitoes. The cows know why these fires are made and will quickly place themselves so that the smoke will hang about them, for it is only at these intervals that they are free from the vicious insects; and yet with only three months of summer infested with flies and mosquitoes, and the balance of the year so cold that despite every precaution cattle are sometimes frozen to death in the stable, the export of dairy products amounts annually to nearly ten millions of dollars.

CHAPTER V

LAPLAND, SWEDEN, ICELAND, AND DENMARK

TO the north of Finland there lies another country which for severity of climate far exceeds its neighbour, yet Lapland is populated and people live and thrive almost as well as farther south. The Lapp has a taste for almost any beverage that contains alcohol, and the more the better, but perhaps he of all people has some excuse for the use of ardent spirits. A sparsely settled country, a short season of intense heat, vicious flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, then for the balance of the year snow and cold, a diet most uncertain and lacking in variety, and if perchance he can procure a few drinks of liquid fire can he be censured for availing himself of the opportunity? His is a hard life and what little pleasure may enter into it to change for a time the course of events should not be grudged him. His favourite drinks are *vedvi* and *puolemvin vaw*, liquors crudely distilled from corn. Sometimes they may smuggle in a few gallons of *vodka*, but this drink is as a rule much too mild for their taste.

When intoxicated the Lapp becomes one of the most jolly fellows to be met with, perhaps a little boisterous but never ugly or quarrelsome. When he drinks he always moistens the tip of his finger with the spirit,

then rubs a little on his forehead, then on his breast, and with the celerity of lightning empties the contents of the glass into his stomach. This ritual is observed from the belief that by so doing he prevents the ardour of the liquor from injuring either head or heart.

At marriages, brandy is freely circulated, and when the bridegroom demands the reindeer, the promised portion of his wife, if he neglects to bring brandy with him, he is generally disappointed of the expected dowry. It is a prevailing custom in Lapland to make love through the medium of brandy, and a marriage is never concluded without drinking several bottles of spirits; the warmth of a lover's attachment is estimated by the quantity of spirits he distributes; a particular name is given to the spirituous liquor thus brought by a lover to the habitation of his mistress, and that is *subbouvin*, or the lovers' wine. At the funerals of the Laplanders spirits are sprinkled over the place of interment; all the mourners drink of it; the reindeer employed in carrying the deceased to the grave are, three days after, slaughtered to make a feast for the mourners, at which repast the *paligavin*, or fortune liquor, is drunk in honour of the deceased.

The food of the Lapp is of necessity limited in reference to variety and oftentimes sadly so in regards quantity. Their women are not what can be termed first-class cooks, and as for baking bread we will let Mr. Cutliffe Hyne tell the story as it appears in his book entitled *Through Arctic Lapland*.

Looked back at from a distance [he says] those rye-cakes of Lapland do not carry pleasant memories. The grain from which they are baked grows with little tending. It is sown, and it is suffered to come up as the weather and

the weeds permit. When it is as near ripe as it chooses to get, it is reaped, and with husks, the bran, a larger part of the stalk, and a fair percentage of the companionable weed, it is chopped into meal. It is not ground; it is more hay and bran than anything else. Baking days come seldom, and a large supply is made at once. The dough is pawed out into discs a foot in diameter and some five eighths to three-quarters of an inch thick. Each disc has a hole in the middle, and when they are baked, the cakes are strung on a stick and hung up on the rafters for use as required. Age neither softens nor hardens their texture; years could not deteriorate them. There are two varieties of the delectable cakes. One sort was like india-rubber, and on this we could make no impression whatever. But with the other kind, which was the consistency of concrete, we could, as a rule, get on quite well, if we were given time. It was more or less flavourless, unless it had been packed with stale fish, and it was not stuff to hurry over. It was not strengthening either, as the system could assimilate but very little of it. In fact, of all the food that ever got past my teeth (and in rambling about the back corners of this world I have come across some uncanny morsels) the bread of Arctic Lapland carries the palm for general unsatisfactoriness. But still there is no denying that the cakes did fill the stomach, and for this purpose we employed them ravenously whenever they came in our way.

Why is it that the people who dwell in these regions of almost perpetual frost, where the climate is the coldest and where the summers are the shortest, are most always of a kindly and hospitable nature? Their environments, if from them we can deduce, are certainly not of a nature to teach kindliness, and in their vocations, limited in every way, there is nothing which we can find that imparts to them the spirit of

gentleness and succour to the stranger within their gates. Yet wherever one may go in these countries of cold and snow he is more, far more, sure of receiving a hearty welcome from the people than he would be if travelling in a warmer clime. Hospitality is one of the characteristics of the Scandinavian, be he Swede or Norwegian, poor or wealthy. They are a hardy race, are these descendants of the Norsemen and the Vikings, who in the days long past, when Europe was bound by the chains of slavery, were the only people who were free, and were governed by the laws they themselves made.

In their habits the Scandinavians are what we in ready language would call good livers, and their love for ardent beverages is intense, yet withal excessive drinking is not as common, especially among the better classes, as one would naturally think when climatic conditions are considered. This perhaps may be accounted for by the fact that they never drink any kind of *brantvin*—the common and collective name for all spirituous liquors—without eating. In fact only a few years ago a law was enacted making it compulsory upon the part of saloon-keepers and managers of other places where liquor was sold to be drunk on the premises to also sell food of some kind, and *brantvin* was not allowed to be sold separate.

In the olden times the popular drink of all these people, Norwegian and Swede, was that which they called *björkvin* or birch-wine. It was made from the sap of the birch tree, procured much in the same manner as our farmers gather the sap of the maple. A hole is bored into the tree, then a cork, in which is a quill open at both ends, is inserted. A pail is placed beneath to catch the drippings and when full is

collected by girls and boys who carry it to the house, where it is turned into wine. This is accomplished by adding to every gallon of juice about two pounds of common sugar, after which it is boiled together until all the impurities have risen to the top, when they are quickly and carefully skimmed off. After the boiling and skimming has been completed the remainder is allowed to cool, and when it has reached a proper stage a little yeast is added, in order to promote fermentation. The period of fermentation lasts generally three or four days, after which a few raisins and a small quantity of isinglass are added, and if all feculency has disappeared it is bunged up and laid aside for use.

Sprossenbier, or spruce-beer, is another beverage much in use on the peninsula and a most wholesome drink it is. The invention or discovery of spruce-beer in Sweden was caused by dire necessity, or at least that is what the story says:

A great many years ago the Swedes were fighting the Russians, and during one of these wars that dreadful disease scurvy, that at one time was so common in most parts of Europe, made its appearance in both armies; but the Swedes by some chance, which the story does not tell, began boiling the tips of the fir-tree and gave the liquor to the soldiers to drink. The effect was almost marvellous, and the men became so healthy that in a very short time they conquered their enemy and drove him from the field. In commemoration of the event the fir from that time has been known as the *scorbutic* tree. It was only a step to change the liquor into beer, which made it more palatable and at the same time retained the virtues for which it was celebrated. The fame of this beverage soon spread and wherever the fir grew the beer was made. In England

it was known not only as spruce-beer but *spruts-beer* and also *danzig-beer*, and an old dictionary of the early part of the eighteenth century defines it as "a sort of physical drink, good for inward bruises, etc."

According to Consett's *Remarks in a Tour through Sweden*, the distillers at that time made considerable use of a species of ant in order to impart a peculiar distinctive flavour to their produce.

It is [he says] less a matter of surprise that they should use these insects in their distilleries than that they should eat them, and consider them highly palatable and pleasant. As I was walking with a young gentleman in a wood near Gottenburg, I observed him sit down upon one of these living hills, which from the nature of its inhabitants I should rather have avoided, and begin with some degree of keenness to devour those insects, first nipping off their heads and wings; the flavour he declared was of the finest acid, rather resembling that of a lemon. My young friend entreated me much to follow his example, but I could not overcome the antipathy which I felt to such kind of food.

Many customs that are very ancient are still retained both in Norway and Sweden, and that of *skal* is perhaps among the oldest. *Skal* means "to your health" and a refusal to respond and drink accordingly is to offend at once and thereby lose caste. *Skal* is derived from the ancient name for their drinking-horns and cups, all of which were collectively known as *skal*. They were of great capacity, many holding more than two quarts, and it was expected that their contents should be drained to the last drop before they were relinquished. Some of them are of solid silver and weigh several pounds. The horns

were from the ure-ox, now extinct, and were beautiful specimens of craftsmanship. Like the tankards they held a goodly quantity, but unlike them it required considerable experience to drink from them without spilling the contents over the bosom.

Home brewing of *ol*—a native ale—has always been a practice in Scandinavia and every farmer raises his own hops for the purpose. Usually *ol* is an indifferent beverage, but at times one will meet with some in his travels that is really excellent. This is more apt to occur around the holidays, for at that time *jule ol*, or Christmas ale, is made and this, it is deemed, should be stronger and better than the ordinary beverage. They also make a different ale-like liquor which in many parts is called *bior*. There is no standard for its manufacture, and therefore like *ol* it is entirely dependent upon accident as regards quality; though quantity, on the other hand, is always assured and certain.

Bayersk is also beer, but this is generally manufactured by established breweries and in consequence a more reliable and trustworthy beverage. One of the peculiar traits of the people in serving or drinking *ol* is to heat it, not simply warm but decidedly hot, for it keeps "one's body much better," they say, when out of doors.

Milk of course enters into the daily life of these people, but like their neighbours the Finns and Laplanders they do not consider it worthy of drinking until it has passed through a certain course of treatment. In making *syr-mjelk* the process is more tedious than particular, as they simply stir the milk each day for a period that may extend six months. When *syr-mjelk* is only a couple of months old it is not so bad, that is after one

becomes accustomed to it, but when it has reached the dignity of a half-year's existence familiarity with it breeds contempt of the most violent order. The drinker has afterwards a contempt for himself that lasts for hours and his abhorence for fine old *syr-mjelk* is, when expressed, hardly printable. In looks it closely resembles its original state freshly drawn from the cow, but in taste strong vinegar mixed with something bitterer than aloes is as close a description as can be conveyed in type. The vinegar part is very correct, for *syr* is often used as a substitute for it and it answers the purpose, the people say, just as well.

A second preparation is called *rumme-bunke*, though generally shortened to *bunke*. In the making of this the milk is simply put away and left to itself for a month, when it is ready for use. The common drink of the people is *finkel;* this is a kind of whiskey distilled from oats, and aside from its quality as a beverage it is also a panacea for all earthly ills. If *finkel* does not give relief, then the person is sick indeed, and if more *finkel* has no effect it is best to call the doctor, who very often will prescribe *finkel*.

They have a brandy called *chaloquin* of which they are fond, but to an impartial visitor it has a strong taste of castor-oil. *Aquavit* is a refined *finkel*, and is a most agreeable alcoholic beverage, somewhat strong but very smooth and pleasant to the taste. *Renadt*, made from rye or potatoes, is another alcoholic drink that is much used by all classes. To make *renadt* the potatoes are first steamed, and afterwards bruised between two cylinders; the pulp is then run into vats, with a small proportion of ground malt—to every eight barrels of potatoes, seventy-two pounds of malt are

used; the fermentation, produced by a mixture of yeast, is generally finished in three days, after which distillation is carried on in the usual manner. The produce varies in proportion to the quality of the potatoes. Every farmer is entitled to distil the produce of his own farm, but pays a trifling license if he buys the potatoes and works as a trader. A still is commonly kept on every farm, not only on account of the spirits, the consumption of which in every family is very great, but for the refuse or wash for the support of the cattle. The spirit is generally flavoured, like the corn brandy, with anise-seed. It is strong and fiery, but neither harsh nor ill-tasted. There is commonly one brewing and distillation every week, or at least every fortnight, the operations of which are conducted by the women.

The process of steaming the potatoes is effected by putting them into a barrel with iron hoops, having a small door in the side at its bottom, which is bored with holes to let out the water; the barrel is usually placed on a stand with rollers for the purpose of conveying it from one part of the concern to another; the steam is conveyed into this barrel by a pipe connected with the head of the still or boiler, and enters the barrel near the bottom through a grating; the condensed steam falls through the holes in the bottom. The operation of steaming is commonly finished in an hour and a half, and the potatoes are considered sufficiently prepared for the purpose required when they are fit to be eaten. By boiling the potatoes in steam the flavour is said to be improved, and it prevents the spirits from partaking of the flavour of the potatoes. It is thought to be more profitable to distil them with a mixture of ground wheat and malt, rye, or any other

kind of grain, than to distil the potatoes by themselves. The best proportions for this mixture are said to be, to six heaped barrels of potatoes about one hundred and fifty pounds of wheat or other grain; and seventy pounds of malt, from *bere* or *bigg*, are to be added. If other proportions be taken the *wort* or wash is apt to become so heavy as to be liable to burn or singe in the still and by observing these ratios any quantity, great or small, may be made with certain and good effect.

Pomerans is made from *renadt* with the addition of the oil of bitter orange and sugar. It is somewhat sweet but by no means cloying, and is quite popular. Of late years there has been added to their catalog another beverage called *spiritus*. This is a whiskey almost similar to Scotch, light in colour and having a decidedly smoky taste; in fact it is thought by many on first tasting to be that noted beverage, but one good-sized drink is enough to dispel the illusion, for it is more ardent than its neighbour and it takes much less to accomplish its purpose.

Among the Swedish peasantry *svagdricka* is a most common beverage. It belongs to the genus *kvass* and is seldom made so as to be palatable to visitors and travellers, but the people themselves seem to be very fond of it and great quantities are made and consumed, particularly during the summer. In the winter it is often heated almost to the boiling point and drunk by every member of the family, from the youngest to the eldest, in place of tea. *Svagdricka* is intoxicating if enough of it is drunk, but few are they that can consume a sufficient quantity; the amount being placed, by most conservative people, at three gallons. In fact the only fault to be found with *svagdricka* is its

unpleasant taste. Otherwise it is a wholesome beverage and when warm only a litle more stimulating than an inferior tea.

Far away in the north Atlantic Ocean and bordering on the Arctic Circle, six hundred miles from Norway, is the island called Iceland. In the beginning or about the year 870 A.D. this most interesting island was settled by people from the Western Isles and Norway. It is by no means what would be termed a large island, being only about four fifths the size of the State of New York and with a total population of less than one hundred thousand people. Yet the home of the Sages, as it is sometimes called, has played a most important part in history and the place that it occupies in literature is enviable indeed.

Iceland from our point of view is not an ideal place for a residence, but notwithstanding this we are informed by the best of authority that there are few countries where it is possible to live with less labour than in Iceland. The people are hospitable to a fault and are ever ready to extend a helping hand even to the undeserving. Agriculture is of course a most indifferent pursuit; haymaking, from the middle of July to the twentieth day of September, is the principal industry in this branch, and even that is often carried on under difficulties of which we know little. In former years the Icelanders were accustomed to make a beer which they called *bjor*, but the practice has become obsolete and now they barter their fish, train oil, wool, eider down, and feathers for whatever kind of ardent spirits they most crave. Iceland is under the domination of the Danes and consequently most of her exports go to Copenhagen, and it is from the same market she

obtains her commodities. Milk, as in the other portions of the far North, is an important article of diet, but unless it still has the animal heat (*spenvolg nymjolk*) it is never drunk sweet or fresh.

Syra is the great winter beverage and is nothing more or less than sour whey that has been stored so that it may arrive at a proper consistency. It is exceedingly wholesome and is an ideal beverage for such a severe climate. *Blanda* is the universal drink and is used at all seasons and by all classes. To manufacture it a proper amount of hot whey and water are blended and it is ready for consumption. *Skyr* is a preparation of curdled milk, which can be enjoyed by anyone having a cow, goat, or sheep. The milk is placed in a warm spot near the fire, but not allowed to boil. After it has become lukewarm, rennet is put in to curdle the milk. It is still left upon the hearth until the whey has completely separated from the curd, after which it is strained off and set aside.

The drink *par excellence*, in the idea of the Icelander, is *abyrstur*, which can be had only at a certain period and for a very limited time. It is made from the milk of a cow that has calved only a week before. The milk has been curdled by some means which is more or less secretive and is served warm, and it is not only the Icelander that appreciates *abyrstur*, but every traveller who has been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of drinking it is equally pleased and will never hesitate to partake of it whenever proffered.

The great substitute for common beer is *afir* and it is only our common everyday buttermilk stored away for a considerable time. Another milk beverage is *valle;* this, it is claimed, is slightly intoxicating hav-

ing been fermented, but it is by no means common and is only to be procured at rare intervals. *Sur mjolk* is always in evidence, in town or country, for it is sour milk pure and simple. The use of milk preparations is of ancient origin among Teutonic people. Tacitus mentions it as *lac concretum* and found it to be a common beverage even in his time—the first century of the Christian era; and the people, recognising its value, have continued its use. Oftentimes the traveller will be given a bowl of *syra* or whey that has an altogether different flavour and is quite piquant, owing to the addition of native plants, leaves, and sometimes roots.

Among the comparatively few plants that grow upon this island is one that is known to us as the black crow-berry and from this shrub, or more properly speaking its berries, the natives formerly manufactured a wine which was known at *krakabervin*. It was somewhat inferior and had poor keeping qualities; in some communities, however, it was quite popular as a sacramental wine, but with the advent of free trade *krakabervin-* and *bjor*-making became lost arts.

Brennevin, corn-brandy, is the most popular of the ardent drinks and is to be had in all degrees of excellence from the recently made, raw and fiery, to the really fine article, aged and matured. In the front of all the more ancient houses, and also of some of the modern ones, there was to be found a large flat stone, and the custom was to always have upon this stone glasses filled to the brim with *brennevin* and each guest upon departing would bend down from his horse's back and take one. These were the *heste-skar* or stirrup-cup and were given for the purpose of cheering the guest upon his way.

Iceland has always been noted for its many geysers and mineral springs. In fact it is these natural wonders that are often the means of inducing people to visit this far-away land. The geysers are magnificent and awe-inspiring, some of them throwing jets of boiling water over two hundred feet into the air and rocks and stones to a much greater altitude. The mineral springs too are remarkable. In fact their waters are impregnated with such an amount of minerals that it is not safe to imbibe them unless there is some competent authority to prescribe. Ebenezer Henderson in his book entitled *Iceland* gives the following in reference to these peculiar streams:

In the *Royal Mirror* [he writes], a curious Norwegian work supposed to have been written before the close of the twelfth century, express mention is made of a celebrated mineral spring in this valley [Stadarhraum]; but whether it was situated at this spot, or higher up, cannot now be determined. The author mentions three things about the water. When drunk in considerable quantity it inebriates; if the well be covered by a roof, the water leaves the place, and springs up somewhere else in the vicinity; and lastly, though it possesses the above quality when drunk at the well, on being carried away it loses its efficacy, and becomes like other water. Many such springs exist on both sides of the promontory. They are called by the natives *olkelldar* or ale wells, from their taste, and the effects of the water when taken fasting. The most remarkable are those of Raudamel, Stararstad, Budum, Frodar-heide, Olufsnik, Hrisakot, and Eydum. It will be noticed that it is not one spring or *olkelldar* but numbers that have this peculiar faculty of inducing inebriation; but the natives do not avail themselves of the opportunity, for the water aside from its

inebriating quality has other effects that are often severe and disagreeable.

Speaking of another spring the same writer says:

The Sydstr, or most southerly spring, lies two hundred yards to the south of Axa-hver, in a direct line with Nordurhver, and is much smaller than either of them. It consists of three apertures, one of which is always perfectly quiet, though at the boiling point, and is used for the bending of hoops; the other two, situate at the distance of fifteen feet from one another, regularly alternate, which circumstance compensates for their diminutive size and renders them scarcely less interesting than the Axa-hver. The largest can only be measured to the depth of five feet, is about half as much in diameter, and jets for about two minutes to the height of six feet, when all remains quiet nearly five minutes; after which the smaller one throws up three curious oblique jets, through three holes in the thin crust with which the pipe is arched. Having acted its part, the water instantly subsides, and in the course of two or three minutes the larger one again commences. This was the only instance of alternation I observed about these springs; though I have since found that Horrobow remarked a regular rotation of the three. I am sorry I did not then know of the circumstance alleged by the same author, otherwise I might have made the experiment, viz., that when the water of the largest is put into a bottle it continues to jet twice or thrice with the fountain, and if the bottle be corked immediately, it bursts in pieces, on the commencement of the following eruption of the spring.

The reader will observe that the Icelanders put these springs to some practical use and they are the means of saving much fuel. Toast and health-drinking is a

very ancient custom and many are the stories advanced as to the origin. The Icelanders have their legendary tale as told in *Sava Haconar Goda*, cap. xvi., and printed by Mr. Henderson:

Sigurd, Earl of Lada, was the greatest idolater, as his father Hacon had been before him, and strenuously kept up all the sacrificial feasts in Throendalag, in the capacity of the king's vicegerent. It was an ancient custom, when sacrifice was to be offered, that the whole community assembled at the temple and brought with them whatever they needed during the feast. It was also particularly ordained that every man should have ale in his possession. On such occasions they not only killed all kinds of small cattle, but also horses, and all the blood obtained by this means was called *hlaut;* the vessels containing it were called *hlautbollar* and the instruments of aspersion *hlaut-leinar*. With these they sprinkled all the supporters of the idols, and the walls of the temple both externally and internally, as also the people that were assembled, with the blood of the sacrifice; but the flesh was boiled and used for food. In the middle of the floor of the temple was a fire, over which the kettles were suspended, and full cups were borne round the fire to the guests. It was the office of the pontiff, or the master of the feast, to bless the cup and all the meat offered in sacrifice. The first bumper (Icel. *full*, a full cup) was drunk to Odin, for victory in battle, and the prosperity of his government; the second and third were drunk to Niora and Frey for peace and good seasons; after which many drank Braga-full, or the toast of the mighty heroes who had fallen in battle. They also drank a bumper in memory of such of their deceased relations as had distinguished themselves by some great action; to this toast they gave the name of *minne*. On the introduction of Christianity into the north, the names of Odin, Frey, etc.,

were laid aside, and the health of *Christ* and the saints was drunk by the new converts—a custom which was long kept up in these parts of Europe. We are told by Snorro that when King Svein gave a splendid feast to the Jomsvikinga chiefs, previous to his ascension to the throne, he first of all drank a cup to the memory of his father; after which he proposed the health of Christ (Christminni), which they all drank; then the health of St. Michael, etc.

The Icelandic method of determining whether a month has thirty-one days or less is so curious and withal so simple and easy that we append it for the benefit of those who often want to know the same thing. Shut the fist; let the first knuckle represent January, with thirty-one days, and the depression between that and the next, February, with its lesser number; thus every month which corresponds to a knuckle will have thirty-one days, and every one corresponding to a depression thirty days or less; the little finger knuckle represents July, and begining again with the fore-finger, that knuckle stands for August, and so to December.

Land of volcano and of fire,
  Of icy mountains, deserts hoar,
Of roaring floods, and earthquakes dire,
  And legendary lore!
Land of a thousand sea-kings' graves,—
  Those tameless spirits of the past,
Fierce as their subject arctic waves,
  Or hyperborean blast,—
The polar billows round thee foam,
  O Iceland! long the Norsemen's home.

While Iceland is said to have an area of nearly forty thousand square miles, Denmark, to which it belongs, has less than fifteen thousand square miles, considerably less than half the size. Denmark, however, was not always as small as she is at present and her former prowess was, if not the admiration, the envy of many of her neighbours. Her lands are very fertile and her people are good farmers, merchants, and manufacturers. Grain is one of the great staples of her soil and accordingly large quantities of beer and spirits are made within her borders.

The Danes from time remote have always had a great liking for beer. In their ancient language this beverage was called *braga* and the drinking of it was one of the principal enjoyments of the heroes admitted to the hall of Odin. To-day Odin and his followers are a thing of the past, but the beer remains, as well as the fondness, and in addition there are many more ardent beverages added to the list. *Aquavit*, a species of whiskey, is exceedingly popular, especially just before meals as an appetiser, and when used in this manner it is quite beneficial. *Snaps*, however, is the great drink of the people and is the chief product of the many distilleries, thousands of gallons being made every year; but, to tell the truth, a large proportion of this article is exported, some to her colonies and more to other nations. Danish *kirsebaervin*, too, is another preparation that is to be found in all parts of Europe, for the Danes have the secret of making this popular beverage in a most excellent manner.

What may be termed the two peculiar drinks of Denmark are *smaa sorte* and *Tee knegt*, both of which are species of *punch*. Every saloon or restaurant

has them ready prepared and nearly all families; many, especially among the peasantry, will proffer the guest a glass of the one which they may have at that moment. *Smaa sorte* is a proper admixture of coffee and *aquavit* and sweetened to taste; the other, *Tee knegt*, is, as its name implies, a tea punch. They are exceedingly popular and the call for *en lille sart* is heard all through the land. While the Danish name for beer is *bajer*, the traveller will find that if he simply tells the waiter *bajer*, he will invariably have it served to him in a small bottle, for *bajer* also means a bottle of beer, or bottled beer. There are two beers in Denmark that, while they are stimulating, are not at all intoxicating. The first is called *hvidtöl* and is a very dark compound, not at all unpleasant to the taste and is considered quite nourishing. The second, called *dobbeltöl* is also almost black, but in consistency is twice as thick as *hvidtöl*. The working men and also others, in order to impart a strength to their beverage, will call for *snaps og en öl*, or in other words they want whiskey added to their ale. This is all right when the two above-mentioned beers are used, but the effect is quite different when *skibsöl* or light beer happens to be the kind used; then intoxication quickly follows.

Mjor or mead is also made in goodly quantities and much of it is sent to Russia, for the Danes themselves seem to prefer *snaps*. Many bitters have also a place in the catalogue of Danish likings and their consumption is prevalent among all classes. Their composition is of course a trade secret, but they, like other preparations of similar nature, contain a sufficient amount of spirits to render them popular and palatable.

CHAPTER VI

FRANCE

THE supremacy of France as a wine-producing country is beyond questioning. No other country has yet been able to compete with her in either quality or quantity. Her position is absolute and, while she has been long at the head, there are no indications of any abatement of the idea of maintaining her exalted place. In fact, France is justly proud of her position and she is ever on the alert to improve and advance her vineyards. Wine-making in France is of great importance and the French Government is ever watchful for the interest of those who depend so largely upon the grape for their subsistence. The attitude of the government is paternal and it is therefore very solicitous for success. Where both the climate and soil are so admirably adapted to viticulture, it would be natural to suppose the vine would be found to have been indigenous, but this was not the case; for we have excellent authority to substantiate the claim that the vine was introduced into France by the Phocæans, during the sixth century B.C., although it must be admitted that cultivation and improvement did not assume any great degree of excellence until the Romans became possessed of the soil, and even they eventually allowed the industry to waver.

At first the ancient Gauls preferred *zythus* to wine and their liking for their beer lasted many centuries. During the fourth century A.D. the Gauls became very troublesome and it was necessary to subjugate them. Accordingly Julian the Apostate, with an army, crossed the river and subdued them. While residing in Paris he became aware of the great popularity of *zythus*, and in order to controvert it and also to assail and ridicule the habit, being an ardent advocate of the use of wine and wishing the people to consume it more freely, wrote a number of epigrams, the translation of one of which follows:

Whence art thou, thou false Bacchus, fierce and hot?
By the true Bacchus, I know thee not!
He smells of nectar;—thy brain-burning smell
Is not of flowers of heaven, but weed of hell.
The lack-vine Celts, impoverish'd, breech'd, and rude,
From prickly barley-spikes they beverage brew'd:
Whence I should style thee, to approve thee right,
Not the rich blood of Bacchus, bounding bright,
But the thin ichor of old Ceres' veins
Express'd by flames from hungry barley grains,
Childborn of Vulcan's fire to burn up human brains.

It is said by some of the ancient writers that this ridicule had considerable effect and did, for a time, induce the people to use wine; but, no matter how cheap it might be, wine was of necessity more costly than beer and its manufacture was more intricate and uncertain. These were elements with which the Gauls were not willing to contend, the consequences being that it was only a short time until they returned to their first love.

One of the many reasons advanced for the drinking of beer by the French was quite ingenious. Speaking of the good wines produced in the south of France it was said: "People in the south do not drink the good wine which they produce; they export it. Money is more valuable to them than good wine. Inferior wine, however, remains, and is consumed to a great extent." This is always the argument of every one who derives his living from the soil—sell the best and use the worst; and while it reveals the ingenuousness of the farmer the world over it also tells a tale of privation to which none but a lover of the country and soil will submit.

Perhaps it was the introduction of distillation in 1313 that turned the French mind to the vineyard and made wine from henceforth the national beverage, for at about this time we find the juice of the grape assuming more and greater importance. When brandy was first made, there was considerable difficulty experienced in bestowing upon it a proper name. On the strength of using a fire to extract it from wine it was called *vinum adustum*, meaning burnt wine. This the Germans resolved or absorbed into their language as *brantewein* and subsequently the French assumed it as *brandevin*. The English in a literal translation of the French word called the liquor brandywine and in the course of time shortened the word to brandy, its present English appellation. The French, however, were not quite satisfied with the name of *brandevin*, for it failed to convey the proper idea and real worth of this wonderful discovery. It was, and is, a most crude word, imparting a wrong conclusion and devoid of true meaning, and consequently they strove for

a better term. The scholarly men of the period undertook the task and naturally they looked to Latin as the proper language for the name; and now the reader must allow a little transgression from the subject in order that we may return to it better qualified to continue.

The introduction of distillation into Europe was at a time when almost every one who possessed any competency were striving their utmost to discover the philosopher's stone and its adjunct, eternal youth; and when the art of deriving or concentrating the alcohol in wine was discovered they naturally thought they were on the high road of success. The most extravagant panegyrics were bestowed upon this wonderful liquor. It was considered a sovereign remedy for every ill or pain that human flesh was heir to. The wonders that it would perform could not be enumerated. It was extremely efficacious in comforting the memory, and for the logician who had to have a bright and quick mind there was nothing to equal it. For the ladies it was the *ne plus ultra* of beautifying remedies—nothing else could even approach it in its superlative excellence; in short, it was the elixir of life and to designate it *aqua vitæ*, on account of its strong resemblance in appearance to water and its supposed life-giving or retaining qualities, was a most natural proceeding.

And now to return to the subject of nomenclature and resume the thread of the discourse from the Latin *aqua vitæ*, which these much admiring people so flatteringly and graciously christened the beverage, to *eau de vie* can hardly be termed progression, for they are identical in meaning, and convey the same thought

though in different language. On the other hand perhaps that old story of the English wine merchant who was everlastingly making mistakes in spelling *eau de vie* and was being continually laughed at for his errors, and who at last bethought him of rendering it phonetically in English, and so taking his marking pot and brush he printed a sign that read "O. D. V., 3s. the pint," can be termed a step in advance and incidentally a plea for simplified spelling.

Later on, the French, more as a means of identification, began applying the name of the place of manufacture and also the name of the species of the grape to the liquor. There are quite a number of what can be called local names, but the one which is best known is cognac. This appellation has survived all others and is to-day the accepted name for French brandy, especially in America. In Europe it is the name of any good brandy, no matter where made, cognac having superseded the original terms, *eau de vie*, *brantwein*, etc. The city of Cognac is in the department of Charente and a part of this district is called Champagne, where the brandy is distilled. This similarity of names has been and is still the source of much confusion to those not acquainted with the facts. Many people believe that champagne brandy is a brandy extracted from the *mosseux* wine of the champagne proper, but this is erroneous, for in the sense that the word is used here it means a flat open country or plain and the grapes are grown there, so *champagne eau de vie* means simply the brandy that comes from this portion of the department of Charente.

While almost any grape will produce a wine from which brandy can be distilled, the French people deem

only six kinds worthy of the labour and expense in order to obtain the finest cognac.

These varieties are all white and bear the names of *folle-blanche*, the *boillot*, the *blanc doux*, *colombar*, *sauvignon*, and St. Pierre; the first named—*folle-blanche*—makes a most indifferent wine but produces the finest brandy. Cognac when freshly distilled is about the most disagreeable liquor conceivable. It is rough, very burning, and entirely devoid of flavour—in fact it is undrinkable; but after it has been in *barriques* for a period extending from one to four years, according to the variety of the grape used, it ameliorates and becomes sweet and tasty. It also extracts from the wood the light amber color which it retains thereafter. If the season has been propitious the yield of brandy will be one quart to six or seven quarts of wine, but on the other hand when the weather and insects have decreased the crops, more wine, eight or ten quarts, will be necessary to manufacture one quart of cognac brandy. A characteristic of the grape-vines that grow the fruit from which brandy is eventually derived is their great strength, they being so strong that they will easily support the weight of children who often climb about their branches. In the classification of cognac brandy there are five stages or degrees of excellence: the best is called fine champagne brandy, the second is termed little champagne brandy, the next *tres bon bois*, *bon bois ordinaires*, and finally *troisieme bon bois*. Some writers use the word *borderies* instead of *bois*, but *borderies* is more confusing as it is the ancient name for common wines grown in this district. The department of Gers is also noteworthy for the amount of brandy (called *armagnac*, after the old district of Armagnac) which it distills, and often amounts to twenty-five millions of gallons per annum. The other principal centres are Bordeaux, Rochelle, Orleans, Isle de Rhé, Augoulême, Nantes, Pointon, Touraine, and Anjou, but

none of them have succeeded in gaining the popularity of Cognac.

Distillation is carried on in the Charente under somewhat different auspices from those which are pursued in America. In the district there are three recognised degrees of manufacture; the first by the *bouilleur de crue*, a vineyard-owner who distils his own product and sells it to the manufacturer. He generally possesses only one still but in some cases he may have two, which is the maximum.

The second is the *proprietaire*, who distils his own product and that of his neighbours, from whom he may buy the wine, or for whom he may distil for remuneration in kind. The *proprietaire* may possess four to eight stills. The third is the *merchant*, who owns many important distilleries, wherein are reduced to brandy the wines from his own vineyards and purchased wines. The merchant may have sixteen or even twenty stills with a capacity of reducing 40,000 or 50,000 hectolitres (880,000 to 1,100,000 quarts) of wine into brandy during the season. The younger the wine is the better brandy it will produce and all wine is bought in accordance with the amount of alcohol that it contains. The *modus operandi* of turning wine into brandy by the larger manufacturer is about as follows: The boilers were filled twice in twenty-four hours. In the morning, half of the sixteen stills were filled with wine, and had produced by evening the impure alcohol known as the *brouillis* or *flegme*. In the evening all the boilers were filled with wine, and the next morning they had produced the *brouillis*. All the *brouillis* collected the evening before and the following morning from twenty-four different stills is divided and placed in eight of the sixteen stills, and is submitted to a redistillation or recti-

fication called "doubling." The other stills are filled with wine, as on the morning of the day before, in order to combine the process regularly and without interruption in the same manner during the entire season.

By this system each man is charged in the morning with the filling of one boiler with *brouillis*, and one with wine, in the evening two boilers with wine. This idea is the direct result of the quantity of *brouillis* produced by the distillation of the wine, *i. e.* one third, so that these boilers must be filled with wine and distilled by each man in order to have sufficient *brouillis* to fill a single boiler and commence its rectification. Each time a still is filled and each time its product is obtained, whether *brouillis* or brandy, a declaration is made upon a register which is kept continually at the disposition of the government *regie*. Each barrel of wine before it goes to the still is numbered, and the still in which it goes must be known; its degree of alcohol is also inscribed on a register, one copy of which is placed in a box of which only the officials of the *regie* have the key; the other copy remains on the register. The amount of brandy produced from that particular barrel of wine must be in proportion to its alcoholic strength, and a register of the quantity obtained in *brouillis* is kept in the same manner as for the wine. When the *brouillis* in its turn is distilled, a corresponding record is kept of it, and of the brandy which it produces. The products are placed in casks, each of which is numbered, and the quantity and strength of alcohol therein is also indicated on the barrel. This alcohol can not be removed from the premises, neither can any alcohol be brought to the premises or carried from one portion of the town or city to another, without a permit from the *regie*, of which permits careful records are kept. The permits indicate by their colour, white or pink, whether the alcohol represented by them is wine or some other source than wine. It can be readily understood that this

system renders the manipulation of alcohol exceedingly difficult to persons who desire to use it and conceal the fact. The residues of the wine which is left in the still after the *brouillis* has been produced may be used for the manufacture of fraudulent liquors, but at Cognac it has been found recently that it is more profitable to denature these residues with lime in order to produce tartar salts which contain from 48% to 52% of pure tartaric acid.

Formerly when the vintages were very small, owing to the ravages of the phylloxera, many irresponsible people added to the wine they distilled rectified spirits produced from beets. The large quantities of wine produced in the last four years make this proceeding practically useless from a financial view. It is further rendered exceedingly difficult by the new regulations of the French Government represented by the *regie*. The operation of converting the *brouillis* into brandy is called *la bonne chauffe* and this is divided into three or four sections as follows: Five per cent of the liquor which leaves the still possesses a highly disagreeable odour, due to excessive quantities of concentrated aldehydes and acetic ethers, of a colour often greenish or white, called *la tete*, or heading, which is taken into a receptacle and kept apart from that which follows. The quantity may exceed 5%, depending on the nature or quality of the wine. These headings are later mixed with another *brouillis*, or with what is called "seconds." This alcoholic heading in condensing has washed the interior of the serpentine and has removed some oily matters which remained in the spiral from the preceding distillation. The part of the distillate which follows, known as the *cœur* or heart of the *bonne chauffe*, is clear, and consists of from 80% to 85% of alcohol. The *cœur* continues to run into the same receptacle until the alcoholometer indicates that the liquor leaving the still contains 50%, or perhaps 55% of alcohol, according to the wine. When properly carried on, this process lasts about eight

hours, and the liquid contains from 66% to 70% of alcohol. This product is brandy. The distillation, however, is continued until the alcoholometer registers o alcohol. The product of the third part of distillation is called *queue*, or tailings, and is generally added to the next lot of wine placed in the still. It contains from 20% to 24% of alcohol. Sometimes, however, when the wine is very rich in alcohol, a fourth is produced, which is known as "seconds" and consists of that part of the operation wherein the distillate reduces its strength from sixty degrees to twenty degrees. These "seconds" are usually added to the next *brouillis*, while the remainder of the alcohol obtained—that is from twenty degrees to nothing, which in this case is the tailings—is mixed with the next batch of wine. The seconds require about four hours of distillation, which makes the entire process last about twelve hours. This length of time of course applies to the *bonne chauffe*.

The quality of the brandy produced may depend very largely on the purity of the copper of which the boiler, chapiteau and serpentine are composed, as it has been often remarked that the oily acids attack the metal and bring away in the distillate very perceptible quantities of copper compounds, which are disagreeable to the taste, and are probably dangerous to the health. Length of time taken may also mean much. Wine distilled too rapidly may force its fumes too quickly through the serpentine to be condensed, and consequently some of the elements most volatile may escape. Again, where the heart is separated from the tailings during the *bonne chauffe* may influence the taste and quality of the distillate. Certain of the superior alcohols pass earlier in the evaporation and the others later.

There were many of those early savants who with their simple alembic extracted their wonderful elixir and thus paved the way for future triumphs in the

art, and could their souls be revived, and were they to visit the scene of a modern distillery with its complicated machinery and exacting methods, would they, do you think, recognise in any manner the part they once played? Undoubtedly they would, for they could readily discern that the same result was gained as in the original method, only the modern requirements call for a larger quantity and therefore the instruments have to be made with this idea in view, but the principle remains the same.

It was Ambrose Parē, who was physician to Charles IX. and Henry III., that gave a receipt for making pure *aqua vitæ*. It could be obtained, he says, by a seven-fold rectification. In 1639 the making of brandy had assumed such proportions and its value had so increased that it came under governmental supervision, and laws very similar to those which were passed on beer were promulgated and enforced. The early history of the vine in France is one full of changes from prosperity to utter destruction and from peace to war. To tell the full story in detail would be giving the history of France of that period, so closely interwoven was wine with the social and political policies of the times.

When the Romans appeared upon the borders of France the Gauls, though acquainted with wine, stimulated themselves, according to Diodorus, with beer, and mead, but the making of these beverages did not long continue. The Gauls were people of great adaptability and assimilation and it was but a short period before they had acquired the finer tastes of the Romans and also their extravagance. Rheims was among the first of the cities to submit to Roman

dominion, and while it is to-day the centre of a wine-producing country, and the records show that the people of that era had wine without limit, is it nevertheless certain that they procured it from extraneous sources.

The reign of Titus Flavius Domitianus, better known as Domitian, had a most serious effect upon the vineyardists of France. The industry at the time was beginning to assume a profitable aspect; the southern portion of the country had already come into prominence as a wine-growing locality and the area of vineyards was increasing and being extended further north every year. The Roman writers of the day, notably Pliny and Columella, were free in their praise of the wines from this part of the empire, and goodly quantities were being sent abroad to those whose interests it were well to consider, and through these various means a market was being established that warranted further outlay and efforts. But Domitian, "the fly-catching madman," as he is often called, in order to show his despotic power, and on the pretense that not enough grain was being raised, issued an edict in which he forbade the withdrawal of the plough from any arable land, and in consequence reduced existing vineyards by one half. This was the death-knell to grape-raising in France at that time, for every vineyard was destroyed and the people returned to their beer for a stimulating beverage.

The power of this edict remained in force for about two hundred years and almost all knowledge of viticulture was lost in tradition. The taste for wine, however, instead of abating kept steadily increasing and we are told by some of the ancient writers that the

Gauls would readily part with a slave for a gallon of wine, especially if the wine came from Italy. The restriction naturally benefited other countries and of course the merchants trading with the Gauls did not encourage them to resume the planting of vineyards. When Marcus Aurelius, or, as some prefer to call him, Probus, assumed the purple at Rome and became Emperor, he at once proceeded to drive the Germans out of Gaul, and having accomplished this and established peace he then turned his attention to his soldiers. One of his principles was never to allow his men to be idle, for any length of time, and, in furtherance of a liking for grapes and wines, among the tasks given the soldiers was the planting of vineyards. It was by this method and under the orders of Probus that vine-culture was resumed in France. The soldiers, however, did not take kindly to this extra labor and one day there was a sudden mutiny among them, and during the frenzy Marcus Aurelius was attacked and slain. His death was mourned by the Senate and the people, and even the soldiers presently repented and raised a monument in honour of "Probus imperator vere probus."

It did not take the Gauls long to realise the advantages that would accrue to them by having their own vineyards, and soon the dark gloomy forests gave way to cheerful clearings with the vine everywhere bearing its clustered fruit. By the year 300, thousands of acres had been planted and the banks of the Matrona and Mosella (now the rivers Marne and Moselle) were vine-clad for many miles. Again we find the yellow-haired tribes of Germany casting longing and envious looks upon these promising vineyards

and little by little gathering courage to make marauding expeditions in order to obtain this delicious juice of the grape which so strongly appealed to their palates. And again we find the Romans coming to their succour, and according to Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* Consul Jovinus surprises the enemy right in the act of "swallowing huge draughts of rich and delicious wine," on the banks of the Moselle, and after a hard day's fighting succeeds in driving them from the territory. It was just a little prior to this historical event that the planting of vineyards became universal in France, and perhaps none had more to do with the movement than St. Martin of Tours, who, wherever he preached, planted a vineyard. The Christian church also began to manifest an interest in the vine, and it may be said with all sincerity that it was from this epoch that the real history of the vine begins in France. From the Moselle to the Mediterranean, from the Rhine to the Atlantic, the fruit was to be found growing and the former barren hillsides were made to give forth plentifully of the juice of the grape, and their fame was to be sung in every corner of the world.

This peculiarity of the vine, which is enabled to grow upon what may be termed worthless soil, is nowhere better portrayed than in the Gironde. Here is to be found land where, according to the most eminent authority, the soil is unfit for even weeds, and yet some of the finest wines come from this vicinity and the vines are to be found growing in luxuriance. Some of the vineyards are more than two hundred years of age, and until the appearance of the phylloxera, vines of that age and more were common. It is from this

neighborhood that we get, first, the *medoc* wines, or as the English long ago named them, clarets. The list of wines grown here, in this poor soil, is extensive, but the reader will appreciate the quality produced when he learns that it is the home of such famous vintages as Chateau Lafitte, Chateau Margaux, Chateau Latour, and Chateau Haut-Brion; wines of such a quality that it has been said of them, particularly Chateau Lafitte:

> They may have rivals, but no superiors, and the prices have on several occasions reached the tidy sum of twenty dollars a pint bottle. The bouquet of Lafitte wine is something that connoisseurs the world over never cease praising and it is thoroughly unique to the vineyard. At first there is a slight trace of the violet, followed closely by the aroma of the ripe raspberry; to the palate it is characterised by a silky softness; in fact, as an old gentleman of our acquaintance used to remark, "it is a regrettable wine inasmuch I regret swallowing it, for then it is gone forever."

The other wines of this district with which we are more or less acquainted are the Larose, Leoville, St. Julien, St. Estephe, Cautenac, Beaune, Mouton, and St. Emilion, but these are only a few of the many. The people of this vicinity are ever on the outlook for improvements, and the extent to which they will venture in their search for knowledge is best illustrated by citing the case of M. Boucherot, who resided some distance from Haut-Brion; on his estate he had a collection of vines from every part of the world, more than six hundred varieties, and was endeavouring to find some new kinds that would prosper in this peculiar soil, but none of them proved of any use. The wines they produced were in every case inferior

to the vines that had become, as it were, natives of the soil; but his failure did not discourage them—far from it, for they simply resolved to try again.

Another portion, the department of Gironde and part of Medoc is the district called The Graves, from the territory, which consists of sand and gravel mixed here and there with more or less clay and marl. Anything but a promising combination, we hear our agricultural friend exclaim; but nevertheless it is here in this soil that the incomparable Chateau Yquem wine is produced. This district is better known as Sauterne and the wines coming from here, particularly the white ones, bear this name. There are more than twenty different kinds of *sauternes* which have a foreign market, but the one great wine is the Chateau Yquem. Of this wine stories have been written that would fill a goodly sized book, some of them true and some only partly so. Sauterne wine is made in three ways, each of which produces a wine totally different from the other. The first method is called *tete* and the wine is made from grapes that have almost assumed the appearance of rottenness; for it must be understood that the vintage season here is delayed until the last of October, and often in some vineyards does not begin until November. The grapes by this time have matured to such a degree that it may be said fermentation had begun before they were picked. They are all white, of medium size, and yield a must that retains a large percentage of its natural sugar during fermentation, and therefore remains sweet without the addition of spirits. Each grape is handled separately by women, who with scissors cut off the ripe ones in every cluster. This of necessity is a

tedious operation and prolongs the vintage season into December. The grapes are not put into vats, but are carefully pressed and the juice poured into hogsheads at once. Each day's picking and the wine thereof is kept separate, every *barrique* being marked and set aside, and apart from the others of the next day's pressing. The wine ferments in the hogshead and the "yeast" instead of being removed is allowed to sink back into the wine, thereby obtaining a maximum of alcohol and preventing a second fermentation. The result is a very sweet luscious wine and one that rarely comes to America, for the Russians are great admirers of this *vin de tête* and the prices that they are willing to pay make it a most profitable crop, fully warranting the expensive methods of manufacture.

The second mode of making is termed *milieu*. This wine is made from grapes that are not as far advanced in maturity as those used in making *tête*; they contain therefore much less saccharine matter and the wine is not nearly so sweet and luscious. It is to this class that the name of sauterne is most generally applied in other countries aside from Russia, and it is the one that is drunk most in America and England.

The third series of sauterne wine is called *queues* and, as the name implies, it is made from the last picking of the grapes, be they fully ripe, partly ripe, or unripe; but the vast majority are just ripening and therefore they make a very dry wine, which also finds a ready market in England. The other wines of this immediate district are Barsacs and Bommes, or perhaps it would be better to say that these are among the wines that leave Bordeaux for America and England. Chateau Coutet and Chateau Climeus are the

leading growths of Barsac, with Chateaux Myrat, Doisy, Broustet-Nerac, Caillou, and Suau classified among the second growths about in the order given. Barsac wines have much body, containing a fair percentage of alcohol and having an exquisite bouquet. Their taste, too, differs in being more piquant and their colour is of a more decided amber tint. They are also, as the French people describe it, *capiteux*, or more heady than the sauternes proper, but withal Barsac wines rate very highly among wine judges and even second growths command a good price.

Among the first growths of the Bommes wines are such celebrated vintages as La Tour Blanche, Peyraguey, Virueau and Rabaut. They are made in the three degrees of sauterne and it is only the *milieu* and *queue* that find favour among us, but continental Europe is a most ready market for the *tête* wines of Bomme and the output is always large, while the prices are sure to be remunerative.

On the right bank of the Garonne is a chain of hills extending from Amberez to Sainte-Croix-du-Mont. These hills are almost one continual vineyard from foot to summit, and from mid-summer to the vintage season they form a picture of which one never tires. The wines that are produced here are known as *vin de cote*. They are very dark and when new, or young, are hard and rough, but this all disappears in the course of a few years and the matured article is soft and pleasant. In the southern portion white wine is made which is quite dry. The traders in Bordeaux import these wines under a general term, the first being called "the wines of the good hillside" and the second "wine of the little hillside."

The most noted of these wines is St. Emilion, deriving its name from that quaint old historic town of Emilion which at one time was a stronghold of the Knights Templars. The wine has many of the characteristics of a fine old port in its original state before brandy had been put into it. To have this wine in perfection, though, it is necessary to bottle it in about five years; for after that period it will have lost much of its quality, and while it does not exactly spoil it becomes almost ordinary.

A vineyard in full leaf and bearing is always a most pleasant spectacle and poets and writers have filled hundreds of pages in their efforts to describe the ever changing view. France of course is a most fertile spot for these people of the pen, and in the department of the Pyrenees Orientales the poet will find themes to keep his muse in pleasant mood for many days; the vineyards and the scenery are ever different, from the level lands to the hills—and such strange weird-looking hills,—more like gigantic mounds raised by the termites of Africa; a cluster of pyramids with rounded tops, so different from our conception of hills and mountains that one involuntarily searches for evidence of man's labour rather than to accept at first the idea that they are nature's handiwork. On their steep sides in regular rows and sections are thousands of vines all carefully cultivated and trained, all of which must be done by the slow, tedious method of manual labor. The sides are too precipitous for horses and therefore only men, women, and children are able to accomplish this back-breaking task.

The grapes that are grown here are called Grenache *noir*, and while their clusters are not large and uniform,

the berries themselves are most delicious, sweet, with a perfume peculiar to themselves. It is from these grapes that Grenache wine is made, but the word wine in this case is more or less of a misnomer. After the juice has been expressed, by any of the various methods, it is prevented from fermentation by the addition of spirits and sulphurous acid, and also by frequent rackings from any deposit, including any yeast which may spor. The vapours of burning sulphur are also much used to check and retard all fermentation. The process is simple, but it requires a great deal of attention and an exact knowledge of the right moment of performance.

After all danger of change is over the liqueur, for such it is, is laid away in cellars and store-rooms for fifteen years, when it is said to be really fit for use. Years are of little moment in the making of Grenache, but who was the originator that had the patience and faith to wait this long for realisation, and did he in the succeeding fourteen years continue his venture? To-day we realise what is before us and can govern ourselves accordingly, but the man who blazed the way, who lived in an atmosphere of uncertainty all this time—what of him? The versatility of France as a wine-producing country needs no better illustration than this. In the department of the Pyrenees Orientales, the two extremes of wine are made side by side, the driest and the sweetest—wines that are so dry that it is only the consoling information printed on the label that disabuses your mind of doubt, and it is far more soothing to your feelings if it is printed in French and you can only read English. The uncertainty of the printed matter removes that assured-

ness which the palate has conveyed to the brain—you leave the balance of the wine for the waiter.

But all the dry wines made here are not of this character; this special brand is only a rare exotic, fit for the most discriminating palate, and is priced accordingly by the boniface, who at once seems to know a man that appreciates spending his money and leaving his purchase behind. From this neighbourhood comes the Muscat wine, so sweet that it often takes the place of a liqueur. In order to make this wine properly, the grapes are shrunk on the vine until their skins have become wrinkled, like that of a raisin, but the grape is not dry. If the season is not propitious the grapes are gathered and placed on shallow trays in the sun until they have shrivelled sufficiently, when they are crushed and subjected to pressure. The must is very dense and it is put into casks at once and allowed to ferment; after the fermentation is completed it is racked off into other barrels. For the first year the wine is of the consistency of syrup and, what is most strange, almost devoid of bouquet. At the second year, however, it becomes clear, acquires *finesse* and fire, and that peculiar bouquet to which it owes its reputation.

Experts in this wine declare that now is the time to drink it, for it has reached its full maturity and can not possibly improve. There are others, though, who maintain that the wine is still young and will mellow greatly if it is given a few years more.

Two other liqueur wines of great note, the Maccabeo and Malvoisie, are also made in this vicinity, but the method of manufacture is entirely different from that pursued in the making of Muscat. With the Maccabeo

the expressed juice is concentrated in a pan over a very slow fire, and when the scum has risen and been skimmed off, the must is allowed to cool, and then after a small amount of proof spirits have been added it is put into a barrel. At the termination of thirty days it is changed into another barrel, and this operation is continued at these intervals for six months when all danger of fermentation is over and it is allowed to age. The great care and attention required to make Malvoisie begins right in the vineyard, for the grapes are very susceptible to outside influence and therefore it is necessary that each and every berry should reach the press in a perfect condition. This naturally requires a vast amount of labour, that while not difficult or severe is tedious. After the grapes have been pressed and the juice concentrated in the same manner as with Maccabeo, proof spirits are added and it is set aside to ferment, which is continued until it is naturally completed, when it is stored away to mature.

The vineyardists, though, in this part of France do not confine themselves to these wines alone, for on the whole they are not what could be considered very profitable owing to the long time they have to be kept before reaching that stage which the consumer demands. There are more than a score of other wines grown about the department, many of which have excellent reputations. They are classified under the name of Rousillion wines, deriving the title from the province in which they are grown, though now it is merged into the department of the Pyrenees Orientales. This part of France borders on the Mediterranean Sea and all wines are shipped right from the point of production, as it were; but the har-

bours here are very shallow and ships of any considerable size are compelled to anchor two miles or more from the shore—in some favourable spots the distance may be less—so in order to get the wine to the boat they have to float it. The barrels are first rolled upon the beach; then each man taking a barrel pushes it into the water, where he keeps shoving it until it floats; then he in turn begins to swim, keeping the barrel meantime in front of him. When the ship is reached it is lifted aboard by means of a crane and the man swims back for another barrel.

Apropos of these strongly scented wines or liqueurs it may be admissible to say that at the period just prior to and during the reign of Louis XIV. the rage for perfumes reached its zenith. All wines had to contain an enormous amount of either musk, amber, or roses. The use of hippocras, an ancient concoction of wine, spices, grains of paradise, and various other aromatic substances in proportions to suit the fancy of the compounder or his patrons, was renewed, and it can readily be imagined that its odoriferous qualities were well developed.

History tells us that it was through the influence of Catherine de' Medici that these highly aromatic beverages were introduced into France, and it did not take them long to become exceedingly popular. In fact the fashion became so intense that it was extended to foods of all kinds. Pastry was steeped in musk, roast meats were almost hidden from view in scented powders. Fish and especially mackerel were cooked in fennel. Walnuts were eaten with rose-water and fowls of all kinds were "greased" with sugar-plums.

They were prodigious eaters, too, were the French at the time of Catherine de' Medici, and the Queen herself bears an enviable reputation in this line. At the banquet given to her in June, 1549, by the town of Paris, there were served amid other delicacies thirty peacocks, thirty-three pheasants, twenty-one swans, nine cranes, thirty-three egrets, sixty-six turkeys, thirty kids, six hogs, thirty capons, ninety-nine pullets, thirty-three hares, ninety-nine pigeons, ninety-nine turtle doves, and thirteen geese. These were only the delicacies; the substantials were in proportion and after a few moments of speculation we may arrive at a faint idea of the size of the banquet; and the fact that fingers instead of knives and forks were the mediums used to prepare and convey the food from the platter to the mouth must be overlooked.

But if Catherine de' Medici had a good appetite the "Grand Monarque" was blessed with a better one. It was his boast that he never, under any consideration, took anything between meals, but if reliance can be placed in the letters of the Princess Palatine there was the very best of reasons why he did not. The Princess writes that she "has often seen him eat four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a great plate of salad, two great slices of ham, a plate of mutton seasoned with garlic, and after that fruit and hard-boiled eggs." If this is not a good reason for abstemiousness between meals it will be rather difficult to advance a better one; but would not the old king be a fine fellow at our modern beef-steak dinners? It was during his reign that the use of the fork was introduced into France, but we are assured by good authority that he would

have none of it and preferred feeding himself with his fingers.

The use of individual glasses for drinking wine was something never thought of until the middle of the sixteenth century. Prior to this time one glass or goblet served for the whole table. The wine was drawn from a fountain or carved barrel by a servant, if the affair was held in the house of a member of the better class, and was handed to the guest who had called for a drink. The correct manner of drinking was to hold the glass with the thumb and first three fingers, extending the little finger in a graceful curve. It was also expected that the glass should be emptied at one draught and without "gurgling." It was through this custom that the host's charge of "No heel taps!" arose, for it was not considered nice to leave a residue in the glass for which a neighbour was anxiously awaiting.

The question of intoxication seems to have held the attention of the people from a very remote period and it was discussed warmly on all sides. Francis I. took a decided stand in the matter and his modes of punishment were almost inquisitorial in their severity. He starved, whipped, and mutilated the offenders, but all in vain; France wanted to drink to excess and France did it. Doctors of medicine were brought into the argument and we have the oft-quoted saying of Arnauld de Villeneuve that "there is undoubtedly something to be said for intoxication, inasmuch as the results which usually follow do certainly purge the body of noxious humours." He further advised that his patients should show a modicum of discretion in the matter and not to have too close

and too often a communion with the bottle. To get drunk once in two months he considered was the proper thing for a man in normal condition.

Except for a very short period the ladies of France have always been allowed to enjoy their glass in public as well as in private life, and that some of them understood the art of drinking and could withstand the influence of the beverage as well, if not better than their husbands or brothers. We have only to turn again to the letters of the Princess Palatine for confirmation. In one she says: "Madame de Montespan and her eldest daughter can drink remarkably without turning a hair. I saw them one day drinking off bumper after bumper of stiff Italian wine and thought they would fall under the table, but they might as well have been drinking water." In another she says, "Madame de Berri drinks the strongest brandy she can get." Again she writes, "The Duchesse de Bourbon can drink to excess without intoxicating herself; her daughters try to follow her example, but are soon under the table."

The Princess had the faculty of describing people and events in a very terse manner, but she was also comprehensive in her language and left nothing to the imagination of her correspondent. At an earlier period when a lady diner called for a glass of wine, two servants bearing a large napkin between them would advance and hold it beneath her chin, while she, like her male friends at the board, would empty the glass at a draught.

Conditions, though, were not always propitious for the viticulturist and wine crops would sometimes be an absolute failure. It was so in 919, when the

vineyards about Rheims failed to furnish enough grapes to pay for their harvesting; but these were strenuous times, and says Stendal, "Not to be killed and to have a good sheepskin coat in winter was for many people in the tenth century the height of felicity." Might made right in those days and the question of destroying a vineyard belonging to another so as to erect a castle upon the site was only a matter of strength.

The Hungarians also at about this time were very troublesome and the peaceful duties of the vine-dresser were often terminated by an arrow stealthily sent on its murderous mission by a hidden invader. But to chronicle all these events would take more space than is allowable. Suffice it to say they are most interesting and reveal a trait of character in which persistency is the predominating element and in which no people but the French would so consistently and successfully withstand the great and many discouragements. War has always made sad havoc of the vineyards, and when war was not raging in the land the weather and insects played their parts. Politics and religion too had their rôle, and a more hazardous and uncertain undertaking than the raising of grapes would be difficult to find.

We will, therefore, not attempt to enter further into the historical details, but pass to the time when was first introduced that incomparable of wines *vin mousseux* as the French term it, champagne as it is known to the rest of the world. The exact date cannot be given and doubtless never will be, but we do know that champagne was discovered during the last two or three decades of the seventeenth century. Of late years there has arisen a faction that endeavours to

make the time much earlier, but there are numerous circumstances which preclude this from becoming a possibility. Again there are those who have very plausibly shown that the ancients had sparkling wine, and perhaps they did, for many wines will give forth a slight effervescence when first poured into a glass, but it quickly subsides, and it is impossible to say that these old wines were analogous to our present-day champagne.

Tradition and history both ascribe the invention of champagne to a Benedictine monk of the famous monastery of Saint Peter's in Hautvillers; the name by which he was known to his brother monks was Dom Perignon. He was chosen the *procureur* of the great abbey for three qualifications in which he excelled—for the purity of his taste, the soundness of his head, and his unremitting devotion to Bacchus—not so much in a convivial way as in a business spirit. Few indeed were they who possessed the ability of the Dom, for he had enhanced the reputation of his wines many fold. In fact, we are told that the wines of the abbey during the reign of Dom Perignon had reached first place in the estimation of many judges. His chief duty was to control and take charge of the vineyards, and naturally the establishment possessed the broadest and sunniest vineyards of the whole country. Added to this duty was also the receiving of every eleventh barrel of wine made by the people who resided within the jurisdiction of the abbey. Furthermore he had to supervise the pressing of the grapes and to make the wine of the establishment, and to store it away in its cellars, together with that which had been forced from its oppressed vassals.

For a number of years prior to his death the Dom was totally blind, but if the stories that have been handed down to us can be believed—and there is no reason why they should not—his blindness did not affect his taste and judgment. We are told that he was put to many a test but never did he fail, and there was not one among his many brethren who could compete with him. Grapes of different vineyards were brought, those of his own establishment, and many more from the vineyards surrounding it, and without hesitation he would name them accurately and inform his people which to marry (mix). Through the course of his multifarious wine-mixings he discovered how to produce an effervescing wine, but at what time in his career this happened none but himself could tell and he failed to do so. The theory has been advanced by some writers upon the subject that the discovery of champagne was purely accidental, but the facts do not sustain the idea, for the old monk was not one given to loose methods. In truth it was just the reverse—his duties demanded the utmost exactness in every detail. Therefore it is not in accord with the testimony to believe that his discovery was the outcome of careless practices. On the contrary, knowing what we do of his labours it is more probable to think that he arrived at the conclusion by a long series of experiments carried on in secret, as for instance we find him trying other modes besides the prevailing one of a pledget of wool dipped in wax to act as a stopper to the bottle, and it was he who first made use of cork-wood for that purpose. Again he is at work devising a glass suitable from which to drink the wine, one that not only would

hold the sparkling liquid but one that would best show it, so that the sense of seeing as well as the senses of smell and tasting could be gratified. All of his efforts were bent towards the perfecting of wine in every one of its branches, the making, the keeping, and the drinking, and with these facts before us it becomes very difficult to believe the theory of accident.

For a long time the wine was only allowed to be used by those belonging to the order; then, when some member of royalty or some faithful one had done something worthy of rewarding, an occasional bottle would be given. It was a favourite beverage of Louis XIV. in his later days and it was through him and his great-grandson Louis XV. that the wine became so popular. When the wine was, as it were, first placed on the market the reception accorded to it was one of spontaneous liking. It was known under many names: at first it was called *vin de Perignon*, in honour of its maker, then through different periods *flacon mousseux*, *flacon petillant*, *vin sautant*, *saute bouchou*, and *vin mousseux*. But the names made little difference, for, no matter what it was called, people seemed at once to understand that the reference was to champagne. This popularity continued to increase and wine-making in the district was being revolutionized when, without warning, there arose a strong decided sentiment against champagne. Who started it or for what cause is unknown, but the records show that people who formerly were strong advocates of its use, without explanation turned about and condemned it most strongly. Whether it was done through jealousy and malice no one can tell; at any rate this ban was for a time effective and the future

of champagne looked dark and gloomy. All kinds of stories became rife and scarcely anything was too strong or evil to say against it. At this time it received the name *vin du diable*—wine of the devil—and had it not been for the younger members of the court and society, who only laughed at these malicious stories and then insisted upon having the wine served to them at their banquets and other affairs, the history of this beverage might have been different.

The chief contention was on the question of foam—what made the wine foam? We of to-day can answer the question very readily, but even Dom Perignon with all his knowledge of vinification could not make a suitable reply to the question. Many ideas were advanced and many were the horrible substances, it was said, that were added to the wine in order to give it its sparkle and foam. The question at the time was a most serious one, for superstition was common even among the better educated and this heretofore unknown quantity was something that needed a full and comprehensive explanation, and who was there that could answer it properly? Frederick William II. of Prussia was much interested in the subject and he proposed to the Academy of Arts and Sciences the question, "Why does champagne foam?" The academicians at once told the King it would be necessary for them to have a supply of the liquor in order to carry out a most elaborate series of investigations. The King sent them only a dozen bottles: whether this was enough for the experiment the story does not say. The cloud did not last long, however, and in a few years the sentiment against the wine was almost a forgotten incident, and while here and there may

arise a faint movement against its use, it quickly subsides, for champagne is the "king of wines and wine of kings."

While the vine is cultivated in five arrondissements of the department, namely Chalons sur Marne, Epernay, Rheims, Sainte-Menehould and Vitry-le-François, it is from the grapes of Rheims and Epernay that the genuine champagne of France is made.

The still wines of Champagne have for centuries enjoyed an enviable reputation and there are many who claim that they are by far the best made in France. The French people are great lovers of home, and anything coming from their place of birth is thought by them to possess merits far beyond that which may come from the next town. This trait is very neatly shown in the controversy which occurred many years ago over the relative value of Burgundy wine and the wines from Champagne. The controversy was begun in 1652 by Daniel Arbinet and was continued with varying successes by each side until it was officially decided in favour of Champagne in the year 1778. For the first forty years or so the fight was principally local, yet it was vigorous enough to keep it alive. In Tallemant des Reaux's *Historiettes* is an account of how Doctor Pena, an eminent physician of Paris, took the side of champagne, a gentleman went to consult him and the following dialogue ensued: "Where do you come from?" inquired the doctor. "I am," replied the gentleman, "a native and resident of Saumur." "A native of Saumur—what bread do you eat?" "Bread from the Belle Cave." "A native of Saumur and you eat bread from the Belle Cave; what meat do you eat?" "Mutton fed at

Chardomet." "A native of Saumur, eating bread from the Belle Cave and mutton fed at Chardomet. What wine do you drink?" "Wine from the Coteaux." "What! you are a native of Saumur; you eat bread from the Belle Cave and mutton fed at Chardomet and drink the wine of the Coteaux, and you come here to consult me? Go about your business; there can be nothing the matter with you."

Others besides the doctor had been fanning the flames just enough, though, to keep a fire going when in 1696 Mathieu Fournier, a medical student, in his inaugural thesis advanced the theory that the wines of Rheims were conducive of catarrh, gout, and other disorders besides playing havoc with the nervous system. The telegraph was not in vogue in those days, neither was the telephone; but the news reached Rheims in some manner almost as quickly as if conveyed by electricity. Perhaps some one from Rheims or Epernay was at the exercises and heard the student make his rash assertion. At any rate war was declared in Rheims in short order. Patience had ceased to be a virtue and now it was necessary to teach these people a lesson. Accordingly Giles Culotteau came out with a pamphlet entitled *An vinum Remeuse Burgundico sauvious et salubrius*. It was a consensus of opinion, and if there were any laudatory adjectives that he forgot to use in proclaiming the virtues, purity, healthfulness, and superiority of the wines of Champagne, it was because his dictionary did not contain them. To M. Salins, the *doyen*, or dean, of the Faculty of Medicine of Beaune, was given the task of replying and he did it in good style. What he left unsaid of the wines of his enemies would not amount

to much, and the fight was on and printer's ink began to run in rivulets. Prose writers by the score issued pamphlets and contributed articles to their respective papers, while the poets, no less backward, filled pages upon pages with their efforts, some of which make most excellent reading, to wit the following by Dr. Charles Coffini, born in Buzancy not very far from Rheims:

As the vine, although lowly in aspect, outshines
The stateliest trees by the produce it bears,
So midst all the earth's list of rich generous wines
Our Rheims the bright crown of pre-eminence wears.

The Massica, erst sung by Horace of old,
To Sillery now must abandon the field;
Falernian, Chian, could ne'er be so bold
To rival the nectar Ay's sunny slopes yield.

As bright as the goblet it sparklingly fills
With diamonds in fusion, it foaming exhales
An odour ambrosial, the nostril that thrills,
Foretelling the flavour delicious it veils.

At first with false fury the foam-bells arise
And creamily bubbling spread over the brim,
Till equally swiftly their petulance dies
In a purity that makes e'en crystal seem dim.

What brought this forth was the following, written by Professor Benigné Grenan of the college at Harcourt:

Lift to the skies thy foaming wine,
That cheers the heart, that charms the eye;
Exalt its fragrance, gift divine,
Champagne, from thee the wise must fly!

A poison lurks those charms below,
  An asp beneath the flowers is hid;
In vain thy sparkling fountains flow
  When wisdom has their lymph forbid.

'T is but when cloyed with purer fair
  We can with such a traitress flirt;
So, following Beaune with reverent air,
  Let Rheims appear but at dessert.

These are given to show the reader what was done in the way of poetry and are selected, mainly on account of their shortness, from a most extended list. The prose writers were as good, while the advocates on both sides had sharp tongues and ready wit.

It will be noticed that, while the fight started long before *vin mousseux* was discovered, the wily Burgundians tried in many ways to centre it upon this one wine. At this time the odium mentioned previously was placed on champagne, and naturally the people of Burgundy took advantage of it to aid themselves in the controversy, but without avail. In Rheims and Epernay champagne wines are classified under four headings, which ultimately comprise the completed beverage.

The first is champagne *non mousseux* (still champagne). This is wine that has been fully fermented, fined, drawn into bottles, stoppered in the usual manner, tied, and allowed to rest a long time. This is the ancient method of making bottled wine in the Champagne and it was from this practice, it is thought, that Dom Perignon first conceived the idea of the sparkling wine or *mousseux*. The varieties of this wine are many and some of them command fancy

prices, for when properly matured they possess striking peculiarities of taste and flavour. The second kind is called *cremant* and, as its name denotes, it has the faculty of forming a slight cream of effervescent bubbles upon its surface when it is poured into a glass. *Cremant* has a good market among those people who while enjoying a little sparkle in their wine do not care for as much as is to be found in *mousseux* or the third variety.

The old test for *mousseux* was the noise the cork made when it was projected from the bottle. It was not expected to make too much of a report and the wine should only rise gently to the margin of the container. The fourth and last variety is *grand mousseux* the kind that projects the cork with a loud report and the wine jumps from the bottle with a suddenness born of its anxiety to be free—

> The bubbles that swim at the beaker's brim
> And break at the lips when meeting.

It was this characteristic that gave it the name *flacon petillant*, which rendered into English means "stopper- or cork-jumper." *Grand mousseux* is the wine that throws its corks into every part of the world and for its market it has the universe.

Of the red wines grown at Rheims, the two finest are the *rilly* and *bouzy*. They are costly wines, and extremely delicate. It is claimed for them that when fully matured and ready for drinking a trip from the cellar to the table is all they can stand. They have therefore to be sold before this stage is reached, and owing to their superb qualities bring fancy prices

and are much sought for by the wealthy classes and royalty. The history of *rilly* as told by a French chronicler is something as follows:

Monsieur Werlé received one day an order to send three hundred cases of champagne to New York. Profiting by the occasion of the long voyage to be made by this wine, he sent with it for company a dozen of red wine of the vintage of 1802, with a request to his correspondent in New York to keep them in his cellars for three months, and then send them back. When the case returned the sides of each bottle were covered with a kind of sediment and the wine clouded. Mayor Werlé let it repose for six weeks, and then poured it into fresh bottles. It was perfectly clear and of a delicious quality. The wine in becoming exquisite had changed colour. It had been sent red to America and it came back with a beautiful shade of onion-peel.

In external appearance these wines resemble in many respects those of Bordeaux and Burgundy, but beyond this the likeness ceases, for their intrinsic qualities are peculiar to themselves. With an aroma and bouquet that is unique, they have the animation of *cos-vonglot* without its headiness, and the smoothness of Chateau-Lafitte with more unctuousness.

At one time they made a wine in Champagne called *to-cane*. It was sweet and was manufactured from very ripe grapes submitted only to a gentle pressure, but it would not keep more than six or seven months without spoiling and at last the practice of making it ceased altogether; but for a time it was popular and the wine of Ay, in particular, enjoyed a high reputation as *to-cane*.

Should the reader have a penchant for controversy and enjoy revelling in the differences of opinions as given and expressed by experts on the subject, he will find much that is suited to his taste if he will but gather the sentiments of these people on the subject of Burgundy wine. One eminent authority openly promulgated his views as follows:

About a mile south-west of Dijon begins the chain of hills which form the celebrated *Côte d'Or*, averaging from eight hundred to a thousand feet in height. It is covered with vineyards, which ascend in terraces, and then spread along the table-land on the summit. The colour of the soil is of yellowish red, from which the name of the district is probably derived. Here the best Burgundy wines are produced. In richness of flavour and in perfume and all the more delicate qualities of the grape, they unquestionably rank as the finest in the world; and it was not without reason that the Dukes of Burgundy were designated as the "princes des bon vins."

Another gentleman fully as well versed on the question as the above writes, "Next to those of Medoc the wines of Burgundy are the best French red wines," etc. Still another eminent authority writes that

along the Côte there is made not only the best wine in the world but also the worst; that in not a single hotel or inn along the Côte a single bottle of Burgundian wine fit to be drunk by any traveller accustomed to fair wine is to be obtained, as we testify from personal experience; what is set before the traveller is cheap *vin du Midi*, and the growth of the vineyard in sight is as good as unknown.

Almost every writer on the subject feels it incumbent upon himself to assume a partisan attitude, and this is especially true of English authors and travellers. What induces this contentious spirit is hard to say, but it exists even in Germany and our American writers have also participated in it. As regards age, Burgundy is probably the oldest viticultural country, if so we may term it, in central Europe. It was from here that the art of wine-making migrated to Germany and many parts of France. The Germans came in order to acquire a knowledge of the methods pursued and also to obtain cuttings, which were subsequently planted in Saxony, Bohemia, Moravia, along the Rhine, and up the Main. The wine also was carried into these countries and much farther, for it was exceedingly popular. Little did St. Robert de Molesme think in 1098 when he founded the abbey at Citeaux, or Sisteaux that long after the influence of the Cistercian order—of which this abbey came to be the headquarters and the most powerful in Europe, governing both in temporal and spiritual almost all of the civilised world—its wines would still call the attention of man to those periods when all that was connected with the church was prosperous beyond avarice. Such, however, is the case, and their memory is perpetuated in the wines known the world over as Clos de Vougeot. It was the Cistercian monks who selected this beautiful site and first planted the vineyards within the walled fields; and it was they who studied the best methods of cultivation and vinification, and in turn, after finding the better way, instructed the people around them in the secrets they had acquired, not by magic, but by long years of hard, difficult labour and

experiments. They never sold their wines, but bestowed as presents upon the worthy what was not needed for themselves. It was never a very large vineyard, at present being, after considerable enlargement by purchase, only about one hundred and twenty acres in area and producing in the neighbourhood of two hundred hogsheads a year of wine. The abbey is now used as a penal institution for juvenile offenders and also as an orphanage.

The Côte d'Or or "golden hillside" are a series of hills nearly thirty-six miles in length and for thirty miles of their extent they are one continuous vineyard. They begin at the upper third of the hills, never ascending to the brow, and then stretch down the inclination into the plain, and frequently extend for a mile or two in the plain itself. The better vineyards are all situated about the lower third of the inclines, and an idea of the number of proprietors may be had when it is stated that a single vineyard of fifteen acres is seldom met with. Even the celebrated Romanee-Conti and the Chambertin have less than this number. At one time the vines were planted to the very summit, but they did not prove profitable and accordingly were allowed to decay.

In some of the communes the "vintage ban" is still in existence, but it is not as rigidly enforced now as formerly and where the vineyards are enclosed it does not apply at all. The object of the ban was a protection enforced and maintained by the local government over the grapes from the time they commenced to ripen until the beginning of vintage. The owner himself, except by special permit, could not enter his vineyard at this time, and until the inspec-

tors had assembled and surveyed the different fields the grapes could not be gathered. It was a foolish provision and worked more injustice than it did good. The vineyard that was a little more favourably situated and whose grapes ripened quicker had to wait for the slower ones, with the result that in the first vineyard the grapes were often too ripe while in the others, owing to the close of the ban, only part of the grapes were available. During the revolution the Gironde succeeded in having this law abolished effectually. Burgundy tried the same, but was only partly successful, as it was restored during the restoration.

The vintage season in this part of France, it can readily be surmised, is one of great importance and much downright hard labour. As soon as the grapes are collected they are put into a large vat, called *ballonge*, placed on a waggon; in this they are trodden down by a man as fast and firmly as possible. When the vat is full the carter dismounts, rubs his feet on the nearest piece of grass, puts on his boots, drives the waggon home, and sees the grapes put into the vat. The carter then returns with his *ballonge* until the whole of the harvest is at home. In this manner the great bulk of the Burgundy grapes are carried to the wine-house. A few, however, of the more progressive and particular vineyardists insist upon having their grapes cut and cleaned, their stalks removed, and the murk fermented by itself.

The making of Burgundy wine is often fraught with fatal results and is seldom devoid of serious consequences to some one connected with its manufacture. It is this murk, that we have mentioned, that imparts the colour to the wine, and during the period of fer-

mentation it rises to the top and forms what the French call the *chapeau* and if, upon testing, it is found that the wine is deficient in colour this *chapeau* must be precipitated into the vat and thoroughly mixed again with the wine; and in order to accomplish this in the easiest manner possible men in a state of nudity jump into the vats and by keeping up a steady movement the work is accomplished. Owing to the presence, though, of so much carbonic-acid gas, evolved by the fermentation, the men soon become deadly pale, then blue, their breathing fails them, and if they are not removed at once they are asphyxiated beyond resuscitation. That this method is not necessary has been shown every year. The *chapeau* if it is kept submerged by wicker-work and loaded with weights will not spoil, and will accomplish its mission fully as well as by the more primitive mode.

After the fermentation has ceased and the wine been drawn off from the larger vats the murk is subjected to another squeezing in the presses, thereby obtaining a second wine called *piquette*. This wine is very seldom sold, but is reserved for the working *vignerons* who, strange to say, relish it very highly, even though it is a most decidedly inferior article; but then, to reiterate, the good things must be sold while the poor, bad, and indifferent ones are reserved for home consumption.

While we are all more or less prone to look upon the raising of grapes and the making of wine as a very happy vocation, and we picture to ourselves men, women, and children laughing and playing at their labours, and almost envy them the pleasures our imagination has built for us, they are, nevertheless, far

more ideal than real and no people but the French would tolerate the hardships that they have had to endure. At one time the taxes became so excessive that in order to avoid them the people poured their wines into the rivers, for the amount levied was far beyond the value of the product and so excessive that only a few of the wealthier could afford to have wine in their possession. The pre-revolutionary days of France were most assuredly trying times for all those whose interests were in any way affected by wine. Taxation and privilege amounted almost to confiscation, and espionage of the lowest order was always on foot. No one was safe and every possible tactic was resorted to in order to extort money. A partial list of the taxes in vogue during this epoch will read something as follows: *tailles*, *aides*, *corvées*, *gabellas*, *octroi*, *carpot*, *droit de detail*, *le billot*, *le cinquème en sus l'impôt*, *jaugeage*, *courtage*, *gourmettage*, *afforage*, *potage*, etc., every one of which was applied either directly or indirectly upon the vineyardist, and some of them, as for instance the *corvées*, upon his labourers.

Another feature that these people had to contend with was the *banvin*. The seigneurs had large estates, upon which were one, two, or five or six vineyards. When the vintage season arrived and the wine was made the *banvin* was declared and no one in the vicinity could sell their wines for thirty or forty days. It did not matter to the seigneurs how many might be on the verge of starvation or were dependent upon the moneys received from their wines for sustenance and support. The rich man, the powerful man, must sell his wines first. The ecclesiastical tithes too had to be reckoned with and they were no small matter,

ranging as they did from one-twentieth to a tenth, and the wonder is not that the people submitted but that they had any vigour or manhood left in them at the end of a season. In *The Ancient Régime*, by Hippolyte Adolphe Taine and translated by John Durand, is this story:

> Meanwhile, other officials, those of the excise, descend into the cellar. None are more formidable, nor who eagerly seize on pretexts for delinquency. Let a citizen charitably bestow a bottle of wine on a poor fellow-creature and he is liable to prosecution and excessive penalties. . . . The poor invalid that may interest his curate in the begging of a bottle of wine for him will undergo a trial ruining, not alone the unfortunate man that obtains it, but again the benefactor who gave it to him. This is not a fancied story.

By virtue of the right of deficient revenue the clerks may at any hour take an inventory of wine on hand, even the stores of a vineyard proprietor, indicate what he may consume, tax him for the rest and for the surplus quantity already drunk, the *ferme* thus associating itself with the wine-producer and claiming its portion of his production. In a vineyard at Epernay on four casks of wine, the average product of one *arpent*, and worth six hundred francs, it levies at first thirty francs, and then, after the sale of the four casks, seventy-five francs additionally. Naturally, "the inhabitants resort to the shrewdest and best planned artifices to escape" such potent rights. But the clerks are alert, watchful, and well-informed, and they pounce down unexpectedly on every suspected domicile; their instructions prescribe frequent

inspections and exact registries "enabling them to see at a glance the conditions of the cellar of each inhabitant."

The manufacturer having paid up, the merchant now has his turn. The latter, on sending the four casks to the consumer, again pays seventy-five francs to the *ferme*. The wine is despatched and the *ferme* prescribes the roads by which it must go—should others be taken it is confiscated; and at every step on the way some payment must be made. "A boat laden with wine from Languedoc, Dauphiny, or Roussillon, ascending the Rhone and descending the Loire to reach Paris, through the Briare canal, pays on the way, leaving out charges on the Rhone, from thirty-five to forty kinds of duty, not comprising the charges on entering Paris. It pays these at fifteen or sixteen places, the multiplied payments obliging the carriers to devote twelve or fifteen days more to the passage than they otherwise would if their duties could be paid at one bureau." The charges on the routes by water are particularly heavy. "From Pontarlier to Lyons there are twenty-five or thirty tolls; from Lyons to Aigues-Mortes there are others, so that whatever costs ten sous in Burgundy amounts to fifteen and eighteen sous at Lyons and over twenty-five sous at Aigues-Mortes."

The wine at last reaches the barriers of the city where it is to be drunk. Here it pays an octroi of forty-seven francs per hogshead. Entering Paris it goes into the tapster's or innkeeper's cellar, where it again pays from thirty to forty francs for the duty on selling it at retail. At Rethel the duty is from fifty to sixty francs per puncheon, Rheims gauge. The

total is exorbitant. "At Rennes, the dues and duties on a barrel of Bordeaux wine, together with a fifth over and above the tax, local charges, eight sous per pound, and the octroi, amount to more than seventy-two francs exclusive of the purchase money, to which must be added the expenses and duties advanced by the Rennes merchant and which he recovers from the purchaser, Bordeaux drayage, freight, tolls, of the floodgate, entrance duty into the town, hospital dues, fees of gaugers, brokers, and inspectors. The total outlay for the tapster who sells a barrel of wine amounts to two hundred livres." We may imagine whether, at this price, the people of Rennes drank it, while these charges fall on the wine-grower, since if consumers do not purchase, he was unable to sell. Accordingly, among the small growers he was most to be pitied; according to the testimony of Arthur Young, wine-grower and misery are two synonymous terms. The crop often fails, "every doubtful crop ruining the man without capital."

"In Burgundy, in Berry, in Soissons, in the Trois-Eveches, in Champagne, I find in every report that he lacks bread and lives on alms. In Champagne, the syndics of Bar-sur-Ambe write that the inhabitants, to escape duties, have more than once emptied their wine into the river, the provincial assembly declaring that 'in the greater portion of the province the slightest augmentation of duties would cause the cultivators to desert the soil.' Such is the history of wine under the ancient régime. From the producer who grows to the tapster who sells, what extortions, what vexations!"

The innkeeper or tapster seems always to have had his share of troubles, for as early as the thirteenth

century we find him beset by a number of laws that would drive a man of any other nationality out of the business. It was Philippe-Auguste who issued an edict to the effect that any member of the corporation of criers could enter an inn, select his sample, have it poured into a large wooden mug, then hie himself to the streets and cry, "This is the rare wine they sell so cheaply at the 'Clover Leaf'; come and taste, come and prove it." And whether it was agreeable to mine host or not the crier could cry his wines and exact his wages. At first glance this practice seems to be rather favourable to the landlord as a sort of advertisement, but the crier had another prerogative to which the innkeeper objected most rigidly—he could fix the price at which the wine was to be sold and the dealer had to submit. The crier was compelled to visit his inn every morning and demand of the customers the price they were paying for the wine they were consuming, and if the figures did not agree with his public proclamation then the tapster began to realise something of the strong arm of the law.

The landlords were simply at the crier's mercy and if they would not submit to the extortions imposed upon them they had to go out of business. Another feature of the traffic that was both annoying and exasperating was the *ban le roy*. This was similar to the *banvin*, previously mentioned, but in this case it was the king and the innkeeper who were at odds and the innkeeper was always the loser. When the king's wines were ready for the market the taverns had to cease selling until every drop of the royal beverage was disposed of either at wholesale or retail.

The criers, too, for once in a year were deprived of their prey and they had to cry his Majesty's wines at a figure to suit the king's steward and not themselves. These wines, of course, were sold in the most favourable locality for the business and it was from this practice that the Rue Vin-le-Roy (King's-Wine-Street) derived its name. The wine merchants congregated there and made it the mart and centre of the industry. The street was narrow and none too clean, but it was centrally located and abutted Rue des Lombards and accordingly was of easy access. After the king had disposed of his wine then came the seigneur, then the abbé. The monastery, however, had the best of it—they could sell their wines at auction in their cloisters, thereby avoiding all charges.

While the poorer people were being taxed almost to the limit of starvation, and many were compelled to flee the country in order to gain a livelihood, there was another class, the tax-gatherers, who waxed rich and powerful. They amassed immense fortunes and lived in the utmost luxury; they rivalled the nobility and the court in their entertainments. They built princely hotels and had residences that were the admiration of every one. At Rheims they built the Hotel des Fermes, the most handsome civil edifice, except the town-hall, in the city. It was erected in 1756 from designs by Legendre and it occupies to-day the principal site of Place Royal.

In the year 1225, so the story goes, a courtier of Queen Blanche of Castile, known by the name of Gaspard de Sterimberg, wishing to retire from active life and not having a fancy for religious isolation, built for himself a retreat. He selected a site on the

left border of the Rhone in the commune of Tain. The place was a hill composed of granitic soil and the aspect was most drear. Neighbours there were none and vegetation was meagre and scant. The place was a veritable hermitage and so the people termed it. Gaspard, however, it seems was pleased with his abode, and its solitude, and spent the balance of his life there. At first he amused himself by breaking the rocks to pieces and then as a matter of experiment he planted a few grape-vines, and these much to his astonishment prospered far beyond his expectation; so he broke more rocks and planted more vines until at last he had enough for wine-making, and the balance of the story has now become history, for it is from this humble beginning that the celebrated Hermitage wines were started.

The vineyard, even to-day, does not exceed three hundred acres and is subdivided into many holdings, yet small as it is its fame has reached every community where wine is drunk. Two kinds of wine are made here, red and white, but it is the white wine which has made the vineyard famous. This wine will keep indefinitely—fifty years is as two or three to it—and so popular has it become it is bought up years ahead of its making. The grape from which this wine is made bears the name Sirrah or Ceras and it is claimed that the cuttings were brought from Shiraz, Persia, many hundred years ago, but whether this is true or not is difficult to say.

The red wines have by no means the value of the white and their chief use, owing to their strength, is in blending with other wines of a weaker nature. Besides the main vineyard there are quite a number of

others in close proximity, and in order to distinguish them they are called *crozes*. Their output, however, is almost entirely composed of red wine which is exceedingly fiery and heady, but has great finesse and a grand bouquet. When the wine is five years old it is bottled and in a year or two is ready, but it will keep for a much longer period. The arrondissement of Beaujolais is another important wine centre of France as is also Chalon-sur-Saone; it was from the latter place that the wine of Mercury came. This wine had for many years a great reputation, but to-day it is very seldom heard of.

Although France has for many years led the world in its production of wine, and wine is an exceedingly common beverage, it is by no means the only drink of the French people. There is another very agreeable liquor for which the country is celebrated and of which millions of gallons are made every year. The French call this beverage *cidre;* we transpose the final letters and call it cider, but, although we in America make a large quantity of it, we do not begin to manufacture or consume it as extensively as do the people of France.

During that period of history when the kings of Navarre made Normandy their place of residence the apple-tree, it is thought, was introduced into France from Spain, and the art of cider-making was taught the people. The similarity of the Spanish *cidra* to the French *cidre* gives a touch of credence to this story which renders it quite plausible.

The Norman, however, gives very little attention to the introduction of the apple-tree into his country. What interests him most is the fact that it is there

and has become an essential part of his existence. He is very fond of it and speaks affectionately of it as "C'arbre de mon pays" and why should he not? for whether in its spring or summer, autumn or winter dress, it is an ornament to the country, can readily be conceived, and its fruit fills storeroom, cellar, and kitchen; it feeds man and beast, and finally serves for manure; and in short is a tree particularly important to Normandy.

The apples that are not consumed as table fruit or exported are pressed and yield cider, the wine of the province. Such as are not fit for cider serve for making *eau de pomme* (brandy) or vinegar. The pomace, or pulp from which the juice has been pressed, supplies fodder for cattle; mixed with vegetable mould it forms a capital manure for poor lands; and in districts where wood is scarce, this substance is dried and used in the following year for fuel. Surely with all these useful attributes, and the final end of the tree itself in fuel, furniture, pipes, and various implements, the Norman is justified in calling it "the tree of his country."

Some idea of the quantity of cider made and the part it plays as a beverage can be had from an account given of a visit to the Hôpital du bon Sauveur at Caen by Mr. George M. Musgrave, M.A., and described in his *Rambles through Normandy*. He writes:

I have mentioned the cider, however. The whole of this beverage is made on the premises, in a press of great power, from the tanks of which it is pumped into narrow wooden conduits, or shoots, leading into the reservoir. This reservoir is a large, massive stone building, detached from the press by an interval of about six feet, and com-

prises two enormous chambers, the granite walls of which are a yard in thickness, and surmounted by a covered roof in which is a "man-hole," covered with a slab, for the purpose of enabling the masons to enter at any time for repairs, or of sounding the depth of the liquor remaining in the reservoir. Very fortunately for my object, a discovery had been made towards the end of July which required that all the cider still remaining in one of these chambers should be drawn off into pipes, to enable the bricklayers to take down part of the roof, which, from some defect in the cement (arising possibly from the action of malic acid), had begun to sink downward. Hence on my arrival the vast retort was dry; the *robinet*, or tap, had been removed from the extremity where it opened into the hall of entrance, or vestibule, together with the ponderous mass of iron panel and its ten huge rivets, in which the said tap was inserted. The orifice thus left was large enough to enable me to creep through; which, after taking off my coat, and giving it into the hands of my conductress and a servant who had come to draw the cider from the second reservoir, I immediately did; to the great astonishment and delight of the two beholders. I thought of Belzoni in the Pyramids! I found myself in an apartment thirty-two feet long, eighteen feet wide, and eighteen in height, paved with granite, and exhibiting all the strength and solidity of a casemate rather than a tank for liquor. The great Tun of Heidelberg measures, I believe, thirty feet in length, and twenty in depth. But it is made of wood, and its inside measure cannot, in this case, exceed twenty-eight in length, and eighteen in height. It is twelve feet wide in its extreme diameter. It is stated to contain 800 hogsheads of wine, but some accounts mention 283,000 bottles. Allowing a pint and a half to each bottle and fifty-four gallons to the hogshead, the latter estimate would make a total of 983 hogsheads. This is too large a quantity for the dimensions of the Tun which

I saw in 1849. I conceive 800 is the correct figure. Each of the two mighty reservoirs above mentioned contains 190,000 French litres, which amount to somewhat more than 878 hogsheads; and a dozen youths might be taught to swim in this "peerless pool" of apple-juice. I noticed seven iron bars extending like "ties" from side to side, at about eight feet from the dome, and the same number at about six feet from the level of the pavement; but I surmise these have nothing to do with the security of the building; they are, in all probability, to enable workmen to lay boards on when entering at any time for repairs, or to remove the deposits of feculent matter from the bottom. These vast depots are insignificant in comparison with those at great public works—with the vats, for instance, standing like castles at Whitbread's or Barclay's breweries—but, for an establishment of twelve hundred and fifty consumers, the two reservoirs I saw on this occasion are a handsome provision, giving to each person upwards of a pint and a half daily throughout the year, and reserving more than ninety-six pipes in store. On my reappearance, heels foremost, through the narrow aperture, and after a shake or two to get rid of lime and rubble dust, I tasted the cider drawn from the vast bulk supplying the "robinet" in action. As I expected, there was considerable "body" in it; but, though disciplined by six years' residence in Somerest and Devon, I thought the roughness excessive. The nun said those who were fond of cider liked this kind very much, and found it very wholesome. "Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour," only too often; and I dare say the fair tapster was right.

This rough cider the French call *cidre piquant* and it is almost superfluous to add the Americans know it better by the term "hard cider." *Cidre doux* is new cider which is often bottled for a short journey. *Cidre*

délué is made from a second pressing of the pomace after it has been soaked in water, and is better known as *le boisson*, though this term—*boisson*—answers for almost any style of beverage that has been weakened by water, as for instance grape-water—weak wine—weak cider, and in the navy it is applied to a mixture of vinegar and water. *Petit cidre* is another and perhaps the better name for it, meaning the same, while it is also analogous to the English ciderkin.

Clairette perhaps may make the English reader think somewhat of claret, but it has very little wine about it. It is a home-made champagne and its principal ingredient is *cidre*, being a great holiday drink among the peasantry, and no Christmas dinner is complete without it. In rank it is almost as important as *vin cue* in the more southern portions of the country. This *vin cue* is a very old beverage, dating to the time of the Romans, and is often referred to by their writers. Martial in particular mentions it as "Cocta fumis musta Massiliensis."

The unfermented juice of the grape is boiled for fifteen minutes, skimming all the time, after which it is poured into earthen pans and allowed to stand twenty-four hours, when it is again poured into a caldron and boiled down one-half—or less, or more, according to the sweetness desired. It is then cooled in earthen pans and when thoroughly cold is bottled and sealed.

In many parts of France the cherry-tree forms an important feature of the landscape and also enters into the economy of the household in many ways, one being in the form of *vin de cerise*. When properly and carefully made and then given a proper time to

mature *vin de cerise* or cherry wine makes a most pleasant and wholesome beverage. The making of it, however, is tiresome owing to the labour of extracting the pits or stones; for if these are allowed to remain and a few become broken during the process they impart a bitter taste to the liquor. When cherries are very plentiful and can be procured easily people who have stills turn them into *ratafia de cerise* or cherry brandy. This is quite an industry in many parts of the country and there is always enough to supply foreign markets.

With more than two thousand different varieties of wine, and with vineyards almost beyond enumeration and the art of the distiller brought to an exactness that removes all doubt and questions, it would be natural to suppose that the people within the gates of this favoured land would be satisfied with the beverages so plentifully furnished them. But no! there are many to whom wine is repugnant and by whom the stronger drinks cannot be tolerated, and in order to supply the demands of these people, beverages of a non-intoxicating nature must be furnished; and it is not only they who make a steady use of these light drinks, but the wine and brandy consumers too like occasionally to turn to them as a change, and a *bavaroise* often proves most acceptable. There are three ways of making *bavaroise*, or perhaps it would be more correct to say there are three kinds of this beverage, the ingredients consisting either of tea, or chocolate in small proportions, a liberal supply of water sweetened with a syrup, such as raspberry, strawberry, pineapple or in fact any kind that may be convenient.

Another refreshing beverage is *mazagran*, made of

cold coffee and seltzer water and served in a glass. This drink when prepared in right proportions and at the proper degree of coldness has a wonderful effect on a warm day. It quenches the thirst and is also invigorating. *Limondes gazeuses* is another wholesome summer drink, as all who have ever drunk lemonade and seltzer can testify. These are all pleasant drinks of which one can partake without a strange sensation; but when it comes to *coco*, then the adult palate needs a course of training, that is rarely successful, for while children may have a strong liking for it man seldom cares for it. *Coco* is a snare and a deception; from its name it would be supposed to have some relation to cocoa or chocolate, but such is not the case, for *coco* is manufactured from Spanish licorice and American sassafras steeped in water. "A most hilarious concoction," a noted Englishman said after he had been beguiled into drinking a glass of it. The reverse of *coco* is *vin de gingembre*, or ginger wine. This is a fine beverage and when served cold is very palatable. In the same category is *eau-de-groseille*, but to obtain this in its perfection it is necessary to go into the country, where gooseberries grow and where the people will make it for their own use. The beverage that bears this name and is sold in the cities is most inferior to the home-made article. There are still another class of beverages that are made in France and which as an item of trade are only second to that of wine.

These are the liqueurs, those cordials so made that even their sweetness appeals to every palate; their ingredients so subtilely blended that to distinguish one from another even the tongue of the epicure proves

at fault. While these liqueurs have had a very important part in making France famous as a country of beverages, it must not be forgotten that if the country did not furnish the fine wines and brandies, the manufacture of the cordials would be almost impossible, and instead of having the reputation which they have at present they could never have arisen above the mediocre. The making of liqueurs is of a very ancient origin but, as with wine, the bringing of them to perfection is due to the efforts of the various religious orders. As a rule this can be explained on the basis of cost, for were wages paid to the monks, the same as would be done in any commercial house, the progress of betterment of wares would prove slow indeed. The monks in their frugality require but little, and time to them is of small value.

Again generally they are men of brains and education, trained to think and study deeply, and, while they no doubt appreciate success in their efforts as much as their lay brothers, a failure complete or partial does not mean as much to them as it would to their brothers outside the walls. Others are not directly dependent upon them for an existence and they can proceed along their chosen path until at last they have arrived at the goal of perfection; then they can teach others the secret knowledge they have gained. In respect to wine-growing and wine-making this they have done, perhaps not always cheerfully and more often through necessity, but the fact remains that they have done so, and comment needs go no further. In the matter of liqueurs and cordials, however, the tale is different: their manufacture can be carried on within closed doors, and while the outside

world may garner a little knowledge as to the herbs and plants that enter into these liquors they can go no further. The cunning of the chemist, too, fails him; for, though he may ascertain every ingredient used and may also arrive closely at their quantities, this is not all, for there still remains the blending, the curing of the herbs and plants, the age of the brandy, the time to rest in bulk, the temperature, and many other details, small, perhaps, in themselves but to neglect even one means failure. The secret of manufacture, therefore, is easy to maintain and to wrest it from an unwilling maker is impossible. This fact the government of France fully realises, and, while there are many monasteries within her borders making liqueurs, she no longer tries either by art or force to gain an insight into the mysteries of the cloister.

Of all the famous liqueurs made in France none can approach those made by the Carthusian monks in their monastery near Grenoble, for it is these people who make the Chartreuse liqueurs, those world-famous green, white, and yellow cordials to be found wherever civilisation has placed its advancing feet. It was in the year 1600 that Marshall d'Esress gave the then poor Carthusians the formula and full directions for making the liqueurs that bear their name, and little did he think that in four hundred years the order would be offered and would accept the enormous sum of three million dollars for his little piece of paper. Yet this is what they did receive only a few years ago, —not exactly for d'Esress's receipt, for it was not until 1775 that a brother of the order, Gerome Maubec, who in civil life had been an apothecary, prepared it to

suit the more modern methods, and it is his recipe, which has been followed exactly to the letter ever since, that was sold.

The sale of Chartreuse has always been an important feature in the budget of France and the revenue that the government has derived from it amounts to many thousands of dollars every year. It was the Carthusian order which for more than twenty-five years practically supported the French national college of Santa Chiara at Rome, for the education of the French clergy, and it was through the sale of these liqueurs that they were enabled so to do. It is stated by good authority that the profit derived from Chartreuse was over two million dollars per annum, and if this is true—and there is no reason to doubt it—the price paid by the English syndicate of three million dollars was from a commercial standpoint a very small figure indeed. The reason for the sale of the recipe was a misunderstanding between the order and the government and covers a period of many years. At last the monks, tired and discouraged, parted with their secret and went to a place near Tarragona in Spain. There they tried to make their liqueurs, but there was something lacking. The finished product did not maintain the standard established more than a hundred years ago. On the other hand the people at Le Grand Chartreuse were having trouble, what they made being also inferior; finally the government, not liking the loss to its revenue, and the monks, having the same feelings, came to an understanding by which they could return in a lay capacity and resume the manufacture. They did so some three years ago (1905) and

resumed charge, much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

There is one feature in the wine trade of France that gives the local governments considerable trouble and is a constant source of warfare between the authorities and a certain class of people who for the want of a better name may be called smugglers. These are the people who try to evade paying the *octroi*, and the expedients to which they resort and the devices they use for this purpose are numerous and in many cases ingenious. The records are full of accounts of the tricks successful and otherwise that have been played to outwit the watchers. One very clever device, that was successful for how long a period none can tell, is here given:

A number of men clad as carpenters and carrying a large beam upon their shoulders would approach, and owing to their innocent appearance were not halted. They then proceeded quietly on their way. One day, after having made several trips past the guard and equipped as described, one of the fellows tripped; this caused the beam to fall, whereupon the whole lot of them took to their heels and disappeared around the corner. The watchers in astonishment hurried to the huge stick, and their chagrin can be imagined when upon approaching it they saw a goodly sized stream of wine flowing from a hole near the end. The beam was hollow almost its full length and held quite a number of gallons, in fact more than enough to pay the smugglers for the risk, and as they made several trips each day and had been doing so for an indefinite period their cleverness had been well rewarded.

The stout man with a very large stomach was also successful for a time, and when he was caught every man above the normal had to undergo a very close scrutiny in

order to pass the guards. The covered waggon with a false roof made many a journey before its lining began to leak and thereby betray its owner.

Pages could be filled with the exploits of these daring people, but sufficient has been written to show that sometimes these alert watchers meet their equals, and when they do the revenue is injured. During the Algerian war which lasted from 1844 to 1847, the French soldiers were advised to mix absinthe with their wine as a febrifuge. The mixture proved to be most successful and enabled the troops to withstand the hot African sun far better than their predecessors. But when the war was over and the necessity for the use of absinthe had ceased the soldiers refused to recognize this fact, and on their return to the home country brought with them the habit and use of the beverage. At this time, however, absinthe was in its purity and as an *apero* or *apertif* it could not be excelled. According to the best authorities it was made of *artemisia absenthium*, *archangelica officinalis*, *acorns*, *calamus*, *origanum dictamnus*, *illicium anistaum*, and other aromatics which were macerated in alcohol. After soaking for eight days the compound was distilled, yielding an emerald-coloured liqueur, to which was added a small proportion of an essential oil, usually that of anise.

This formula constitutes the genuine French *extrait d'absenthe* and when used in moderation and under advice is a most valuable liquor. At first its use was confined to a very small proportion of the population, the soldiers and a few others, and it was not until the late seventies that the drinking of absinthe began to

attract the attention of the government, but it was then too late; the evil was thoroughly established and its remedy is yet to be found. With the ever-increasing demand for the beverage came also adulterations, some of which were extremely poisonous. Tumeric and indigo and even cupric sulphate (blue vitriol) have been used to give the colour, and as for herbs, only the long list of adulterators can furnish any information as to what they used as substitutes.

The drinking of absinthe in France has become almost universal; no class or condition is exempt from the habit; the rich man in his club and the poor man at some other place imbibe it freely and, sad to say, too often in excess. The current literature of France is replete with accounts of the havoc it has caused, and is causing, and societies are forming in order to effect the total abolishment of the liquor by prohibiting its manufacture and restricting its importation. Had the beverage remained in its purity, perhaps the result would have been different but it was so easily adulterated successfully, the wonder is that the genuine article is still in existence.

CHAPTER VII

SPAIN

ALTHOUGH it is but a mountain range that separates France from Spain, yet when the Pyrenees have been crossed the traveller finds that, while the distance has been short and the line of boundary imaginary, the change is great. He quickly realises that he is in an entirely different country: the people have changed, the language has taken a different sound, the climate too seems softer, and he is in the land of Don and Cid, of bull-fights and wine. According to Herodotus it was the Phocæans, a branch of the Ionian Greeks settled in Asia Minor, who first opened to the Greek world this remote region of the extreme West. The Greeks called this land Iberia; later on the Romans spoke of it as Hispania. To the Greeks it had hitherto been a land of mystery and enchantment, imagined to be the home of the setting sun, and known only by the reports of the hardy, adventurous Phœnician mariners. The hero-god Hercules, it was fabled, had left traces of his presence and mighty workings here, and the twin rocks at the entrance of the Mediterranean were called by his name, "The Pillars of Hercules"—the "world's end to the Greeks, nothing but the all-encircling ocean-river lying beyond."

The Greeks if they attempted anything toward the settlement of Spain accomplished very little, and the Romans until the third century B.C. had but a vague idea of the land. It was about the time of the first war between Rome and Carthage, which occurred between the years 264–241 B.C., that the Iberian peninsula became prominent historically. Of course Spain is a much older country than this epoch. We can find many scattering allusions to it in ancient writings and we know that the Iberians sent an embassy to Alexander the Great, nearly a hundred years before, but the war was really the beginning of Spanish annals.

Almost from the beginning, it may be said, Spain had a good reputation for her wines. The olden authors and chroniclers refer to them very often, but as was their habit one and all neglected to give any reliable information as to where the vines came from. As with France their introduction into Spain is ascribed to the Phocæans, based upon the fact that they were the first people, after the autochthones, there; but in the *Histiria de Espana*, written by Juan de Mariana and published in 1601–9, the claim is made that the vine was brought into Spain by Tubal, the son of Japheth, who, according to Mariana, was the first man to settle within this territory after the flood. Should this be true then the claims for the Phocæans are of little worth.

More recently, though, and since viticulture has become of greater value, attracting the attention of learned men and scholars, the assertion has been made that the grape-vine was and is indigenous to Spain. Simon Roxas Clemente, director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Madrid, in his work on the vines of Anda-

lusia describes how in the lower parts of the district, where there are sources of sweet water not far from the surface of the earth, the wild vine forms impenetrable thickets, grottoes, covered walks, winding footpaths, walls, arches, pillars, and by means of other plants, particularly trees, other original shapes, which it is impossible to describe. He further says that in the neighbourhood of Algoida, near Sanbucas de Barrameda, there grow in the wild state different kinds of vines which are perfectly characterised. He refers to their varying ages, and points out that the young plants have the same characteristics as the older ones. From this he further argues that they have probably preserved these same hereditary traits through an inconceivable series of centuries, during which countless generations have been propagated by seed. Again he states that it is impossible to prove by any document that a vine had ever been planted in this neighbourhood—the southern part of the district—in former times. He made a very exhaustive study of the question in all its varying phases and, while his contentions cannot be proven absolutely, he nevertheless has made them very plausible and difficult of refutation.

While, in respect to age, the wines of Catalonia and Valencia are undoubtedly the most ancient and were held in high esteem by the old writers of both Roman and Grecian history, the great wine of Spain for several centuries and unto the present time is sherry, which, properly speaking, should be called *jerez*, having derived its name from the city Jerez de la Frontera. When this wine was first made it was of a red colour and possessed many fine qualities of which the people were justly proud. There are numerous

mentions in the old writings of this wine, almost every one of which plainly states its colour and all agree as to its excellence.

The sherry of to-day, dark brown, light brown, amber, and pale amber, is in a sense a modern wine, for it was not until the sixteenth century the wines so called were made and marketed. In fact, it may be said that even the red *jerez* is quite modern, for it antedates the regular wine a few hundred years, as its installation, according to historical facts, occurred in the early part of the thirteenth century; though far beyond this epoch, and dating as far back as the time of King Solomon, we find mention of grapes growing in this vicinity, but no reference is made as to their having produced wine.

Andalusia at this time was known to the Phœnicians and Hebrews as Tarshish, and the fact that Hiram, King of Tyre, who built David's palace and furnished the cedars and firs for the temple and also the workmen as well as the gold used to decorate it, was willing to accept a large annual payment of wine and oil, proves almost beyond question that the colony of Tarshish did not make wine. Or if it was manufactured the quantity was so small it did not deserve notice. Prior to the advent of the Moors this town bore the name of Asido, which Pliny mentions on several occasions. The change of name, so it is said, came about through a misunderstanding or poor articulation. When the Moors had conquered the town one of them asked a native its name and he in reply said Cæsaris Ashido. The invader caught the sound ***sherish*** and told his companions that this was the name, which was immediately adopted and has been

in effect ever since, whether the incident happened or not.

This part of Spain is full of romance and history and the vineyards of Jerez have played many a rôle. It was on a little hill, on the ground now occupied by these celebrated vineyards, that Don Roderick and his valiant army of Christian soldiers were overcome by the Moors, but the vineyards were not there at the time. But when Alfonso el Sabio more than five hundred years later succeeded in wresting the town from its Moorish inhabitants, vineyards in fine order abounded, and he gave, as a reward to his *caballeros del feudo*, six acres of ground already planted and bearing grapes and six acres more, so that they could, if they wished, double their holdings.

Twenty years afterwards, during the reign of Alfonso's rebellious son Sancho el Bravo, Jerez was besieged by a Moorish army, the king of Granada making a desperate attempt to recover the city which had been taken from him. The record of the operations of the besiegers has been translated from the Arabic and published by the Spanish Royal Academy of History, and this throws a side-light on the situation of the vineyards at the period of the siege.

The document relates that Yussuf crossed the river Guadelete and encamped his army between "the vineyards and the gardens." This would be on the opposite side of the river to where the grand and beautiful monastery was subsequently erected. The encampment was a mistake, as no impression could be made on the city from this side, and therefore the whole army had to move to the waste lands lying between the city and San Lucar. These topographical remarks

certainly carry with them the inference that viticulture, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, was confined to the south and south-east of Jerez and the vineyards to which this locality now owes its renown were not then in existence. After the restoration of peace, however, the feudal knights or their descendants began the development of this waste land, availing themselves of Alfonso's grant, and it is readily surmised that it was then the famous *pagos* to the north and westward were planned and planted, completing the circle of vineyards around the city.

From this small beginning there has been an almost constant and steady growth. About the year 1825 it was estimated that there were seven hundred acres devoted to vineyards, and fifty years later these had been increased to twenty-five hundred. The area now includes San Lucar in the north, Port St. Mary in the south, and Jerez in the east. One of the peculiar features of this region is the great difference that exists in the soil.

Through a complete chemical analysis four varieties, each distinct, have been found that are suitable for grape-growing, but each kind develops an entirely different wine, though the grape originally may have been of the same species. On the river banks, the border of streams, and the lower slopes of acclivities, the soil consists of dark brown loamy sand known in this region as *bugeo*. Vines planted in *bugeo* yield an abundant crop and a corresponding quantity of wine which, on the whole, is coarse and ordinary.

Over a large extent of territory which includes the immediate vicinity of Jerez, all the plains surrounding San Lucar and Rota, and the ground on the far side of Arcos,

the soil is little better than sand, as is denoted by its name *arenas*. All this soil is very productive of fruit, but the wine is generally very thin and serves principally for local consumption. On the other hand the *manzanilla*, which is also a product of this sandy soil, although somewhat deficient in body, develops an exquisite bouquet and, when once the palate has become accustomed to its slight harsh and bitter taste, is preferred by many even to the rounder and fuller *finos* of Jerez. Much more restricted in extent is the *barras*, which consists of sandy quartz mixed with lime and oxide of iron. Vines planted in the *barras* yield wine of good, sound, useful quality, which steadily improves with age, and is inferior only to the product of the vineyards which are planted in the *albariza*. This whitish soil consists of carbonate of lime and silex, and the most favoured vineyards are those planted in it. Directly north of the city and visible from the numerous *miradores* is an amphitheatre of low hills and it is on the slopes and ridges of this small range that the *albariza* soil is to be found, and in this soil grow the vines which produce *amontillado* and *olorosos*, to which sherry principally owes its great name.

The luscious *pajarete* is also another of the grand wines of this soil, but owing to this quality *pajarete* is more of a ladies' wine, being too rich for gouty men. This wine is the product of the Pedro Jimmenez grape, cuttings of which, so the story tells, were carried from Cyprus to Madeira in order to protect them from the Moors when they were exterminating the vineyards in the Mediterranean island. Later on shoots of the plant from Madeira were transplanted to the banks of the Rhine and from thence into southern Spain by the way of Malaga.

The period of the vintage is one of care, anxiety, and

hard labour and differs in many ways from that followed elsewhere. After the grapes have been gathered they are spread out on matting for several days, during which they are repeatedly turned so as to allow the immature ones to ripen. After this they are carefully picked, removing all the over-ripe and imperfect ones and, as they are selected, they are lightly sprinkled over with gypsum, by which the watery and acetous particles are absorbed and corrected. After sundown the treading is begun. This is necessary for two reasons, the first of which is that the air becomes much cooler and the men can stand the exertion much better. The second reason is told in one word—wasps! The grapes attract these little though mighty pests by the thousands, and it is not until the sun has set, when they too go to rest, that the men can safely work. The treaders are only half clad and on their feet have heavy shoes with projecting iron nails. Round and round they go in the press and as they tread the juice runs down through a little channel into barrels.

After these barrels are nearly full a large funnel is inserted into the bunghole; fermentation quickly ensues and the funnel is soon filled with a dense bubbling fluid having the consistency and much the appearance of coffee-grounds. When this has been completed the *musto* is put into clean casks, which are loaded on to waggons drawn by oxen and conveyed into Jerez. The residue of skins, stems, and pips are put into another trough and after adding water are subjected to pressure, making a second wine, which naturally is very inferior. It always happens that different kinds of wine are obtained from the same grapes grown in the same vineyard and subject to the same treatment.

From the same grapes come the mellow (*hechos*), light (*finos*), and bouquet (*oloroso*).

Some of the wines are so bad they are sold as vinegar or burned for alcohol. After the wine has reached the *bodega* every bung is slackened for slow fermentation, which is allowed to continue for four and sometimes five years, during which period a layer of *flores* or *mycoderma vini* forms on the surface, the greater the thickness of which, the more finesse will the wine develop. Young sherry, or perhaps, as it might be said, sherry in its youth is liable to constant perturbation and is therefore a most unwholesome beverage; but when it has reached maturity without the aid of the "doctor," it becomes a beverage that, as Shakespeare says, is—"the warming of the blood."

Until one has visited the great *bodegas* of Jerez he can never form a full idea of their immensity. The *bodega* takes the place of a wine cellar in other countries but, instead of being beneath the surface of the soil, they are built upon it and are, in a sense, only enclosed sheds. In size they naturally vary, but as a general rule they are much larger than one would expect. In fact a building with a capacity of a thousand barrels is very small. To inspect a *bodega* of five thousand barrels' capacity and to mingle among casks and butts holding wine that was made from fifty to a hundred years ago is a most interesting experience, provided the weather is cool. It is owing to this custom of keeping the wine for many years that compels the proprietors to build such immense structures. The largest *bodegas* have a capacity of from eight to twelve thousand butts of wine and, as every butt contains three ordinary barrels of forty-two gallons each,

the amount of wine under one roof is something enormous and represents hundreds of thousands of dollars. In round figures a large *bodega* is about one hundred and fifty feet wide and seven hundred feet deep, and a journey up and down their numerous aisles makes a good morning's walk.

Next in the point of estimation come the wines from the province of Granada, particularly that of Malaga, termed Axaquia. This district is very mountainous, and the climate being exceedingly warm and moist enables the vines to produce three crops of grapes every year. The first harvest occurs in June and is used for raisins exclusively. In September the second vintage takes place and yields a dry wine somewhat resembling sherry. The *third* and last vintage comes during the latter part of October and extends into November. This is the vintage that yields the wines known as Malagas, which are classified as follows: 1 *Pedro Ximenes*, made from the wine of the same name; they are delicate wines, with much bouquet, but less body than that of *jerez*. 2. Coloured wines. These while young have a dark amber colour and much saccharine. With age they lose the sweetness in part, become fine and spirituous, and acquire an extraordinary and characteristic bouquet. They are the true Malaga wines of trade, to which the place owes its reputation. They keep above a century and do not deteriorate in bottles or casks which are only partially filled. Their price begins with thirty dollars a butt and rises to a thousand dollars and more according to age. 3. Muscatel; of these two varieties are distinguished, namely Malaga-muscatel and "drip" or tear muscat. 4. Cherry wines, being liqueur wines,

in which acid cherries or *morellas* have been steeped. 5. Dry white wines resembling sherries. 6. Malvasie, resembling Madeiras. 7. Coloured, mostly very dark, sweet and strong wines.

In olden times they used to make a wine, here, which was called "bastard." It was an exceedingly sweet wine and was probably made from the *bastardo* grape, thus deriving its name. There was also an ancient practice of putting roasted peas into wine, which gave rise to the saw "El vino de las pesas dalo a quien bein quieras"—"give the wine of peas to him you regard." This addition was considered to impart a better flavour and also to make the wine wholesome.

A wine that is much used by all classes in Spain is that called *val-de-penas*, tinto y blanco,—red and white. Unfortunately where this wine is grown wood is extremely scarce, and in order to transport the wine the *odre* has to be used and these skins, whether pitched or not, impart a flavour to their contents which at first is very disagreeable to those unaccustomed to it.

To store the wine immense jars, made of clay and called in Spanish *tinejas*, are used. They vary in size from eight hundred gallons up, and in order to reach their mouths steps have to be built; at their bottom cocks are introduced so as to facilitate the drawing off of the wine. Sometimes these *tinejas* are built or placed in caves and cellars which, while they have the appearance and would lead to the belief that they were formed by natural means, are nevertheless the handiwork of the people. Some of these grottoes are very large and contain a large number of clay vessels all filled with *vino moro*, or in other words wine

that has never been baptised, and it is only here that the wine can be had in this condition.

In transporting it in the skins, the drivers or muleteers invariably lay tribute upon their freight and in order to conceal the depredation put in the place of the wine an equal amount of water, thereby in their vernacular baptising it. Oftentimes the wine is stored in these skins, and in some of the *bodegas* there it is no unusual sight to behold from five thousand to ten thousands of these gruesome objects all under one roof; and, aside from the unpleasant sight, the odour arising often proves too much for the uninitiated nostrils—particularly so upon a hot day.

In and around the vicinity of Benicarlo they make a kind of wine which has been known for many years as "black strap." As one authority on the question put it, "it is when new as thick as ink and its chief use is to make what the trade calls *Curious old port.*" During the vintage season the mud in these towns is absolutely red with grape-husks and the legs of the inhabitants dyed to every shade of red and purple, from being so long in the torcular or press. It is purely an agricultural district and almost every one is directly or indirectly interested in the manufacture of wine.

Perhaps in all Spain there is no other spot where the people show such a penchant for grape-raising and wine-making as in Catalonia. The industry is very ancient and the wines from this locality were held in high esteem by the Romans and Greeks for many centuries. Grape-growing here has become a question of space and every available piece of land, no matter how small, will have its vine for wines.

The soil is propitious and cultivation is carried on in a very thorough manner indeed. There are many cliffs of a goodly height in this part of the peninsula and every part of them that can be reached by any means will have vines planted upon them. The traveller often looks and wonders at the vineyards on the Rhine, placed far above the river, and thinks of the immense amount of hard manual labour that must be performed in order to render these places at all profitable. But what they do in France and Germany in no wise equals the work of the people of Catalonia, who grow their grapes on the cliffs. Here and there among these hills, if so we may call them, there is to be found a slip or fall leaving a few feet of surface, in fact, an insignificant ledge. To climb to these places is impossible, yet experience has shown that in these breaks the vine will prosper much better than on the plains and therefore it behooves the people to take advantage of them, which they do by ascending the cliffs, then letting down a man by means of ropes who plants as many vines as the spot will accommodate. Sometimes it may be that there is only space for one or two vines, but no place is too small for the Catalonian and his vine, and the risk and amount of labour that must be performed in order to raise the grapes and then gather them never deters him in his efforts to gain a livelihood.

The two principal wines, grown here, are the Malvoisies and *benicarlos*, though of the latter there are several grades used for various purposes. Next to these comes the *xarello*, a white wine that has to be four or five years old before it becomes suitable for any palate, otherwise than Spanish. They also make

an immense quantity of *vino negro* or black wine, which finds a ready market among the poorer classes, for in Spain, "debajo de una capa rota hay buen debidor" (many a ragged coat enjoys his wine).

Wine is within the reach of every one in this sunny land—even the beggars can afford to purchase enough for their daily consumption; the quality and taste may be somewhat inferior and the wine may be very young, yet it acts as a mild stimulant and also serves as a food. Where wine is so plentiful and cheap, and oftentimes so strong and fiery, one would think drunkenness would be a common condition, but this is not so in any class of society. Spain with its *vino de pasto*—wine for daily use—preaches unconsciously a most powerful and realistic temperance sermon. Her people begin the use of wine while in the cradle and never cease until death puts his all-powerful hands upon the pendulum and stops its swing, and yet intoxication, as statistics will show, is so rare that its occurrence is always remarked; and this too in a country where the sun sends its scorching rays relentlessly upon the people and drives them within the shade long before mid-day, and then in direct defiance to all our rules of living these same people proceed to drink wine while enjoying the coolness of their retreat. Their temperament too, quick, hasty, and passionate, is in total opposition to all our conceived ideas as to who should and should not use wine; but perhaps we are the ones at fault and not they, for they are truly temperate while we, so it seems, must be made so by law.

Not only the people in Spain use wine but the horses are fed, when on a long, hard, tedious journey with

corn bread dipped in wine, and while this diet does not seem to quicken their speed they are at the end of their travels much fresher than those who were compelled to subsist on the ordinary fare.

In the province of Biscay and to a large extent in that of Santander there is a wine made which seldom if ever leaves its own immediate neighbourhood. The people call this wine *chacoli* from the Arabic *chacatel*, meaning thinness or weakness though this is to a certain degree misleading, for while the wine may be thin it is not weak and its taste is generally austere and harsh. The remarkable feature about this wine, however, is the way it is grown; this is said advisedly, as the making does not differ from the general methods pursued all over Spain, but the growing is entirely unique to the locality. A vineyard may not consist of more than a few hundred vines, yet there may be thrice and even five times that number of varieties of grapes growing in it, for these people will graft four or five different kinds upon one trunk. This practice they claim assures them of an abundant yield no matter what the growing season may have been, hot or cold, wet or dry, and as quantity is the desideratum, it would be absurd, from their point of view, to risk all their time, capital, and labour on one variety that might be more prone to failure than success, when they can have an almost absolute assurance of a good crop by following in the footsteps of their ancestors, who practised this method many years ago.

Although the making of beer—*cerveza*—is carried on to some extent in several parts of Spain the Spaniards as a people do not seem to like it much, and accordingly little of it is used. The native *cerveza* is

thin and insipid and carries with it none of the characteristics of German, English, or American beers. In the cities during the summer season *cerveza* into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed is becoming quite a popular beverage, and owing to the exceeding lightness of the beer the mixture is not at all unpleasant to the taste. The advocates of this drink claim for it three virtues—non-intoxicating, palatable, and very wholesome—and being at the same time mildly stimulating.

Where so many grapes are grown and such large quantities of wine made the manufacture of brandy should be a natural sequence, and the Spaniards have almost from the beginning maintained the order. According to the writers of olden times it was Albuecasis, who lived in the twelfth century, who was the first to teach the art of distillation, as applied to the preparation of spirits, in western Europe, and he being a Spaniard it is only natural to infer that he taught the art to his own countrymen. The final result of his work—the strongest substance that he could obtain—was given the name *al-koh'l*, an Arabic term, with which language he was well acquainted. Whether the Arabs themselves first called it *al-koh'l* cannot be certainly determined. The name, however, is purely Arabic and means the fine powder of antimony used to paint the eyebrows, and its application to a purely liquid substance scarcely seems possible, yet through a series of constructive deduction we may arrive at a very plausible solution. *Al* in Arabian means "the" and when prefixed to another word places it at once in the superlative; *koh'l* is the powder of antimony, and when the ladies had applied this to their eyebrows they

had reached that stage of fascination and perfection which the Arab in his infatuation termed *al-koh'l;* and in like manner when through his crude instruments he developed a substance much improved beyond that from which it was derived he, in poetic fancy, may have applied the name which, when his sweetheart had so adorned herself, made her beautiful and was therefore ever present in his mind. Again it is observed that the word is a compound of the Arabic article *al* and either the Hebrew word *kaal* or Chaldaic *cohal*, both of which signify to subtilise, or make light, or thin; this combination would mean the lightest or thinnest, and in conjunction with the Chaldaic our present word alcohol becomes apparent at once. On the other hand there are those who claim that the Arabs acquired not only the word but also the art of distillation from the far East and point to arrack as being the root from which it is derived. The Spaniards themselves use the word in both ways—that is, as meaning spirits of wine and also antimony; an *alcoholador* is either a rectifier of spirits or a painter with antimony, while an *alcoholera* is a vessel for either alcohol or antimony, and our own lexicographers agree in giving the word an Arabic origin. At first, however, outside of Spain the word was not accepted in Europe, and as with brandy it ran through considerable changes before it finally became the appellation for the spirit of wine. Raymond Lully, in the thirteenth century, called it *aqua ardens;* later on it was confounded with brandy and both bore the same name, *aqua vitæ;* then came *aqua vitæ ardens*, *aqua vini*, *spiritus vini*, *vinum ardens*, *mercurius vegetabilis*, then in our early English first *alcohole*, then *alkohol* and now alcohol.

The growth of alcohol as a beverage was extremely slow and except in one period during the latter part of the fifteenth century there was never much preference shown it, for owing to the potency very few indeed could drink it without a liberal dilution. Alcohol therefore was too ardent for the general class of drinkers and in order to obtain something stronger than wine, and yet considerably milder than the pure spirit, they soon decided upon *aguardiente de uva* or brandy. At first they proceeded carefully, with the result that they produced an admirable article, only second to the celebrated Cognac.

Soon the art of distillation spread and to-day it is practised in almost every province of Spain. At first it was confined solely to the production of brandy, but as time advanced and the people became better acquainted with the process they gradually began experimenting upon other materials. From the West Indies they learned the possibilities of the sugar-cane and soon their distilleries began to manufacture *aguardiente de cana* in large quantities. The venture, though, was not considered a success except when it could be exported, for the native Castilians have very little liking for rum. On the other hand, however, they have a beverage made from the sugar-cane—but which is only subjected to a process of fermentation—that is very popular in certain parts. This drink is called *gurapo* and on the whole may be termed a very inferior one.

In the far north among the mountains there is a liquor called *cana* that greatly resembles our own corn whiskey, but whether made from corn or not is hard to say, as it is generally flavoured. Another beverage

of a *gurapo* nature but made of Indian corn is *azua*. There is little to recommend about this drink and comparatively speaking it is seldom met with. But of all the drinks that one meets with in Spain, that which is known as *menjunji* or *menjurje* is the most disagreeable, and even the people themselves do not hesitate to admit its vicious taste. It is what they term a composed beverage, but its composition is so vile that one never, after tasting of it, inquires into the secrets of its manufacture—what knowledge he has acquired is forever sufficient.

The beverage next to wine in the estimation of the people is *aguardiente* made of spirits, anise-seed, and mint; the spirits are low and the drink is absurdly cheap, a good-sized glass costing only the equivalent of one cent our money. The working people generally begin the day with a glass of it and as a stomachic it is invaluable. That which is known as *aguardiente valenciano* is the most in demand. It is pure white, being rather like milk-and-water in colour. *Sidra* or cider, in the north through the provinces of Asturias and Santander especially, is made of a very excellent quality; the greater part, though, being exported and only the *aguapie* or ciderkin being retained for home use.

It is from Santander that the wine known as *tostadillo* comes. This wine is made in three different qualities, but it is only the first, made from the carefully selected grapes which are suspended for several weeks in a well ventilated room and then pressed, that commands a foreign market. The second quality, called *vino de yema*, the stalks only being separated from the grapes, has a large local sale among the more

well-to-do; while the third quality, called *vino de lagar*, is the pressings of what remained in the vats from making the first two and is dark and acid.

It is in this part of Spain that the *bota* or small wineskin becomes an article of everyday use and, owing to its size, the wine is drunk directly from it. This feat at first glance looks easy of accomplishment, but the stranger within the land should ponder long and deep before he attempts it. Holding the *bota* in the right hand, the left squeezing the opening and the rapid small flowing stream entering the mouth, is simple to relate, but the novice if he does not get wine in his eyes will invariably direct it too low, and what does not flow beneath his collar will spread itself over his shirt front, leaving a stain to remind him, as long as the garment lasts, of the easy, graceful way the Spaniards have of drinking wine.

Here, too, in this vicinity the traveller will meet with another beverage which has a most familiar appearance but a very queer name, *mozizu*, which is only a mixture of milk and whey. *Mozizu*, however, is only to be met with among the shepherds and cattle-raisers and only then when the *aldran* has missed his regular visit. The *aldran* is a person who makes his living by selling wine only to shepherds and it is a recognised profession. He travels from pasture to pasture with his wares, never seeking to sell others than shepherds, and as they have to lead a roaming life the *aldran* must keep posted as to where they will be when he returns.

Sooner or later every traveller in Spain will be invited to partake of an *azucarillo*, and then when he or she write their book there will be as many definitions

as to what an *azucarillo* is as there are books. One writer defines it as a very small portion of wine in a very large glass of water. Another says it is a confection to put into water and stir, when it dissolves and the water becomes flavoured with vanila, lemon, etc. Another writer states with equal assurance that it is the white of an egg mixed with sugar and water; while still another writes, "Peasants and porters and petty traders will sit down contentedly for a whole evening to a glass of water in which is dissolved a long meringue (called *azucarillo*, literally 'sugarette')." Last of all comes the assurance that it is a cake of rose-sugar, and if the reader has ever been in Spain he too may furnish additional testimony.

From the pounded root of the cypress the people make a very delicious and wholesome drink called *horchata de chufas*. It is purely a summer beverage and when about half frozen is certainly very refreshing. These people, like the Turks, have a very sweet tooth and many of their beverages are so luscious that only they can drink them. A good example of this quality is *roete*, which is made from *rob*. *Rob* is the inspissated juice of ripe fruit mixed with honey, after which it is distilled, producing *roete*. Another sweet drink is *mistela*, made of sweet wine, sugar, cinnamon, and water. This is sometimes chilled, and if enough water has been used *mistela* is not so cloying. *Carraspada*, made of red wine and honey is a great favourite and, like *candiel*, another sweet beverage, is most popular in Andalusia. *Meloja* is honey boiled with water and then allowed to ferment. This was a great drink many centuries ago but is rarely to be had nowadays. *Apomeli* is honey-comb placed in vinegar for a certain

period and is said to be very cooling. *Aguamiel* is our hydromel, but it is now as rare in Spain as it is in America.

The use of beverages in a climate such as Spain possesses becomes a matter of more than ordinary requirement, it being almost if not of equal importance with food. One must drink often and plentifully in order to withstand the heat and, while wine is cheap and to be had in almost every home, there are times when the system craves something else; and the Spaniards recognising this fact have made use of many of the fruits, with which they are so bountifully supplied, to alleviate their thirst. *Naranjada* or orange water is a most refreshing drink on a hot day, and *cerasina*, a beverage made from cherries and rice, imparts almost new life to the weary and heated. A very simple drink yet withal quite nourishing is *horiate*, a plain unpretentious barley-water, but when cool this liquid answers both for food and drink. The great drink, however, of the Spanish poor is *orchataz*, a sort of milk extracted from the almond and then mixed with water. Sarsaparilla and water is another common beverage among this class, while *zumo de orozuz*—juice of licorice—and water is for all classes a favourite concoction.

At the season when the grapes are green and full of acid many people make and sell a drink from them which is known as *agrazada*. It is claimed for this beverage that it is exceedingly beneficial, coming as it does in the heat of summer, and perhaps it proves so to the Spaniard, but a full-fledged American has never as yet expressed any desire for a second taste of *agrazada*. It is so sharp and acid that it almost

burns, and the effect of it is felt for hours if it has been drunk full strength; if on the other hand only a few drops have been put into a large glassful of water the result is not so severe, but that is not the way the people drink it to receive the benefit that it is supposed and believed to impart.

In the more rural districts and among the peasantry there is found a beverage that is always served warm; it is called *casina* and is a kind of tea, the plants of which furnish the leaves, growing abundantly. From the raspberry the people make *vino de frambuesa* or raspberry wine, and this when properly made is most palatable and refreshing. In the same category is *vino de grosella* or currant wine, but this is more plentiful and is often made too sharp. With all classes *merar* or wine and water is always acceptable. In fact this is the prevailing method of drinking, not because the wine is costly or strong, but simply from the fact that the people are very temperate in its use, and while they have no rooted objection to water experience has taught them that of itself water is not wholesome.

A very ancient beverage and one that was known to the early Romans is still plentifully prepared in the southern part. This is *murinna*, a wine with spices and aromatics. To most people the taste is pleasant and a draught of it when one is exhausted and chilly proves warming and invigorating. *Murinna*, though, is too potent and heating for general use and properly belongs to that class of wines termed by many as medicinal. *Clarea* on the contrary is a summer beverage made of white wine, water, juices, etc., and is certainly very pleasant. *Apio* is, as the

word signifies, a celery liqueur, while *mentha*, like the French *crème de menth*, is a mint liqueur. The Spanish are very fond of all these cordials and to enumerate them would fill pages.

There are many terms in the Spanish language which, in connection with wine, are very expressive and explanatory, as for example: *adelantadillo* is red wine, wine of the first grapes; *albillo* is the wine of a white grape; *caldos* is a comprehensive word including in its meaning wine, oil, and all spirituous liquors; *casca* is bad wine; *aloque* is somewhat misleading, as the context must be considered before its meaning becomes apparent. In one sense it is a clear white wine and in another a mixture of white and red. *Repiso* is weak wine and *vineza* is the last wine from the lees; but *venazo* is very strong wine, while *vinico* is light wine and *vino de agujas* is a sharp wine; also *vino de lagrima* is mother-drop or virgin wine and *zupia* is wine which is turned. These are not technical or trade terms, but words of the language in everyday use by the people of all classes and conditions.

While we here in America take pleasure, in a jocular sense, in handing a man a lemon, the Spanish maiden is more liberal in her donations and gives her admirer a *calavaso* (pumpkin). Both the lemon and pumpkin are objectionable, the pumpkin a little more so as it signifies that his attentions are no longer acceptable.

CHAPTER VIII

PORTUGAL

FRONTING on the Atlantic Ocean and depriving Spain of a most valuable seaboard is the kingdom of Portugal. Much smaller in geographical area than our own State of New York, yet what the Portuguese have accomplished fills many pages of history with glowing accounts. Her people have always been imbued with an adventurous spirit and the love of exploration, with this trait, has put Portugal among the foremost nations of Europe in the discovery of new lands and countries.

Historically Portugal is a very young nation, as her history really begins with the gift of the fief of the Terra Portucalensis or the county of Porto Cale to Count Henry of Burgundy in 1094. Prior to this, and in common with the rest of the peninsula, it was overrun by the Vandals, Alans and Visigoths, who in turn were eventually conquered by the Arabs in the eighth century. The Moors' occupancy of the country, however, was anything but peaceful and during their period of power they succeeded in destroying many of the industries and customs of their conquered subjects. Vineyard after vineyard was uprooted and vinification would soon have been a lost art in Portugal had these people continued to rule much longer.

In many ways Portugal is much like Spain and the products of the vineyards in both countries have a strong resemblance.

It has never been as yet contended that the vine was indigenous to the coast line of the peninsula, and perhaps it is not, but that there are many wild vines to be found has been proven numbers of times. One species of these vines, the *velorios*, bears a grape that approaches closely the cultivated kinds, and is often used by the peasantry to make their wine.

While Portugal is a great wine-making country and produces innumerable varieties and brands, her greater product in the minds of the English and Americans is what is known the world over as port. The reputation of port wine overshadows her other wines to such an extent that a great many people think this is the only wine the Portuguese people have. It is an error easily accounted for and is readily explained. The similarity of the name with the first syllable of Portugal has led many to believe that it is a contraction of the country's name, which of course is not the case; for although port is a diminution it is made so by dropping the first and last letters of the name Oporto, the city from which the wine is shipped. Again, another factor in the case is the amount of literature that has been written upon the matter, the vast majority of which treats the subject in such a manner that the other wines of the country are invariably ignored. Could a compilation of all the writings that have been issued upon port in the last three hundred years be made, it would form a library so large that an ordinary room would not hold it.

Port wine has always, for some reason unknown,

been a most prolific source of discussion, not only in America and England but in France and Germany. English writers, especially, have given the wine much thought and study, both mentally and practically; and could a wine to-day receive the columns of notices in the papers that port wine has received in the past the fortunate owner of the vineyard would never need to give attention to any other method of acquiring wealth. For many years the writers of English kept the wine before the public and a perusal of these many articles opens to the reader an interesting portion of English history, legislative as well as social. It must not be supposed, though, that all that was written was laudatory—far from it. Port had its enemies as well as friends and both were always ready with their quills. The Scotch people were among those who could not find much virtue in the wine, and the following tells as plainly how they felt in regard to it as a large volume could:

Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good.
"Let him drink port!" the English statesman cries:
He drank the poison, and his spirit dies.

Originally port wine was grown on the banks of the Lima and, strange as it may seem, the first few importations of it into England were not as a beverage but entirely for medicinal purposes. There is no exact date given as to when this occurred and for what length of time it continued; we find, however, that in the year 1678 the wine was in good demand and quite a few writers date its introduction into England in that year. After a little it was discovered that the vines

on the banks of the Douro produced a richer and far more generous wine than that made from the grapes growing on the Lima, and the British merchants who had establishments there moved their business to Oporto, whence they shipped off such wines as they could buy, paying but little attention to quality.

The district, Alto Douro, in which the wine is made is about twenty-five miles long and thirteen miles wide, and the capital is the town of Peso da Rega. Of this town it can be said that less than two hundred years ago the only habitation on the site was a fisherman's hut, with but a single tenant. To-day Peso da Rega has a population of nearly five thousand, all brought about by the wine business. In the year 1756 the Marquis of Pombal, in conjunction with the English, incorporated the Chartered Royal Wine Company of Oporto. The establishment of this company was very unpopular and the people rose in rebellion, but the mutiny was crushed with the most sanguinary tyranny. The company was a monopoly from the beginning, and so great were the fortunes made by the men who held offices that positions in it were more eagerly sought for than any honorable office in the state. Every vineyard in the district and those outside too were subject to their domination, and the owners could not export their wines except they obtained permission, having as little to say about the wines they made as an abject stranger.

The following taken from Dr. Henderson's *History of Ancient and Modern Wines* will give the reader a fair idea as to what was thought of the Company in England:

The quality of the wine shipped from Oporto has been materially injured by the monopoly so long enjoyed by the Oporto Wine Company. This company was founded in 1756, during the administration of the Marquis Pombal. A certain extent of territory is marked out by its charter as the only district on the Douro in which wine is to be raised for exportation: the entire and absolute disposal of the wines raised in this district is placed in the hands of the Company; who are further authorized to fix the prices to be paid for them to the cultivators, to prepare them for exportation, and to fix the prices at which they shall be sold to foreigners! It is obvious that a company with such powers cannot be anything else than an intolerable nuisance. What could be more arbitrary and unjust than to interdict the export of all wines raised out of the limit of the Company's territory? But even in its own district its proceedings have been most oppressive and injurious. The Company annually fix, by a fiat of their own, two rates of prices—one for the *vinho de feitoria*, or wine for exportation, and the other for *vinho de ramo*, or wine for home consumption—at which the cultivators are to be paid, *whatever may be the quality of their wines!* They have, therefore, no motive to exert superior skill and ingenuity; but content themselves with the endeavouring to make, at the least possible expense, the greatest supply of *vinho de feitoria*, for which the Company allows the highest price.

All emulation is thus effectually extinguished, and the proprietors who possess vineyards of a superior quality invariably adulterate their wines with inferior growths, so as to reduce them to the average standard. In this way the finer products of the Douro vintages have remained in a great measure unknown to us, and port wine has come to be considered as a single liquor, if I may use the expression, of nearly uniform flavour and strength; varying it is true, to a certain extent in quality, but still

always approaching to a definite standard, and admitting of few degrees of excellence. The manipulations, the admixtures—in one word, the *adulteration*—to which the best wines of the Cimo do Duro are subjected, have much the same effect as if all the growths of Burgundy were to be mingled in one immense vat, and sent into the world as the only true Burgundian wine. The delicious produce of Romanee, Chambretin, and the Clos Vougeot would disappear, and in their places we should find nothing better than a second-rate Beaune or Macon wine.

Apropos of the adulteration of port wine there is a story told of which, however, the author cannot at this late date be found and of its truth the reader must be the judge. William H. G. Kingston, Esq., in his *Lusitanian Sketches* repeats it but refuses to vouch for it:

Formerly [so the story goes], the grapes of the Douro having a thin skin, the wine was of a fine dark ruby, which was then much admired by all consumers; but once, some dark tasteless dye having by accident fallen into a tonel, the wine was pronounced so much superior to anything that had before been seen, that no other than dark wine would suit the taste of the day. What was to be done? The grapes were pressed to the utmost, but the skins refused to give forth any further colouring matter. The wine was of a beautiful ruby colour, but it was not black enough. It was considered that through the ignorance of the farmers the best qualities were left behind. Nothing would please them. At last it occurred to an intelligent farmer, who was always ready to adopt any novelty which he thought might be advantageous, that he had seen the fermenting juice of the grape have a very wonderful effect on the human skin. In truth, he had observed that the Gallegos employed in dancing in the wine-presses went

in with very dark brown legs, and came out, though stained with wine, very white and clean when washed in water. He reasoned that if brown becomes white, so probably will the wine extract a black colour. He forthwith despatched a vessel to the kingdom of Ashantee, on the coast of Africa, where the natives are the blackest, and she returned freighted with a cargo of blacks.

The inhabitants of Oporto wondered when they saw so many black men landed from the ship; but the farmer kept his counsel—he merely observed that he thought they would work more cheaply in his vineyards than would Gallegos. During the vintage he closed the gates of his estate against everybody. People wondered what he was about; they suspected he was adulterating his wine. Now it is well known that the darkness of the negro race is caused by a black substance in the epidermis or the outer skin of the body. The same is the case with the grape, as I have before observed. It is also well known that the violent fermentation of a vinous fluid will extract the colour from any substance steeped in it, as it does from the skin of the dark grape. I say no more. The fair took place, the farmer's tonels were approved by the Company, and he sold his *dark-coloured* wine at a very high price. His Ashantees wore trousers and socks till the next vintage. Nobody guessed the fact. How should they? The following year the wine was of an equally good colour, and, as the competition for its purchase consequently was great, it sold for an enormous sum. The Ashantees, to the surprise of every one, afterwards wore gloves, which met the sleeves of their coats. On the third year the wine was even better than it was before, for it had more *flavour* and *body*. On the fourth the blacks had disappeared, no one knew whither, though in their stead a very fine set of perfectly white men were seen, who could not speak Portuguese. Still everybody was in the dark, till the farmer sent for a fresh supply of negroes, when the truth transpired, and the

Royal Wine Company strictly forbade the nefarious practice, under pain of forfeiture of the estate. They, however, applied for and obtained the monopoly themselves, offering as an excuse that the negroes thus washed white made better Christians. Of course on this plea no Christian monarch could refuse their request. Now and then dreadful surmises were whispered about, but in a despotic country, as Portugal then was, no one dared utter them aloud—*only* a dead black man was never seen! Such, I am informed, is the port wine the deceived British public have had palmed off on them for a long course of years, according to some of the writers on the subject. *With few exceptions* the British merchants are strongly suspected of encouraging so gross an infringement of all laws human and divine, if they do not actually import cargoes of living blacks themselves. Indeed, now that most of the very necessary restrictions are abolished, we have strong reasons for supposing that this is not the most reprehensible method they have for adulterating their wines.

Of course the above story is all nonsense, but it shows, in a way, what the Company had to contend with and to what extremes its enemies would go in order to injure it. Another traveller and writer—John Latouche—has this to say on the subject:

Port wine has a literature of its own; and the controversy that a few years ago raged on the subject was almost as serious as the famous polemical dispute in the last century, between the rival admirers of champagne and burgundy. In the French controversy, odes, sonnets, and epigrams, as well as heavy prose, were bandied from side to side; in the port wine discussion, nothing lighter than a double pamphlet or an octavo volume was discharged. A great deal of ignorant nonsense and a great deal of interested

nonsense was written on both sides; and the end of it all is that more and better wine is now made and shipped from this district than ever was known before. Lest I should be supposed, however, to wish to contribute to either of the above categories of literature, I will say no more upon the subject.

In the northern part of Portugal and especially in the province of Minho the farmers make for themselves and their labourers a wine which they call vinho verde—or green wine. This wine never leaves the confines of the country, and the reason perhaps is best explained by quoting again from Mr. Latouche. He says:

Any one therefore who has tasted the famous vinho verde of northern Portugal—the thick, red, sour, and astringent wine which the Minhotes delight in—may satisfy himself that he has drunk a liquid identical in every way with that wherewith the Latian farmer quenched his thirst two thousand years ago. He may even please himself by thinking that Horace himself on his Tuscalan farm, in daily life, when the jars of carecuban, Alban, and Falernian were left undisturbed in the cellar, drank such wine as this. The scholar or the antiquarian, who is too dry-souled to amuse himself with such a mere sentiment, may yet drink a glass of the vinho verde and understand forever after that which has always been a puzzle to students of antiquity, namely, how it was that the Greeks and Romans could bring themselves to dilute their wines with sea-water, to mix them with honey or spices, or even to grate goat's-milk cheese into the wine-cup. No stranger who has drunk a full draught of this really awful Minho wine but might sigh for even such adulterations as these.

It is curious, too, as further evidence of the long and faithful tradition of farm economy, that these northern Portuguese farmers deal with the drinking of the wine

(they mostly keep it for farm use) just as their first masters in agriculture did before them. "Let the labourers," says the frugal Cato, "drink up the *lora*," the thin stuff made by adding water to the already pressed grapes and treading out a thin and makeshift kind of wine therefrom. "Let them drink up the *lora*," he says, "in the three months that follow the vintage." The Portuguese call this stuff *agua pé*—foot water—and likewise consume it in early winter. After Christmas, Portuguese farmers follow Cato's precept, and let their men have a small measure of real wine daily. In the spring the quantity was doubled in ancient Italy and is doubled in modern Portugal. In the long summer days, the portion is trebled for the Minhotes, as Cato prescribes; and, calculating the ancient measure as well as we are able, the allowance would reach three or four gallons a month the year through. It is quite as great on a well managed Portuguese farm to this day. Let the fact be observed, and let the reader draw from it what deduction he pleases, that this Portuguese wine is probably about three times as strong as ordinary English beer, and yet that drunkenness is very rare. To our nice palates it is a terrible drink, one that rasps a man's throat, fills his eyes with tears, and almost takes his breath away; but to the Minhote labourer, in the heat and burden of his long day's work, it is clearly delicious. It is meat and drink to him. He finds refreshment in its acidity, he is fortified by its austerity, revived by its strength, and finds in its œnanthic, etherous essences—beyond the reach of chemists and professors—some subtile distillation of Nature's laboratory kindly to life.

The Minhote farmer still grows his grapes on trees and makes his wine in the manner so accurately described by Pliny and it is in the month of April that he draws from his casks the first glass of wine. Vinho verde is not made to keep more than a few months

over a year, and by April that which was made some eighteen months ago has reached the dregs and is hard and poor, but that which was made in the previous September has, during the winter, become clear and with the opening of spring is ready for use. Naturally in the peasant's simple life such an event calls for rejoicing and feasting and right royally do they enjoy the occasion.

In the province of Estremadura such excellent wines as *bucellas*, *collares*, *lavradio*, *chamusca*, *carcavellos*, and *barra a barra* are grown, as are also the *Arinto* and the sparkling *estremadura*. It has been said by a number of œneological experts who have visited and inspected this part of Portugal that if the people, especially those living in the vicinity of Torres Vedras, could be induced to change their methods of cultivation and vinification some of the finest wines in the world could be grown there. Every essential factor necessary for such an achievement is present and it would only require a few years to accomplish the result, but the people seem indifferent to these flattering possibilities and are satisfied with the result of their efforts.

Along the banks of the rivers Tau and Sabor in the province of Traz-os-Montes are vineyards which many a connoisseur has claimed raise wine fully the equal of the celebrated *clos vougeot* and one wine is particular, the *cornifesto*, is much sought for by the people who understand the nature of wines. The white wines, too, of Areas, Bragance, Moraes, Moncorvo, and Nosedo are above ordinary quality and would command a good foreign market if more enterprise could be instilled in the growers and makers. In the Alto Douro, where, as has been mentioned, port wine is made, there

are to be had many other wines of really excellent quality.

Among the white varieties of this vicinity that which is known as the *muscatel de Jesus* is the prince of them all; then in proper rotation come the *dedo de dana* (the lady's finger), the *ferral branco, malvazia, abelhal, agudelho, alvaraca, donzellinho, folgozas, gouveio, white mourisco, rabo da ovelha* (sheep's tail), and *promissao.* These wines are what are known as white ports and their quality is such that they commend themselves to every lover of fine wines. Of the black wines the most noted are *tourigo*, the finest, *bastardo*, the sweetest, *bacca de mina*, which has the general preference, *souzao*, the darkest natural wine, and *pegudo.*

The list of Tintas is very extensive, the best of which is *alvarilhao* and is considered to be as fine a claret as any that comes from France. So it is all through Portugal; wine is made almost everywhere, much of it of a superior quality, and its use is universal. Europe buys a large quantity, England of course the most, and the Americas coming next.

Besides her natural wines Portugal consumes a great deal of *passas*, a wine made from dried grapes and which by many is preferred above the ordinarily made article. *Cassis*, a brandy made from raspberries, is also a common beverage in the more northern portions and when it is properly and carefully made is a pleasant as well as a wholesome beverage. A peculiar drink and one seldom met with outside of Portugal is *garapa.* This is a wine, or species of wine, extracted from the dregs of sugar and when cooled is not so very unpleasant to the taste.

From rice the Portuguese have succeeded in distilling an exceedingly strong spirituous liquor which they call *fula;* it is very intoxicating and is seldom used except during the winter. *Geropiga* is another strong beverage, especially when first made. The ingredients are fresh must and brandy and any one at all conversant with the two materials knows that while the taste is almost fascinating the effect is quick and decided. Our ordinary common everyday rum, but called in many parts *tafia*, has many admirers among these people and some of a fine quality is made by them. Closely allied to *tafia*, is *cachaca* made from the sugar-cane, and when stored and aged properly is an excellent spirit. From the *pita*, a species of *agave*, is extracted by distillation *Piteria*, a drink which only those accustomed to it can use with impunity. One of the queerest mixtures to be used as a beverage and to be found anywhere is *zythogala*, a mixture of milk and beer; further comment on the decoction is unnecessary, but a close relation is *tabefe* concocted from sheep's milk sweetened and heated, into which eggs are stirred. If cow's milk is used and a little spice is added the beverage is then known as *sirisais*.

The Portuguese have the same liking for aromatics as their neighbours, and as with them anise-seed is the favourite. The correct Portuguese name for this beverage is *aguardent de herva doce*, but the stranger will obtain it just as readily if he will but call for *anisetta*. There is only one drink is Portgual where the proper full name should be given if the drinker or customer really wants the finest and that is *aguardent de cabeca*, which means the very best brandy.

While bees are quite plentiful and honey is cheap, little of it, in a comparative sense, is used for drinking purposes. *Oxdmel*, produced from vinegar and honey boiled, is made to some extent, and another mead-like preparation called *mulsa* is also to be had among the farmers. *Amendoada*, prepared from sweet almonds, is a very common beverage in the southern parts, particularly during the warm weather.

CHAPTER IX

SWITZERLAND

Drinking Song of the Men of Basle

DRINK! drink!—the blood-red wine,
That in the goblet glows,
Is hallowed by the blood that stain'd
The ground whereon it grows.

Drink! drink!—there 's health and joy
In its foam to the free and brave;
But 't would blister up like the elf-king's cup
The pale lips of the slave!

Drink! drink!—and as your hearts
Are warmed by its ruby tide,
Swear to live as free as your fathers liv'd
Or die as your fathers died!

PLANCHE'S *Lays and Legends of the Rhine.*

While Switzerland, in a geographical sense, is among the smaller countries of Europe her output of wine is such that she is only surpassed by her larger neighbours. According to recent statistics, it is estimated that there are one hundred and thirty-three square miles of territory entirely devoted to viticulture. These figures may have a small sound when expressed in square miles, but changed to the acre they read

eighty-five thousand one hundred and twenty acres, which imparts to the mind a better understanding as to the extent of the vineyards among the Alps.

When and how the vines were introduced into this territory we cannot tell, for history in this respect is sadly deficient. It is known, however, that they were installed at a very early date and the surmise is that it was by the Romans, who, following their natural tendency and general methods, were the people that first planted the vines in this vicinity. The Helvetians, we are told, paid peculiar veneration to the god of wine and it is credited to them that they were the first people to make wooden casks for storing wine. The Swiss are very proud of their country and, like mountain-dwellers the world over, almost revere the hills which surround them on every hand. There seems to be a certain spirit in rugged peaks and snow-clad hills that develops man's love far stronger than the level plain. The barren hill-tops speak more appealingly than the fertile levels and every jagged rough-edged rock has associated with it some memory or tradition that the mountaineer holds most dear. Every gully with its trickling summer stream, so quickly turned into a raging torrent when the rains and thaw melt the winter snow, tells to its lover the tale of mountain life, and the vivid eye-blinding lightning, followed by the loud reverberant thunder echoing from crag to crag, peal upon peal and flash after flash, carry no terror with them to the people whose lot it is to dwell among the hills.

The seasons too are different; in the mountains the air is clearer, bringing out in bolder outline each loved spot, and when the summer's green has taken the place

of the winter's snow the children of the mountain forget the many days of cold and hardship and their heart overflows with love for the land of their birth. With love of country naturally comes patriotism and the Swiss from the beginning have been noted for both these traits. Their manly struggle for independence makes many a glowing page in history. It was no easy task for this handful of people to keep their far more powerful neighbours from annihilating them, but they did it and many of their songs and stories tell of their wonderful exploits to preserve the integrity of their country and their homes.

The couplets that head this chapter are, as the title states, a drinking song of the men of Basle, but the story they tell is of one of the most sanguinary battles ever fought. Sixteen hundred Swiss soldiers engaged thirty thousand French and, while all but sixteen of the Swiss were killed, more than six thousand of the French suffered the same fate. The scene of this battle has been for many years a vineyard and the wine made from there, being red, is in commemoration of the event called "the blood of the Swiss."

A number of years ago some explorers, on the margin of a little lake between Vevay and Lausanne, and in a small village now called Cully, found a stone inscribed "Libero Patri Colliensi," which proves that the Romans had erected here, at Collium—the ancient name of Cully—a temple to Father Bacchus, and adds considerably to the theory of Roman initiative in viticulture in this part of the world. It is at Vevay that the society or guild called "l'Abbaye des Vignerons" exists. As its name implies it is devoted to the cultivation of the grape, but what makes this society

famous is its age. Of its first installation we have very little authentic information, but as one authority aptly puts it, it is of "high antiquity." Twice every year, in the spring and fall, the society sends out its men to inspect the numerous vineyards, and upon their reports awards of medals and pruning-hooks are made to the most skilful and industrious vinedressers. The society also, in accordance with a very ancient custom, most probably derived from a pagan superstition, holds at varying intervals of fifteen to twenty years a festival called *la Fête des Vignerons*. It is a grand affair and often nearly a thousand people will participate in the various parts. Dancing is naturally one of the chief features, and in order to have this done in a proper manner they send to Paris and hire the best master of the art to instruct them. The affair, while peculiarly of a local nature, is of such a character that it attracts all Europe and the multitude that assembles to witness it is often so great that people are compelled to sleep out of doors.

While the wines of Switzerland, as a rule, vary little from wines of like character grown elsewhere there are one or two that are decidedly peculiar to the country. A wine is grown in that part of Switzerland called the Upper Valais and bears the name "hell wine" from the fact, so it is said, that the vines from which the wine is made will only grow in hot places. The wine itself is as black as ink, yet withal is a very pleasant beverage. The supply of course is limited and to procure a drink of it one most have a personal acquaintance with some of the more wealthy people of the neighbourhood.

Another wine of almost equal rarity and of a decid-

edly more peculiar nature is that which is known as "glacier-wine," more often called simply "glacier." The grapes from which this wine is made are quite common and are known as *reze*. The wine is allowed to undergo its first fermentation in the cellars at Sierre and then it is taken to the mountain villages, where it is carefully stored away. For ten years it remains undisturbed, but at the expiration of the decade another fermentation ensues. It is this second upheaval, if so we may term it, that imparts to the wine its exquisite flavour and makes "glacier" unique among wines. The wine is never bottled and after its second fermentation will keep for any length of time, fifty or sixty years being considered rather short.

The question of transportation of wine is a very serious one in Switzerland and few who have never witnessed the proceeding can form any adequate idea of the difficulties and dangers. One cask of about fifty or sixty gallons capacity, and placed upon a sledge, is all that a horse can draw. Each driver attends to two horses and consequently two sledges and two casks, driving his animals more by voice and gesture than by reins. They endeavour to travel in gangs lest bad weather or some accident overtake them if travelling singly. At night their rest is often limited to three hours and sometimes this period is passed in drinking and conversation. Frequently the casks have to be shifted from runners to wheels and back again before the journey is accomplished; the horses too, as well as the men, have little chance for rest. In fair weather, while the journey is most arduous it is not dangerous, but woe to man and beast if they encounter a storm. Not a few perish in the passes and it fre-

quently happens that their only chance of escape is to unharness the horses and leave the sledges in a snow wreath, man and beast seeking such shelter as may be gained. The wine is frozen into one mass of rosy ice, but if it is new or young wine it is not injured; more matured wine, however, is damaged beyond recovery.

Another factor that adds to the perils of the trip is the savage temper of the drivers. Jealousies between the natives of rival towns and districts soon come to the surface, and there are men alive to-day who have fought the whole way with knives and stones, hatchets and hammers, wooden staves and cart-rungs. These encounters are never of a trivial nature, as the weapons used demonstrate, and the bringing home of maimed and unconscious comrades follows almost every trip.

According to the verdict of experts the best wine grown in Switzerland is that which is known by the name *le moulart*. This wine is grown on the hills sloping down towards the lake La Cote between Aubonne and Nyon. When the seasons have been propitious and the grapes ripened evenly *le moulart* is most assuredly an excellent wine, and if larger quantities could be made it would command an enviable place in the wine markets of the world. At Martigny, where the Rhone makes an abrupt bend, forming nearly a right angle, a very fair wine called *coquempin* is made. The vines are grown upon the hills as the plains are too low and swampy, caused by the overflowing of the Rhone and its tributaries. This part of Switzerland is noted for its unhealthfulness, malaria being present at all times in the valleys, and the oft-repeated assertion

that the grape-vine will not flourish in an impure atmosphere is amply proven in this case.

In order to procure a crop the vines have to be planted at an elevation beyond the reach and influence of the miasmatic effluvia that is generated in the lowlands. This of course adds materially to the cost of cultivation, and subsequent manufacture, but it is the only thing these people can do in order to obtain wine at a price within their means. On the road to Vevay along the slope of the Jorat the hills are covered with vineyards. Terrace after terrace like broad steps have been built so that the vine may find a proper foothold. They mainly face true south and in the summer, when the straight burning rays of the sun are sending their heat direct, a mountain vineyard becomes almost unbearable, and the toilers find their task anything but easy and pleasant. These vineyards, extending from Vevay to Lavaux, it is claimed produce some of the best wines in Switzerland, and of a surety if labour should be compensated no people are more entitled to its rewards than these who toil so long and hard.

In the year 1584 Switzerland was visited by an earthquake and the top of a mountain, above Yvorne, was thrown down. To-day this slope is covered by vineyards from which a most excellent wine is produced. *Completer* is the rather strange name of a wine that is grown in the Grisons near Malans, but if the name is somewhat strange the wine is by no means so, for it ranks among the best. It is, however, the canton of Neuchatel that produces the largest quantity of wine and perhaps also the greatest variety. The white wines grown between Auverquier and St.

Blaise have long enjoyed a good reputation and when made into sparkling wines they are most excellent. The red wines of Cortaillod and Derriere Moulins bear a strong likeness to Burgundy and when aged properly are quite superior.

The Swiss have a rather peculiar method of making brandy, which they do from the refuse of grapes after the must is pressed. Casks are filled with skins, which are squeezed as compactly as possible, and are covered closely to prevent the ingress of air: fermentation generally sets in in about three days, and when it has subsided, which occupies a considerable time, it is then deemed ready for the still. When the process of distillation is about to take place, the fermented mass is mixed with a due proportion of water, that preserves it in a proper consistency for the action of the fire, which is moderately applied to prevent *empyreuma* or burnt flavour. The resultant liquor is by no means inferior and when it has been aged it makes not only a pleasant but also wholesome beverage.

CHAPTER X

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

LONG before the arrival of the Romans on Albion's soil, the people thereof had discovered an easy and almost ever-ready means of becoming intoxicated. How and when the art of making mead was introduced into what we now term England it would be difficult to say. The Romans, on their taking possession, found mead a very common beverage. They also discovered that in the courtly circles the mead-maker was a person of more than ordinary importance, and in a list left us giving the rank and standing of the officers we find the mead-maker the eleventh on the roll, outclassing even the physician. The king, too, exercised a rigid control of its manufacture, for every cask that was made had to be reported to him.

Cider, presumably expressed from the wild apple, was another common and plentiful drink, and sad to relate was also of a very ardent nature, for we have ample authority that drunkenness and intemperance were among the prevailing vices of the early Britons. How long mead and cider were the principal beverages cannot, with exactness, be determined, neither can the time of the introduction of ale into the island be positively established. Eumenes tells how in the year 296 Britain produced enough corn not only to make

the required amount of bread but also a drink which was comparable to wine. This remark proves that the art of brewing was well known in England even at this early date, and that ale had already gained a foothold which as the years grew into centuries was to increase until it became the great national beverage of the people.

English literature has almost from the beginning been replete with stories of ale and ale-drinking, while ale-making and selling have furnished the legislators so much material for their statutes that could the books be compiled and bound they would fill many a library. As early as 694 King Ina of the West Saxons directed "that possessors of a farm of ten hides of land, or, as much as required ten ploughs, should, among other articles, pay him twelve *ambres* of Welsh ale, each containing above seven gallons of English wine measure."

In the year 1637 there appeared in London a small book having for its title *Drinke and Welcome;* it was written by one John Taylor and his chapter on ale is well worth the perusal; he writes:

Ale is rightly called nappy, for it will set a nap upon a man's threed-bare eyes when he is sleepy. It is called merry-goe-down for it slides down merrily; it is fragrant to the Sent, it is most pleasing to the taste. The flowring and mantling of it (like chequer worke) with the verdant smiling of it, is delightefull to the sight, it is touching or feeling to the Braine and Heart; and (to please the senses all) it provokes men to singing and mirth, which is contenting to the Hearing. The speedy taking of it dothe comfort a heavy and troubled minde; it will make a weeping widow laugh and forget sorrow for her deceased hus-

band. It will set a Bashful Suitor a wooing; It heats the chilled blood of the aged; It will cause a man to speake past his owne or any other man's capacity, or understanding; It sets an Edge upon Logick and Rhetorick; It is a friend to the Muses; It inspires the poore Poet that cannot compasse the price of Canarie or Gascoign; It mounts the Musician 'bove Eccla. It makes the Balladmaker Rime beyond reason; It is a Repairer of a decaied colour in the face; It puts Eloquence into the Oratour; It will make the Philosopher talke profoundly, the Scholler learnedly, and the lawyer acute and feelingly. Ale at Whitsontide, or a Whitson Church ale, is a repairer of decayed Countrey Churches; It is a great friend to Truth; so they that drinke of it (to the purpose) will reveal all they know, be it never so secret to be kept; It is an emblem of justice, for it allows and yeelds measure; It will put courage into a Coward, and make him swagger and fight; It is a seale to many a good bargaine. The Physittian will comend it; the Lawyer will defend it. It neither hurts or kils any but thos who abuse it unmeasurably and beyond bearing; It doth good to as many as take it rightly; It is as good as a Paire of Spectacles to cleare the Eyesight of an old Parish Clarke, and in Conclusion, it is such a nourisher of Mankinde, that if my Mouth were as bigge as Bishopgate, my Pen as long as a Maypole, and my Inke a flowing Spring, or a standing fishpond, yet I could not with Mouth Pen or Inke, speake or write the true worth and worthiness of Ale.

The old-time writers seldom allowed anything but their own fancy to control or curb their efforts, and while to-day such a course would be hardly allowable it must be admitted that in their case circumstances and conditions were vastly different from the present day, and as a rule it was these flighty writers that depicted their times and events more faithfully than their

sedater brothers. For, reading between their lines, we often can see most plainly the subjects that were on the tapis at the time of writing and how their neighbours considered the various questions they dealt with. For example take the following passage from the above article: "It neither hurts or kils any but those that abuse it unmeasurably and beyond bearing; It doth good to as many as take it rightly." From praising he becomes at once on the defensive, not because he thinks it necessary but because some of his friends and neighbours are more or less opposed to its use and in his vigorous style he tells them the cause in a very few words.

According to Doctor Henry, the historian, the casks in which mead was made at that time had to be nine palms in height and so capacious as to serve the king and one of his counsellors for a bathing tub; and therefore when King Ethelstan and his followers "drained the vessel to the depth of a hand's breadth at the first onset" a consumption of several gallons, at least, must have been the consequence.

Leaving the subject of mead and returning to that of ale, the following lines, written in the early part of the fourteenth century by William of Shoreham may prove of interest. They are entitled *De Baptismo:* that "kende water"—pure water—is the only substance that mankind should be baptised with.

Therefore ine wine me ne may,
Inne sithere ne inne pereye,
Ne inne thing that neuere water nes
Thory cristing man may reneye,
Ne inne ale;
For thei hight were water ferst,
Of water neth hit tale.

This, as the reader has undoubtedly discovered, is very primitive English and has a sound very similar to that which children use in some of their games; as for instance "eeny meeny miney moe," etc., etc., and perhaps the subjoined translation into prose may be of assistance: "Therefore man cannot or may not renounce his sins through christening in wine, in cider, or perry, nor in anything that never was water, nor yet in ale, for though this was water first, it cannot be said to be water any longer." An application of the art of deduction shows very plainly that these people had very little use for water even for purposes otherwise than drinking, and it also reveals that mead had ceased to be a common beverage. During the same century William Longland wrote the following, which can be found in its entirety in his *Piers the Plowman:*

I boughte hire Barly heo breuh hit to sulle
Peni-ale and piriwhit heo pourede to-gedere
For labourers and louh folk that liuen be hem-selven.
The Beste in the Bed-chambre lay bi the wowe,
Hose Bumede thereof Boughte hit ther-after,
A galoun for a grote, God wot, no lasse,
Whon hit com in Cuppemel; such craftes me usede.

This being rendered into present-day English reads somewhat as follows:

I bought her barley they brew it to sell; Penny-ale [ale at a penny a gallon] and small perry she poured together for labourers and poor folk that live by themselves. The best lie in the bed chamber by the wall; whoso drank thereof bought it by the sample [*i. e.*, of the best] a gallon for a groat, God knows no less, when it came by cupfuls, such craft I used.

How often we sigh for the "good old days of our forefathers," when adulterations were not known and pure food laws were not necessary; but here we have exceedingly strong evidence that not only was it known but it was practised almost openly, and with very inferior stuff at that, and this it must be remembered was nearly six hundred years ago. The small *perry* that the poet writes about was made from the pomace of pears, from which the beverage called *perry* had been previously extracted or expressed. The pomace was placed in open casks or tubs and water was then poured over it; this was allowed to stand for a certain length of time, when it was drawn off. It was of necessity a very inferior substance, almost tasteless, and therefore could be used as an adulterant in ale with considerable profit even when ale was only bringing a penny a gallon. The poet also reveals another trick that for certain reasons is retained unto this day, short measure and plenty of foam or froth, thereby enabling the seller to derive from five to six times the real worth of the drink. Perhaps one of the greatest factors in the popularising of ale in Britain was the fact that it could be made of as fine a quality at home as at the regular brewers' and in most cases much better and purer. For many years the making of ale was in the hands of the women-folks and as late as 1610 the justices of Rutland decided that a chief woman who could brew and make malt should have the sum of 24s. 8d. by the year; while a second best who could only brew was to have 23s. 4d. In Hollinshed's *Chronicler* published in 1587 there is a preface in which Harrison, the writer, gives a capital description of home-brewing:

Nevertheless [he says] sith I have taken occasion to speake of bruing, I will exemplifie in such a proportion as I am best skilled in, bicause it is the usuall rate for mine own familie, and once in a moneth practised by my wife and hir maid servants, who proceed withall after this maner, as she hath oft informed me. Having therefore grooned eight bushels of good malt upon our querne, where the toll is saved, she addeth unto it half a bushel of wheate meal, and so much of oats small groond, and so tempereth or mixeth them with the malt, that they cannot easily duscern the one from the other, otherwise these later would clunter, fall into lumps, and thereby become unprofitable. The first liquor which is full eightie gallons according to the proportion of our furnace, she maketh boiling hot, and then poureth it softlie into the malt, where it resteth (but without stirring) until hir secind liquor be almost ready to boile. This doone she letteth hir mash run till the malt be left without liquor, or at the leastwise the greater part of the moisture, which she perceiveth by the staie and soft issue thereof, and by this time hir secind liquor in the furnace is ready to seeth, which is put also to the malt as the first also again into the furnace, whereunto she addeth two pounds of the best English hops, so letteth them seeth together by the space of two hours in summer, or an hour and a halfe in winter, whereby it geteth an excellent colour and continuance without impeachment, or anie superfluous tartnesse. But before she putteth hir first woort into the furnace, or mingleth it with the hops, she taketh out a vessel full, of eight or nine gallons, which she shutteth up close, and suffereth no aire to come into it till it becomes yellow, and this she reserveth by itself unto further use, as shall appear hereafter, call it Brackwoort or Charwoort, and as she saith it addeth also to the colour of the drinke, wherby it yeildeth not unto amber or fine gold in hew unto the eie. By this time also hir secind woort is let runne and the first being taken out of

the furnace and placed to coole, she returneth the middle woort into the furnace, where it is stricken over, or from whence it is taken againe. When she hath mashed also the last liquor (and let the second to coole by the first) she letteth it runne and then seetheth it againe with a pound and an half of new hops or peradventure two pounds as she seeth cause by the goodness or baseness of the hops; and when it hath sodden in summer two hours and in winter an hour and an halfe, she striketh it also and reserveth it unto mixture when time dooth serve therfore. Finalle when she setteth hir drinke together, she addeth to hir brackwoort or charwoort halfe an ounce of arras and halfe a quarterne of an ounce of baiberries finelie powdered and then putteth the same into her woort with an handful of wheate floure, she proceedeth in such usual order as common bruing requireth. Some in steed of arras and baies add so much long pepper onely but in her opinion and my liking it is not so good as the first and hereof we make three hoggesheads of good beere, such (I meane) as is meet for poore men as I to live withall whose small maintenance (for what great thing is fortie pounds a yeare computatis computandis able to perform) may indure no deeper cut, the charges whereof groweth in this manner, I value my malt at ten shillings, my wood at foure shullings which I buie, my hops at twenty pence, the spice at two pence, servants wages two shillings sixpence, both meat and drinke, and the wearing of my vessels at twentie pence so that for my twentie shillings I have ten score gallons of ale or more notwithstanding the loss in seething. . . . The continuance of the drinke is always determined after the quantie of the hops, so that being well hopped it lasteth longer. For it feedeth upon the hop and holdeth out so long as the force of the same endureth which being extinguished the drinke must be spent or else it dieth and becometh of no value.

If the old author was correct in his figures and also stated his income exactly, nearly a third of it was disposed of in ale alone. But perhaps he knew just about as much on the subject as Thomas Tusser, and while the apparent outlay was as he stated it, there was a further profit which owing to its nature could not be said to be derived entirely from the making of ale. Mr. Tusser's remarks on the subject are to be found in the *Pointers of Good Huswiferie*, but we take the liberty of culling the following:

Brew somewhat for thine,
Else bring up no swine.
Where brewing is needful be brewer thyself,
What filleth the roof will help furnish the shelfe;
In buying of drinke by the firkin or pot
The tallie ariseth, but hog amends not.
Well brewed, worth cost,
Ill used, half lost.
One bushel well brewed out lasteth some twaine,
And saveth both mault and expenses in vaine,
Too new is no profit too stale is as bad,
Drinke dead or else sower makes labourer sad.
Remember, good Gill,
Take paine with thy swill.
Seeth graines in more water, while graines be yet hot,
And stirre them in copper as poredge in pot.
Serch heating with straw, to make offall good store,
Both pleseth and eseth what would you have more.

Offall was the old English word for small beer, or in other words weak beer. The reader will readily see that the raising of swine in conjunction with ale brewing was most profitable, for the animals could dispose of the spent grain not only to advantage to themselves

but with gain to their owners. Another great and powerful element that had considerable influence in keeping ale before the English people was the clergy. The old-time monks and priests thought it no sin to make and use the beverage and, furthermore, they took especial pride in producing something superior and above the general run. The brewer and cellarer, whether in mitred abbey or in the less distinguished religious houses, were officials of considerable importance. It is on record that in the priory of St. Swithin at Winchester special prayers were offered up for the cellarer and his charges, and the records also mention the sad tales of the poor monks being deprived of their beer and ale by reason of the malt failing.

This offering of prayer for the success of their brew may at first seem strange, but why should it? Our earliest writers, and more especially those who wrote of sacred subjects, often make mention of prayers offered for the success of the vine and the wine to be made therefrom. And to-day all through the Latin countries, wherever the vine grows religious rites are observed, not only by the people but by the priests. Some of these ceremonies are most solemn and their observation carries with them a memory of sacredness that no other subject could. So why should it be deemed strange for the monks of old England to pray for the success of their favourite beverage? They could not make wine from the grape, but they could make a most satisfying substitute from grain and they of all men knew that while water was the natural thirst-quencher it did not and never would supply the craving that exists in mankind for something that will impart a vigour and energy beyond

his natural state or condition. Recognising this the monks by their example strove to teach their people the use of the least harmful of beverages and one also that owing to its small cost could be had or made by even the poorest in the land.

In the registry of the priory of Worcester, dated 1240, there are many curious entries relating to their ale-brewing, a few of which are given below. "At each brewing VIII. cronn: de greu and X. quarteria de meis " were used, which probably means eight *cronns* or four quarters of *growte* (meaning ground malt) and ten quarters of mixed barley and oat malt. A long list then follows of the allowances of ale amongst the different officials of the house. The ale was of three different kinds—*prima* or *melior*, *secunda*, and *tertia*. The rule was to have one measure of prime and one of second. In the brewhouse four measures of the prime were to be distributed, and two measures on the day in which the ale was to be moved. The servant of the church was to have the holy-water bucket full of *mixta*, in other words part prime and part second, or perhaps a mixture of all three sorts. This *mixta* is undoubtedly the forerunner or ancestor of the half-and-half and three threads of our modern times, and should the student of customs be interested in tracing these habits to their origin he may find in the old annals some clue of more than ordinary value. Every one whose duty it was to aid in carrying the ale was to have two measures of the first and second mixed, and so the list proceeds through all the officers and servants of the priory.

The office of cellarer was often a stepping-stone to some better or more exalted position. John of

Brokehampton, who became abbot of Evesham in 1282, had himself filled the office of cellarer, and amongst many other benefits conferred by him upon the house during his abbacy he built a bakehouse and a brewhouse "not only strongly but sumptuously." Naturally on holidays, or as they facetiously put it "doing the great O," which meant days upon which nothing was done, an extra supply of ale was dispensed to all, and on the occasion of the election of a canon for St. Paul's the records show that foreign wines and other delicacies were added to the feast. In an old Latin-English vocabulary of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there is the following list of the requisites of a brewhouse:

BRASIATRIX, a brewster (a female brewer).
CIMA, a kymnelle (a mash tub).
FORMAX, a furnasse (furnace).
ALVEUM, a trough. BRASIUM, malte.
BAIZISSA, wortte (wort).
DRAGIUM, draf (grains). CALDERIUM, a caldron.
TARATANTARUM, a temse (sieve).
CUVELLA, a kunlion (small tub).
YDROMELLIUM, growte. MOLA, a quern (handmill).
PRUERE, ling (a broom made of ling).

A long number of years ago—and how long none can tell—they had a jingle in Durham which like others of its sort tells in a very few words a rather lengthy story. It ran as follows:

I 'll no more be a nun, nun, nun,
I 'll no more be a nun!
But I 'll be a wife,
And lead a merry life,
And brew good ale by the tun, tun, tun.

As ale grew in popularity many customs arose connected with its drinking and use, some of which have survived in one form or another to the present time, but many through the changes of the centuries have passed away never to be restored. Perhaps the most ancient of all these usages was that of the wassail or, as some of the olden writers were wont to call it, the wassail bowl. When and where and how this custom originated none of the writers either ancient or modern have the temerity to say. Of the fact that it is a very ancient one there is not the slightest doubt, as it is mentioned by many of the old-time authors. Milner in *Archæologia* informs us that

> the introduction of Christianity amongst our ancestors did not at all contribute to the abolition of the practice of wasselling. On the contrary, it began to assume a kind of religious aspect; and the wassell bowl itself, which in the great monasteries was placed on the Abbot's table, at the upper end of the Refectory or Eating Hall, to be circulated among the community at his discretion, received the honorable appellation of "Poculum Charitatis." This in our Universities is called the Grace Cup.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1784 a writer tells us that

> The drinking the wassail bowl or cup was, in all probability, owing to keeping Christmas in the same manner they had before the Feast of Yule. There was nothing the Northern nations so much delighted in as carousing ale, especially at this season when fighting was over. It was likewise the custom at their feasts for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher and drink out of it first himself, and then give it to him that sat next, and

so it went round. One custom more should be remembered; and that is, that it was usual some years ago, in Christmas time, for the poorer people to go from door to door with a Wassail Cup, adorned with ribbons, and a golden apple at the top, singing and begging money for it; the original of which was, that they also might procure lamb's wool to fill it, and regale themselves as well as the rich.

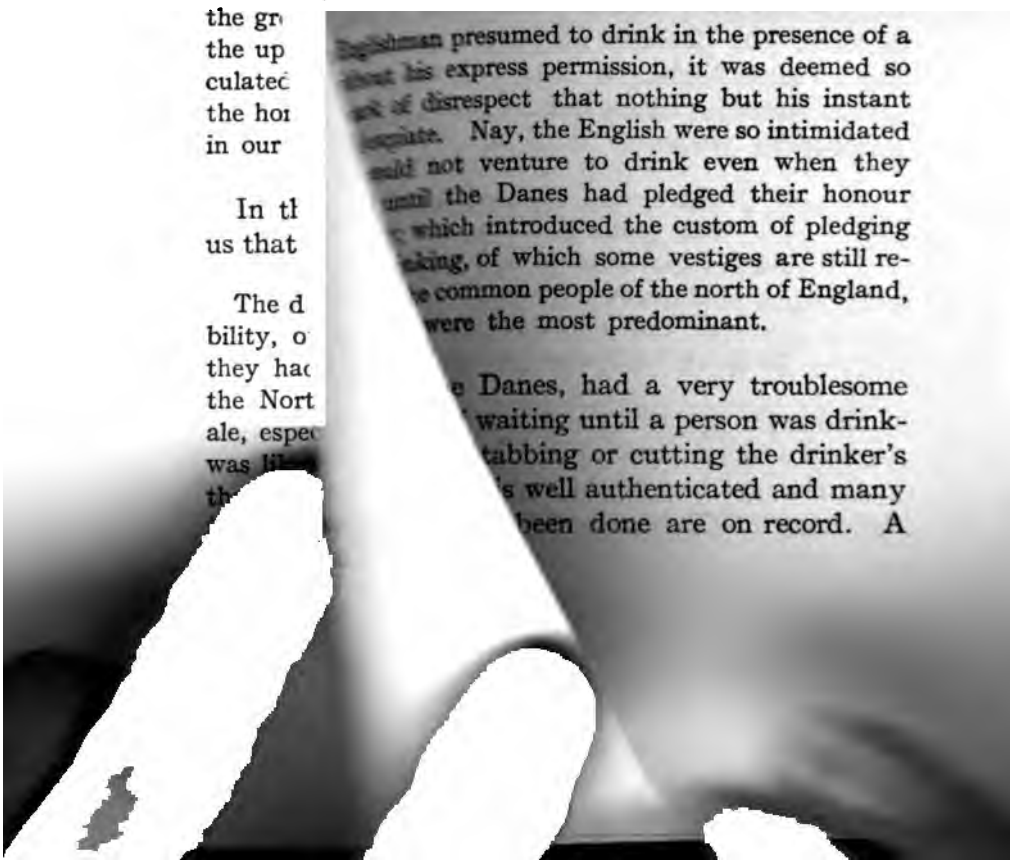
Perhaps, before we proceed any further in our remarks regarding this ancient usage, it would be better to give the reader some idea as to what a wassail bowl consisted of. Of course, its chief ingredient was ale, but added to this was nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crab-apples. This concoction was also known as "lamb's wool," but where the likeness exists or comes in we will leave the reader to decide for himself. It was not only on New Year's Eve that the wassail bowl was in evidence but it extended into the Twelfth Day, when it perhaps was in even greater demand. In Herrick's *Hesperides*, under the title of the "Twelfe Night, Or King and Queen," the third stanza reads as follows and is quite descriptive of this much-loved drink:

Next crowne the bowl full
With gentle lamb's wool;
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And this you must doe
To make the Wassaile a swinger.

Although the wassail was very popular and had countless friends it also had others who did not admire it or the practices that accompanied it, as witness the following: "The pope [says Selden, in his *Table*

Talk, article Pope] in sending relicks to princes, does as wenches do at their Wassels at New Year's Tide—they present you with a cup, and you must drink of a slabby stuff, but the meaning is, that you must give them money, ten times more than it is worth."

Another convivial custom was that of pledging, and if the accounts given us of this practice are at all reliable pledging was a most necessary precaution, especially at the time of its introduction, and smacked more of a defensive measure than of a source of good fellowship. The word pledge is most probably derived from the Dutch *pleegen*, a surety or guage, but as to its real origin we can only speculate. The phrase "I 'll pledge you" in drinking, some claim—and with considerable reason too—first came into use right after the Danes settled in England. Doctor Harrison in his *History of Britain* says:



description of the *modus operandi* of pledging in those times reads as follows:

> The old manner of pledging each other, when they drank, was thus: the person who was going to drink asked any one of the company who sat next to him, whether he would pledge him, on which he, answering that he would, held up his knife or sword, to guard him whilst he drank; for while a man is drinking he necessarily is in an unguarded posture, exposed to the treacherous stroke of some hidden or secret enemy.

The Danes themselves were great drinkers and it was their excesses that in this particular caused Edgar to limit alehouses to one in each village or small town, and he also further ordained that pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups and horns, at stated distances, "and whosoever should drink beyond these marks at one draught should be obnoxious to a severe punishment." A rather unique method of compelling temperance, and it seems to have given rise to a custom which was afterwards called "pin-drinking" or "nick the pin," and instead of inducing the people to more temperate attitudes it produced the opposite effect, and another law had to be established to counteract the evil that arose from the pastime. Cocker's dictionary says of pin-drinking: "An old way of drinking to the pin in the midst of a wooden cup, which, being somewhat difficult, occasioned much drunkenness, so a law was made that priests, monks, and friars should not drink to or at a pin."

In another old-time dictionary, called *Gazophylacium Anglicanum* and printed in 1689, is this definition: "He is on a merry pin" is said to have arisen from a

way of drinking in a cup in which a pin was stuck and he that could drink to the pin, *i. e.* under or over it, was to have the wager." Still another practice was to drink *supernaculum*, but this, according to Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, was not drinking to the pin or nail but to the finger-nail. He explains it thus: "To drink *supernaculum* was an ancient custom, not only in England but also in several parts of Europe, of emptying the cup or glass and then pouring the drop or two that remained at the bottom upon the person's nail that drank it, to show he was no flincher." In the *Winchester Wedding*, a popular ballad of the olden times, is this allusion to *supernaculum:*

> Then Phillip began her health,
> And turned a beer glass on his thumb;
> But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking
> The best in Christendom.

Thomas Young in *England's Bane or the Description of Drunkenness* mentions *supernaculum* along with a list of other practices; he says:

> I myselfe have seen and (to my grief of conscience) may now say have in presence, yea and amongst others, have been an actor in the business, when upon our knees, after healths to many private punkes, a healthe have been drunk to all the w——s in the world. . . . He is a man of no fashion that cannot drinke supernaculum, carouse the hunter's hoop, quaffe upsey-freese crosse, bowse in Permoysaunt, in Pimlico in Crambo with healths, gloves numpes, frolicks, and a thousand such domineering inventions, as by the bell, by the cards, by the dye, by the dozen, by the yard and so by the measure we drink out of measure. There are in London drinking schools; so that drunkennesse is

professed with us as a liberal arte and science. I have seen a company among the very woods and forests drinking for a muggle. Sixe detirmined to trie their strengthes, who could drink most glasses for the muggle. The first drinkes a glass of a pint, the second two the next three so every one multiplieth till the last taketh sixe. Then the first beginneth againe and taketh seven, and in this manner they drinke thrice apiece round, every man taking a glass more than his fellow, so that he that dranke least which was the first, drank one and twenty pints, and the sixth man thirty-six.

We have heretofore made mention of the old-time Romans and Greeks having a somewhat extended capacity for liquid refreshments, but when it comes to consuming eighteen quarts, or four gallons and a half, in one bout, language fails to express our sentiments, and until other information can be obtained on the subject, the credit, if such it can be termed, lies with the ancient Briton. Written along the same lines is another old book entitled *Philocothonista or The Drunkard Opened, Dissected and Anatomized.* This book was published in 1635 or eighteen years later than that of Thomas Young, and deals mostly with current topics; in one chapter the author writes:

Of drinking cups divers and sundry sorts we have; some of elme, some of box, some of maple, some of holly, &c., mazers broad mouthd disges, noggins, whiskins, piggins, crinzes, ale-bowles, court-dishes, tankards, from a bottle to a pint from a pint to a gill. Other bottles we have of leather, but they most used amongst the shepards and harvest-people of the countrey: small jacks we have in many ale-houses, of the citie and suburbs, tip't with silver,

besides the great black jacks at the court, which when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported at their return into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drink out of their bootes; we have besides cups made of hornes of beasts, of cocker-nuts, of goords, of the eggs of the estriches, others made of the shells of divers fishes brought from the Indies and other places, and shining like mother of pearle. Come to plate, every tavern can afford you flat bowles, French bowles, beakers; and private house-holders in the citie, when they make a feast to entertaine their friends, can furnish their cupboards with flagons, tankards, beere-cups, wine-bowles, some white some purcell guilt [partly gilded], some guilt all over, some with covers, others without of sundry shapes and qualities.

On page 51 he says:

There is now professed an eighth liberal art or science, called Ars Bibendi, *i. e.*, the art of Drinking. The students or professors thereof call a greene garland, or painted hoope hang'd out, a colledge: a signe where there is lodging, man's-meate and horse-meate, an inne of court, an hall or an hostle: where nothing is sold but ale and tobacco a grammar schoole, for all comers. . . . The bookes which they studdy, and whose leaves they so often turn over, are, for the most part, three of the old translation and three of the new. Those of the old translation: 1. The Tankard. 2. The Black Jacke. 3. The quart-pot rib'd or Thorndell. Those of the new be these: 1. The Jugge. 2. The Beaker. 3. The double or single can or Black-pot. Among the proper phrases belonging to the library are "to drinke upse-freese, supernaculum, to swallow a slap-dragon, or a rawe egge—to see that no lesse than three at once be bare to a health."

Again he observes:

Many of our nation have used the Lowe-countrey warres so long, that though they have left their money and clothes behind, yet they have brought their habit of drinking.

Finally our author gives the following phrases in use for being drunk:

Hee is foxt, hee is flawed, hee is flustered, hee is suttle, cupshot, cut in the leg or backe, hee hath whip't the cat, hee hath been at the scriveners and learned to make indentures, hee hath bit his grannam, or is bit by a barne-weesell.

Upse-freese was a very beavy beer imported from Friesland. Another beer of like nature and, at that time, very popular in England was *upse-dutch*, which as its name indicates came from Holland. These beers were exceedingly strong and intoxicating and it was, perhaps, on this account that they were so well liked by the people who could afford to purchase them—for it must be remembered that they were far more costly than the domestic article.

The drinking of healths dates away beyond the history of England, but on the other hand toasting is decidedly of English origin and according to the *Tattler*, vol. i., No. 24, originated as follows:

It happened that on a publick day [so reads the article] a celebrated beauty of those times (Charles the Second) was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore though he liked not the liquor, he would have the

toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquor, who has ever since been called a toast.

The fellow's remark was undoubtedly called forth by a most common practice then in vogue of putting pieces of toast in ale, which perforce may have had its origin in the wassail bowl.

In the *New Help to Discourse* printed in 1684 is the subjoined:

> A toast is like a sot; or what is most
> Compatitive, a sot is like a toast;
> For when their substances in liquor sink,
> Both properly are said to be in drink.

The seventeenth century was most prolific in publications for and against the use of liquors. Some of these books are rare specimens of fanaticism and exaggeration, while others though more moderate in tone nevertheless condemn strongly the almost universal habit of inebriation that existed in England at that time. Perhaps the subject called for vigorous language and no middle way could be tolerated. London was honeycombed with inns and ale-houses and one writer alone, Samuel Pepys, mentions nearly three hundred which he visited more or less frequently within the ten years he writes of in his diary, and these were considered to be more or less respectable.

Naturally, where there was so much drinking, laws appertaining to and governing the practice would be in vogue; some of course would be the result of custom, while others would arise from circumstances and environment. In the matter of health-drinking

Braithwait's *Law of Drinking*—a book published in 1617—has this to say:

These cups proceed in order or out of order, In order when no person transgresseth or drinkes out of course, but the cup goes round according to their manner of sitting; and this we call an health cup, because in our wishing or confirming of any one's health, bare-headed and standing, it is performed by all the company. It is drunk without order, when the course or method of order is not observed, and that the cup passeth on to whomsoever we shall appoint.

Again he states, "Some joyne two cups one upon another, and drinke them together."

In the fourth decade of the same century it was or became the fashion to drink healths upon the knees. How long this idea prevailed it cannot be said and what gave rise to the practice none of the writers of the period seem inclined to state. A. M. Josevin who visited England during the reign of Charles II. was for a time at the Stag Inn in Worcester, and what he observed and says upon the subject of health-drinking there can be found in *The Antiquarian Repertory*, ii., p. 98. Part of his remarks, however, are as follows:

According to the custom of the country, the landladies sup with the strangers and passengers, and if they have daughters, they are also of the company, to entertain the guests at table with pleasant conceits, where they drink as much as the men: but what is to me the most disgusting in all this is that when one drinks the health of any person in the company, the custom of the country does not permit you to drink more than half the cup, which is filled up and presented to him or her whose health you have drank.

At weddings, deaths, and christenings, ale, of course, was one of the most important adjuncts of the occasion. In fact, it may be said in all truth that the old English people never assembled at any function without ale being on the premises or near at hand. Bargains and sales were always consummated with a glass and any one entering upon a new occupation had to supply all connected in any manner with his project with foot-ale to drink, presumably to the success of the new venture. It was at weddings, however, in those early times that ale became of more than ordinary importance; in fact, so great was its value on these occasions that it received the distinction of a separate and special classification. At the outset it was known as "bride-ale" which after a while included "bride-bush," "bride-stake," "bidding" and "bride-wain," all of which were synonymous; and more especially is this the case with the first three of the above headings, which for brevity's sake will all be considered under the head of bride-ale.

When a young couple were about to be married the relations and friends of both furnished them with the necessary ingredients and implements to manufacture ale for their wedding feast. After the ceremony had been performed the bride began to dispense the results of her brewing, but in this case every one who partook of it was expected to pay. No stated price was stipulated, but the guests gave or paid according to their means and liking for the happy pair, and it is recorded that very considerable sums were raised in this manner with which the newly wedded people could start upon their life's journey. For many years the practice was kept in force and was

carefully observed, but gradually there crept into it an element of what might be called after-profit, or in other words much more ale was made than could be disposed of on that day, and rather than suffer a loss the sale was continued for an indefinite period until at last we find the following—taken from the court-rolls of Hales-Owen Borough, in the county of Salpo, of the 15th year of Queen Elizabeth:

Custom of bride-ale—Item. a payne is made that no person or persons that shall brewe any weddyn-ale to sell, shall not brewe above twelve strike of mault at the most, and that the said person so married shall not keepe or have above eight messe of persons at his dinner within the burrowe: and before his brydall daye he shall keep no unlawfull games in hys house, nor out of hys house on pain of 20 shilling.

This plainly shows that the privilege was greatly abused and what was originally intended for a benefit became almost the reverse. Perhaps a better idea to which this state of affairs had arrived at can be had from the following quotation taken from *In the Christen State of Matrimony*, printed in 1543. "When they come home from the church," says the author, "then beginneth excesse of eatying and drinking and as much is wasted in one daye as were sufficient for the two newe-maried folkes half a year to lyve upon."

There is a trait that, while it is perhaps more or less universal, yet we find that in England it is carried much further than elsewhere. We refer to the habit of miscalling or nicknaming the various beverages that were in use among the people. Whether it arises from a spirit of inventiveness, or is only done as a

slight deception, it is hard to assert, but the fact remains that the English almost from the beginning indulged in this pastime. After ale had become the national drink we often find it referred to as "barley broth" and "oyle of barley" and later on such names as "huff-cap," "heavy-wet," "nipitatum" or "nipatato," "humming" and innumerable other appellations of like character were bestowed upon it.

Among the numerous names for small beers were such nice-sounding ones as "whip-belly-vengeance" and "rotgut." We have already learned that the wassail bowl had at least two names and this multiplicity can be extended almost beyond limit. Names were also applied to the occasions and affairs, such as "leet-ale," "church-ale," "clerk-ale," "Grace-ale," "Bede-ales," "Whitsuntide-ale" and so on through a category that would fill columns. Of course there were many kinds of ale that were dependent upon their various ingredients, while others were treated differently in the process of malting. Under the first heading were "Hysope-ale," "worm-wood ale," "ale of rosemary" and "Bettony." "Heather ale" was of very ancient origin in certain parts of the country and butter-ale was most plentiful in the seventeenth century. The second heading comprises such ales as "Burton," "Hull," "Derby" and a host of other towns all more or less celebrated for their brewing. There was the celebrated "twy-browen," a double-brewed ale claimed by some to be the ancestor of doble-doble, the strong domestic brew of Elizabethan times. Of this ale an old writer says "it sold for a groat a quart and is as strong as wine and will burn like sack."

Pharaoh-beer was made at Bailey in Cambridgeshire a hundred years or more ago, and was noted for its strength. "Stingo" was a very strong ale brewed in Yorkshire. White ale is of great antiquity and is supposed to have originated at Kingsbridge, though the method of making it has always been a secret confined to a few families. It does not improve by keeping, so only small quantities are brewed at a time and as soon as possible it is put into bottles. It is described as being a luscious liquid of which the people say "it is meat, drink and cloth combined." At Cornwall they make an ale somewhat similar to the above which they call laboragol. Norfolk nog, as the name indicates, was made in Norfolk. Tradition says that this ale was remarkable for its strength and it was owing to this quality that it was also called "Clamber-skull" in reference to the rapidity with which it mounted to the heads of its votaries. Many of the colleges and ancient seats of learning brewed their own ales and were as proud of their product as any professional brewer could be. According to reports some of them were far above the average and deserved all the praise they received. Trinity College ale was, and still is, known as "Trinity audit," and if tradition can be relied upon it is hardly short of perfection, for:

> Oh, in truth it gladdens the heart to see
> What may spring from the Ale of Trinitie,—
> A scholar—a fellow,—a rector blithe
> (Fit to take any amount of tithe),
> Perhaps a bishop—perhaps by grace
> One may mount to the archiepiscopal place,

And wield the crosier, an awful thing,
The envy of all, and—the parson's King!
O Jove, who would struggle with learning pale,
That could beat down the world by the strength of ale?
For *me*,—I avow, could my thoughtless prime
Come back with the wisdom of mournful time,
I 'd labour—I 'd toil—by night and by day
(Mixing liquors and books away)
Till I conquer'd that high and proud degree,
M.A. [Master of Ale] of Trinitie.

The above lines will suffice to give the reader an idea as to the manner in which the students and also the faculty as well view the question of ale-brewing at college. Besides the regular malt and hop ales, the English made and do make yet other ales some of which are palatable and wholesome. The list is a rather extended one and accordingly we will give only the more noted and popular, which includes "cowslip-ale," "blackberry-ale," "horseradish-ale," "china-ale," "apricot-ale," and "elderberry-beer," "egg ale," "cock ale," and "ebulon." "Cowslip-ale" according to *The London and County Brewer*, 1774, was made as follows: "Take a bushel of the flowers of cowslip, pick'd out of the husks, and when your ale hath done working put them loose in the barrel without bruising. Let it stand a fortnight before you bottle it, and when you bottle it put a lump of sugar in each bottle."

The recipe for making cock-ale reads:

Take a cock of half a year old, kill and truss him well, and put into a cask twelve gallons of ale to which add four pounds of raisins of the sun well picked, stoned, washed and dryed; sliced dates half a pound; nutmeg and

mace two ounces: Infuse the dates and spices in a quart of canary twenty-four hours, then boil the cock in a manner to a jelly, till a gallon of water is reduced to two quarts; then press the body of him extremely well and put the liquor into the cask where the ale is, with the spices and fruit adding a few blades of mace, then put to it a pint of new ale yeast, and let it work well for a day, and in two days you may broach it for use or in hot weather the second day, and if it proves too strong, you may add more plain ale to palliate this restorative drink which contributed much to the invigorating of nature.

But when it comes to something that is really and genuinely superior in the invigorating line, egg ale is something that must on no account be overlooked. There were several methods of making this wonderful beverage but the following seems to be the most popular one: "To twelve gallons of ale was added the gravy of eight pounds of beef, a pound of raisins, oranges, and spice; twelve eggs and the gravy beef were then placed in a linen bag and left in the barrel until the ale had ceased to ferment, when two quarts of Malaga sack were added. After a period of three weeks in cask the ale was bottled and was in a short time ready for use.

All the accepted elements of nourishment were included in this beverage, but what about the taste? And can it be wondered at that the English of those days were a sturdy and hardy race when such drinks as the two just mentioned were on their daily bill of fare? Another beverage, but one that has gone through a series of changes, is that called purl. In the beginning it is said that purl contained the following ingredients: Roman wormwood, gentian root, calamus

aromaticus, snake root, horseradish, dried orange-peel, juniper berries, seeds of Seville oranges, and a pound or two of galingale placed in ale and allowed to stand for some months. Later on it was greatly simplified and consisted only of a dash of gin put into hot ale and was known to a certain class as dogsnose. Aside from the list of glasses given elsewhere, the English had two others that were decidedly original, to say the least. The first bore the name of ale-yard and was a trumpet-shaped glass, exactly a yard in length, the narrow end being closed, and expanded into a large ball. Its internal capacity is a little more than a pint, and when filled with ale many a thirsty tyro has been challenged to empty it without taking it from his mouth. This is no easy task. So long as the tube contains fluid it flows out smoothly, but when air reaches the bulb it displaces the liquor with a splash, startling the toper, and compelling him involuntarily to withdraw his mouth by the rush of the cold liquid over his face and dress. The other vessels were known as wager or puzzle jugs and while they were easily filled they were decidedly difficult to empty; some had secret passages up the handle or the contents would only flow through one nozzle or spout; others were so arranged that only by closing certain holes with the fingers could the drinker manage to suck the contents. Some of the jugs were plain, but many of them were inscribed as below:

From Mother Earth I claim my birth,
I 'm made a joke to man;
But now I 'm here filled with good beer
Come taste me if you can.

The next most popular drink in England, following ale and beer, is that known as porter, which in a comparative sense is a very modern beverage indeed. According to the records it was one Ralph Harwood, who in 1730 had a brewhouse on the east side of High Street, Shoreditch, who was the original maker of this world-famous drink. At first he called it entire or entire butts, but these names were not in accord with public sentiment and it was not long before it began to be called porter. How this appellation came to be applied to the liquor is still a matter of doubt and controversy.

There are several stories, all more or less plausible, but none of them are fully satisfying in detail when they come to be closely scrutinised. One theory is that, owing to the many porters in Shoreditch at the time, it received its new name through their fondness for the drink. Pennant in his *London* leans strongly to this idea. He says, "It is a wholesome liquor, which enables the London porter-drinkers to undergo tasks that ten gin-drinkers would sink under." Another explanation of the origin of the name is that Harwood sent round his men to his customers with the liquor, and that the men would announce their arrival and their business by the cry of "Porter!" meaning not the beer but the bearer.

What first induced Harwood to make porter was the idea of saving time and labour. Simple ale or beer was not much in vogue at taverns and brewhouses—the people demanded and expected to receive a mixture; half-and-half was a very common combination and three threads was almost as popular, and therefore in order to supply these mixtures it was

necessary to make at least two drawings from different casks, and frequently three was the common number; this of course took time and was furthermore laborious, so Harwood bethought himself of making the three, ale, beer and two-penny, together at the time of brewing, and after several trials he succeeded in doing so and was rewarded with the most gratifying success. Originally the word "stout" was used to describe a strong or stout beer, but after a while it was applied solely to a heavy brown beer much stronger than porter and with a greater proportion of hops.

For some time porter was drunk in the inns and taverns in its natural state, but after a time there arose a fashion of blending it with stout. This mixture received the name of cooper from the fact that it was a person of that name who kept a house in Broad Street, opposite to where the excise office stood, who was the one to introduce the idea. Afterwards the mixture was brewed entire the same as porter.

The condition of England during the periods we have so often mentioned was so far different from that of to-day and so totally foreign to any existing conditions that to draw a parallel between then and now would almost be impossible. The excise was the greatest revenue-producer in the kingdom and in the last year of the reign of Charles the Second it exceeded the customs by fifty-five thousand pounds; but England was then awakening and was beginning to realise her importance as a maritime and manufacturing nation, and therefore it is of the earlier times of the sixteenth century that we will speak, principally through the voice of J. Leander Bishop, A.M., M.D., in his history of *American Manufactures*. He says:

The condition of the common people, and even of the wealthy classes, was therefore but tardily improved during the slow growth of knowledge and of industry. And when manufactures began to revive under favorable auspices, the injurious effects of monopolies, growing out of the abuse of royal prerogative, by limiting its profits to a favored few, repressed all competition and all stimulus to improvement. The condition of the English people, as respects their civilisation and social comfort in the century which includes the very early history of the American colonies, may be inferred from a few facts, which supply the place of correct statistics. During the comparatively tranquil reign of Elizabeth, England had rapidly progressed in wealth and power; and as history too commonly deals only with the intrigues of courts and cabinets, and the action of illustrious persons, it might be inferred, from the splendor of the court and nobility, that the common people of England were in a condition of comparative comfort. In mere outward display, particularly of dress, upholstery, and retinue, those days exceeded our own; but in point of comfort, even the nobility and gentry of the sixteenth century scarcely equalled the humblest peasantry or mechanic of England or the United States at this time [1861]; while the latter classes were for the most part worse fed, clothed and lodged than any class at present known among us. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the houses of the common people were, many of them, built of mud and wood, thatched with straw, and consisted of one room without division of stories. The floor was the bare earth or clay covered with rushes or straw, under which, says Erasmus, lay everything that was nauseous. (These floors, or perhaps it would be better to say these floor spaces, were dug up and the soil taken away and treated so as to obtain the saltpetre or nitre which it contained in abundance). Chimneys were almost unknown, even in the houses of the gentry; and

late in the century, even in the larger towns, but few houses contained a chimney. The fire was kindled against a hob of clay called the *rere dosse*, in the back or centre of the room, which was filled with smoke from wood—the only fuel used—that found its way out through an opening or lantern in the roof. In this apartment the family dined and dressed their meals; and in farmhouses the oxen often lived under the same roof. The utensils were mostly of wood, for glass was scarce and pottery wholly unknown. In the reign of Henry VIII., no fire was allowed in the University of Oxford. Glass windows, carpets, chairs, and looking-glasses were still less common than chimneys; and forks were not known until the time of James I. Glass windows in Elizabeth's reign were movable furniture in the houses of the nobility, and the dining-halls of the gentry were covered with rushes or straw. The bedding consisted of straw pallets or rough mats covered only by a sheet, with a good round log instead of a bolster or pillow. An old annalist says: "As for servants, if they had any sheet abive them it was well; for seldom had they any under their bidies to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvas of the pallet, and fased their hardened hides." A mattress or flock-bed and sack of chaff for pillow were considered evidences of prosperity in one who had been seven years married, who considered himself "as well lodged as the lord of the town."

Skipton castle, one of the most splendid mansions of the North, had but seven beds, and none of the chambers had chairs, glasses or carpets. Even the baronial household of Northumberland, in the beginning of the century, employed but two cooks for a retinue of two hundred persons, including seventy strangers daily counted upon; had no sheets, and the table linen, often extremely costly, was washed about once a month. Forty shillings was the yearly allowance for the washing of the household. The earl had three country seats with furniture but for one,

and carried all with him when he removed, one cart sufficing for all the kitchen utensils, cook's beds, etc.

The food of artificers and laborers in Henry the Eighth's reign was "horsecorn, beans, peason, oats, tares, and lentils." Barley bread was the usual food of the poorer classes in 1626, and white bread was but little used by them in 1689. Even as late as 1725, when an improved agriculture had made wheat bread common in the southern counties, in Cumberland, it is said, none but a rich family used a peck of wheat in a year, and that at Christmas. A wheaten loaf was only found after much search in the shops of Carlisle. Servants and the very poor ate dry bran bread, sometimes mixed with rye meal. Yet the English peasantry were better fed than the French at that period, who ate apples, water, and rye meal. Corn was mostly ground at home by the *quern* or the hand-mill, in the time of Elizabeth. Holland at that time supplied London with vegetables, and a century later a large part of England was an unproductive waste. In the early reign of Henry VIII., it has been said, not a cabbage, carrot, turnip, or other edible root grew in England.

Travelling was most tedious and perillous, as well on account of the wretched condition of the roads as the prevalence of moss-troopers and highwaymen, who as late as the time of Charles II. were hunted with blood-hounds. In the reign of Henry VIII., it is said, seventy thousand thieves were hanged in England. Until the middle of the sixteenth century nearly all travelling was done on horseback, and goods were transported on pack-horses, the foremost wearing a bell to warn travellers to turn out to let them pass, such was the narrowness of the way. Coaches did not become general until the time of Elizabeth or later, when they were without springs and very clumsy. The queen in her old age is said to have reluctantly used so effeminate a conveyance, which it was a disgrace for a young man to be seen to use; and she is said also to

have declined a breakfast at Cambridge because she had *twelve miles* to travel before she slept. Turnpikes were established by act of Parliament in the time of Charles II., but the gates were pulled down by a mob. In 1703, public coaches were advertised to perform the whole journey from London to York in *four days!* And in 1760 a coach left Edinburgh for London once a month, and occupied a month in the journey. Owing to the difficulties of transportation many articles were nearly worthless a few miles from any market.

The above account though short and concise is a most graphic description of England at that period both socially and otherwise, but there is one feature which Mr. Bishop seems to have overlooked entirely, and that is the inns and taverns of the same era, and perhaps it would be better to turn to the pages of Macaulay's *History of England* for an impartial account and one of whose accuracy there can be no doubt. After giving a very interesting narration of the various highwaymen and their methods of depriving the unwary traveller of his wealth Lord Macaulay says:

All the various dangers by which the traveller was beset were greatly increased by darkness. He was therefore commonly desirous of having the shelter of a roof during the night; and such shelter it was not difficult to obtain. From a very early period the inns of England had been renowned. Our first great poet [Chaucer] has described the excellent accommodation which they afforded to the pilgrim of the fourteenth century. Nine and twenty persons with their horses found room in the wide chambers and stables of the Tabard in Southwark. The food was of the best and the wines such as drew the company to drink largely. Two hundred years later under the reign of

Elizabeth, William Harrison gave a lively description of the plenty and comfort of the great hostelries. The continent of Europe he said could show nothing like them. There were some in which two or three hundred people with their horses could without difficulty be lodged and fed. The bedding, the tapestry, above all the abundance of the clean and fine linen, was matter of wonder. Valuable plate was often set upon the tables. Nay, there were signs which had cost thirty or forty pounds. In the seventeenth century England abounded with excellent inns of every rank. The traveller sometimes, in a small village, lighted on a public house such as Walton has described, where the brick floor was swept clean, where the walls were stuck round with ballads, where the sheets smelt of lavender, and where a blazing fire, a cup of good ale, and a dish of trouts fresh from the neighboring brook, were to be procured at small charge. At the large houses of entertainment were to be found beds hung with silk, choice cookery, and claret equal to the best that was drunk in London.

The innkeepers, too, it was said, were not like other innkeepers. On the continent the landlord was the tyrant of those who crossed the threshold. In England he was a servant. Never was an Englishman more at home than when he took his ease at an inn. Even men of fortune, who might in their own mansions have enjoyed every luxury, were often in the habit of passing their evenings in the parlour of some neighboring house of entertainment. They seem to have thought that comfort and freedom could in no other place be enjoyed in equal perfection. This feeling continued during many generations to be a national peculiarity. The liberty and jollity of inns long furnished matter to our novelists and dramatists. Johnson declared that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity; and Shenstone gently complained that no private roof, however friendly, gave the wanderer

so warm a welcome as that which was to be found at an inn.

(Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er its stages might have been,
Must sigh to think that he has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.)

Many conveniences which were unknown at Hampton Court and Whitehall in the seventeenth century are to be found in our modern hotels. Yet on the whole it is certain that the improvement of our modern houses of public entertainment has by no means kept pace with the improvement of our roads and our conveyances. Nor is this strange; for it is evident that, all other circumstances being supposed equal, the inns will be best where the means of locomotion are worst. The quicker the rate of travelling, the less important it is that there should be numerous agreeable resting places for the traveller. A hundred and sixty years ago [about 1690] a person who came up to the capital from a remote county generally required twelve or fifteen meals, and lodging for five or six nights by the way. If he were a great man, he expected the meals and lodging to be comfortable and even luxurious. At present we fly from York or Chester to London by the light of a single winter's day. At present, therefore, a traveller seldom interrupts his journey merely for the sake of rest and refreshment. The consequence is that hundreds of excellent inns have fallen into decay. In a short time no good houses of that description will be found, except at places where strangers are likely to be detained by business or pleasure.

The historian, it seems, is at a loss to explain why the English showed such a decided preference for inn or tavern life, but had he delved a little deeper into

the question perhaps the solution would have been simple. Of course the causes for this state of affairs were many and varied, but undoubtedly the chief incentive was cleanliness. There is a feeling, in civilised mankind, of repugnance for dirt and filth. Of course in some this sentiment is stronger than in others and it grows in proportion as they are enabled to view conditions by contrast. Mr. Bishop has shown us that in private houses, even those of the nobility, dirt and filthiness reigned supreme while at the same time the inns and taverns of the country were noted for their cleanliness and the good fare they offered their patrons. Again, these public houses were the means of bringing together congenial people where several hours could be passed in pleasant conversation and exchange of ideas; the news of the day could also be discussed and perhaps these worthy souls would occasionally indulge in a little gossip. Society, aside from that to be found in the inns and taverns, was very primitive, and taking these views of the question the wonder is that there was any home life in England during this epoch in their history.

The English people have always shown a great love for wine, and possibly it comes from the fact that the island was settled by people who came from wine-drinking countries, which of course we know to be true, and furthermore there can be but little doubt as to their having the taste and liking continued through the means of inheritance. There are no authentic records in existence telling when the vine was first planted or introduced into England, but it is generally admitted that the Romans were the people who began the experiment. The vine, of course, will grow in

England and it has been grown there for many centuries, but in order that it shall arrive at anything like perfection, it must be treated as an exotic or garden plant. Vineyards have often been attempted, but none have ever proven successful from a commercial point of view, though in a way it can be said that in times long past England did make considerable wine. The monks, we are told, made a fair quantity of wine from grapes grown in their gardens; and in the eleventh and twelfth centuries the amount of wine made in England, so it is said, ran into thousands of gallons.

The Isle of Ely from the abundance of its vintage is said to have been at one time denominated "the isle of vines"; and its bishop, shortly after the conquest, commonly exacted three or four *tuns* of wine as the tithe of the vineyard, while a certain amount was reserved in his leases for rent. But even in that island, which was the most favoured place of its culture, the growth of the vine was neither permanent nor valuable; for it appears that in some seasons the produce was merely verjuice, showing clearly that no human skill or exertion could make the vine flourish in a country in which it was an alien.

At Raganeia, in the hundred of Rochford, a vineyard of six "arpents" is said to have yielded on an average twenty *modii* of wine. We are also told that Gloucester excelled all other parts of England, in the abundance and pleasant taste of its grapes, and that the wine was of a superior description, little inferior to the wines of France. Windsor Park was noted for its grapes; part of the produce the king kept for himself, a part was sold for his profit, and the tithe on the

whole formed a part of the living of the abbot of Waltham, parson both of old and new Windsor.

"Notwithstanding these historic records, it may be asked, If the growth of the vine was natural or flourishing in England, why discontinue it, or send such sums of money to foreign countries for an article which might be so cheaply procured at home?" asks Samuel Morewood. The answer is obvious:

England is not the country for its cultivation either with respect to soil or climate, and we find that even in the times in which the vine is said to have flourished most, foreign wines were imported very largely, a proof that the home produce was very scanty and that to prosecute the cultivation of the vine was neither successful nor profitable. Misled by the specious reports of William of Malmesbury, Bede, Stowe, and others, many in England attempted to cultivate the vine, but without advantageous effect; and we find in the present day that it thrives best when treated as an exotic in our gardens and greenhouses: England being a country so far north and so exposed to cold and moisture of the great western ocean, that it could not be expected to be favourable to its culture.

This is fully corroborated by the endeavours made some few years since to establish vineyards in the Isle of Wight, but those efforts completely failed in consequence of the causes just mentioned. There are, however, instances in England of the vine growing to great perfection, such as that planted in 1758 at St. Valentine in Essex, which has extended to more than two hundred feet; and it was known in one year to yield two thousand bunches of ripe grapes. The vine at Hampton palace, planted in 1769, has a stem thirteen inches in circumference, with branches fourteen feet long. It has produced in one year upwards

of two thousand bunches of grapes, the average of each bunch being a pound.

The *Doomsday Book* also gives a number of items in reference to the cultivation of the grape and the making of wine in various parts of the country, but of the whole list none survived more than a few years at the most. On the other hand, though, if the soil and climate of England is not favourable to the grape, other fruits grow in luxuriant profusion and it was not long before the people recognised their value in a wine-making capacity. Fruits, however, were not the only thing these people exerted their ingenuity upon: flowers and vegetables had to play their parts as well in allaying the thirst, while trees of various sorts were also replevined in order to extract from them a beverage more or less intoxicating. Several writers have classified these wines under the title "home wines" and perhaps no better name could be bestowed upon them, for while they are undoubtedly made in goodly quantities yet the amount has never been sufficient to warrant their being put upon the market as a staple article of commerce. Some of these home wines call for and receive far more attention than would be bestowed on the ordinary wines of the grape. For an example we append a recipe taken form an old cook book for the making of rhubarb wine.

Take [it says] fifty pounds of rhubarb and thirty-seven pounds of good moist sugar. Have ready a tub that holds from fifteen to twenty gallons. Bore a hole near the bottom for a tap. In this tub bruise the rhubarb, add four gallons of clear cold water, stir well; cover with a blanket and let stand for twenty-four hours; then draw

off the liquor through the tap; add one or two more gallons of water to the pulp, let it be well stirred, and allowed to remain an hour or two to settle, then draw off; mix the two liquors together and in it dissolve the thirty-seven pounds of sugar. Let the tub be made clean and return the liquor to it, cover with a blanket and place in a room the temperature of which is not below 60 Fahr. Here it is to remain twenty-four, forty-eight, or more hours until there is an appearance of fermentation having begun, when it should be drawn off into the ten gallon cask, as clear as possible which cask must be filled up to the bung-hole with cold water; if there is not liquor enough, let it lean to one side a little that it may discharge itself. If there is any liquor left in the tub not quite fine, pass it through a flannel bag *without squeezing* and fill with that instead of water. As the fermentation proceeds and the liquor diminishes, it must be filled up more moderate, when the bung should be put on, and a gimlet hole made by the side of it, fitted with a spile; this spile should be taken out every two or three days, according to the state of the fermentation, for eight or ten days, to allow some of the carbonic acid gas to escape. When this state is passed the cask may be kept full by pouring a little liquor in at the vent-hole once a week or ten days, for three or four weeks. This operation is performed at long intervals of a month or more, till the end of December, when on a fine frosty day it should be racked off from the lees as fine as possible; the turbid part passed through a flannel bag as before. Make the cask clean, return the liquor to it; fine with isinglass, put the bung in firmly. Choose a clear dry day in March for bottling it. Use champagne bottles, as common bottles are not strong enough; wire down the corks.

The compiler of the ancient book from which the above is taken informs her readers that this recipe is

good not only for rhubarb but for all kinds of fruits—gooseberries, currants, blackberries, strawberries, and so on through the whole list.

The second branch of home wines, if so we may classify them, are the vegetable wines, which are made from various tubers and roots such as parsnips, turnips, potatoes, radishes, and like products of the garden. These vegetable wines when carefully and properly made are often superior in quality, and owing to the amount of sugar which is to be found in the tubers are very often strong in alcohol and therefore will readily intoxicate the unwary. Parsnip wine, in particular, which takes at least two years to perfect, is a heady beverage, equalling a heavy port though in colour it resembles pure clear water. Rape wine is another concoction that contains an undue amount of stimulation and latent energy; it is of very ancient origin, owing perhaps to the fact that the plant or roots from which it was made grew wild and therefore were easily procurable. The common potato soon after its introduction into England furnished these inquisitive and experimental people with a wine-like beverage that by many is said to be of tolerable quality.

The tubers are first subjected to a severe frost, after which they are bruised and put into a press: for every bushel of these, ten gallons of boiled water is prepared. Into this water is put one half-pound of hops and a half-pound of ginger, which, after having been again boiled for thirty minutes, is poured on the mashed potatoes in a vessel adapted for the purpose. Here it is suffered to remain three days, when barm—ale yeast—is added; the liquor is carefully drawn off into casks, when one half-pound of common sugar is put to every gallon of the con-

tents. In this state it is kept for three or four months, before it is considered fit for drinking. Turnip wine while plentifully made is very rarely sold as such; in fact so versatile and retiring is this beverage that to obtain the genuine article one must perforce give it some foreign name, such as Chateau Yquem, or again Schloss Johannisberger, though perhaps you may prefer a red wine, when Burgundy, especially any of the better known brands, will do as well; while as a claret La Rose, La Fitte, or any of the popular and costly brands will generally succeed in procuring for you a fine sample of what the London imitators can do with turnip wine.

An exceedingly fine quality of sherry and port can also be had from this accommodating tuber, and while England may not be able to grow many grapes she can and does grow a plentiful supply of turnips; but England is not a wine-making country properly speaking.

The blossoms of the dandelion, when gathered at the right season and treated according to the formula of the accomplished housewife, make a wine so closely resembling the finer wines of the Rhine that it troubles even the expert to distinguish which is which. Our German cousins, however, need never fear competition from this source, for, while a few gallons of this wine can be made at home in a profitable way if the children can be induced to gather the flowers, to attempt making it in quantities large enough for the market would almost be impossible owing to the cost of labour.

Cowslip wine is another of these flower wines which have been pronounced by good judges to be worthy of a more exalted place in the list of beverages. It has often been confounded with the muscatel of Southern France and many a guest at some wayside

inn has undoubtedly been regaled with this native product instead of the foreign brand for which he called, and has never been the wiser. The flowers of the elder like the berries of the same plant furnish the careful and economical housewife, and others too, with a product that through some unlucky accident has more than once been confused with Frontignac.

Elderberry wine we all know bears a close relationship to the famous ports; in fact so near is this connection that often the relative is taken—or shall it be said given?—for the more celebrated wine, and, sad to relate, without detection. Of course such a thing would not be *intentionally* done by any of mine hosts, but we all recognise the fact that to err is human.

If any of our ladies, and especially the young ladies, were asked to tell from what *tampoy*—a beverage that at one time was very common and quite plentiful in England—was made they, like their brothers too, would most likely fail to guess; and when they learn that the English people of olden times were so prosaic as to steep the fragrant and beautiful carnation pink in ale and wine to make *tampoy* they may think they could have found something else and left the flowers alone. Perhaps they could, but it must be remembered that according to the French the nose is the best guide for the stomach and if this is true surely there can be no more acceptable delicacy than the pink.

In the olden times this flower was known as the *gilofre* and to-day it is often referred to, in England more particularly, as the gilly flower. But perhaps our young ladies will find it a little relief to their sentiment that according to the botanist the gilly flower is not the cultivated carnation but the one that our grand-

mothers called the clove pink, which blooms so profusely in July and of which the word gilly is said to be a corruption. Chaucer says:

> And many a clove gilofre
> To put in ale.

Edmund Spenser in *The Faerie Queene* calls them sops in wine, which name was applied in consequence of their being steeped in wine and is more practical than poetical. The last in the list of home wines are those made either from the sap or berries of various forest trees, such as the beech, birch, sycamore, and so forth. According to Morewood,

> Birch wine is still made in some parts of England; at Overton Hall [he says] it is manufactured in the following manner: In March the trunks of the trees are bored to the depth of an inch and a half nearly, and about three quarters of an inch in diameter, at a distance of a foot from the ground. Directly below the orifice a metal tube is fixed into the bark, through which the juice flows into a receiver placed underneath. When the weather is warm the water thickens and closes the perforation, so that in a few days there is no exudation; but if the weather be cold or windy, there will be a constant discharge for a month. Some trees will produce twenty-four gallons in a day, when sold for the purpose of making a light or small wine. If not immediately disposed of after being taken from the tree, it will not keep sweet more than a day; it is heated nearly to boiling to preserve it, and then left to cool. When a sufficient quantity is then collected, to every gallon of juice two pounds of sugar and a quarter of a pound of raisins are added. This mixture is boiled for an hour, skimmed, and left to cool to a temperature that when

mirabilis, or wonderful water, was made from cloves, galangals, cubebs, mace, cardamons, nutmegs, ginger, and spirits of wine, digested twenty-four hours and then distilled.

Bristol milk contained no lacteal fluid whatever; in fact, it was a sort of rum punch and was only fit for those people whose heads were not easily affected by a superabundance of alcohol. Spiritus pimento, better known though as piment, was a compound of wine, honey, and spices and would to-day be classed among the cordials. No one in the olden days could make flip in a manner to please those who really knew what the drink was, unless they had a well-seasoned flip dog. A flip dog is not much on the bark, for it is only a bar of iron shaped somewhat like a poker, and when it was in use had to be heated red-hot and then plunged into the glass containing the flip, which by the way was made, according to the taste of the drinker, either from ale, cider, or wine, and highly spiced; sometimes an egg was stirred in it to give it a little more body.

When the navigator Pytheas visited the land that is known to-day as Scotland he found that the Picts were in full possession of the knowledge of brewing a stimulating beverage. The ingredients used by these interesting people were naturally those that were the most common and easy of acquirement, but what led them to the use of mountain heath, except its great abundance, as said before, cannot be definitely determined.

A casual view of the Picts reveals the fact that they were more warlike than domestic in their habits and what few agricultural pursuits they followed were

primitive indeed, and therefore to account for their selection of mountain heath and honey upon any basis other than that of instinct is almost impossible, for it seems all mankind must have something except water to drink. As with the materials, so was the method of making crude and simple. Their breweries, if such we may call them, were known as *Kist vaen* and some are in existence yet, especially in the counties of Wigton and Kirkcudbright. They are pear-shaped enclosures resting on southern hillslopes near clear, swift-running streams and are about sixteen feet in length, by eight at greatest breadth, the side wall being about three feet in height. It can be readily seen that when the Picts brewed their liquor they made a great quantity and they must have had use for it, or otherwise they would not have taken the trouble to make such an amount. As in England this mead-like beverage began to disappear from general use about the twelfth or thirteenth century, the cause—ale—being the same in both countries, and in the fourteenth century mead became a rare drink. It was at this period that the German method of brewing was introduced into Scotland. On the 12th of May, 1495, the abbots and monks of Cupar granted to certain tenants the right of brewing; in the same lease is named "the common ailhous perteyning till our myl of Kethik." In the Rental Book of the abbey are mentioned "convent ale" "better ale," and "drink of the masons." In Kinross-shire, says the Reverend Charles Rogers in his *Social Life in Scotland*, "the browst" which the gudewife o' Lochrin made from a "peck o' maut" is commemorated thus:

Twenty pints o' strong ale,
Twenty pints o' sma',
Twenty pints o' hinkie-pinkie,
Twenty pints o' plooman's drinkie,
Twenty pints o' splitter-splatter,
And twenty pints wes waur than water.

"In the eighteenth century ale was usually brewed in three qualities—described as ostler ale, household ale, and strong ale—the last being reserved for holiday times." When a person has as much liquor as he can carry the people of the United States says that he has a "jag" and according to our own dictionaries this is American slang, but if our philological friends will but turn to the laws of Scotland they will find among them one that bears very strongly on this question. Any person who was riotous or was caught cheating or at other sundry offences was promptly "jagged," that is they were made fast to a cross by an iron collar encircling the neck, the staple of which was so placed that the offender could neither stand nor sit or even comfortably lean. Some of the jags also held the wrists, and instead of being American slang the credit of the application, in the sense of drunkenness, should be given to Scotland.

The Scotchman's fondness for strong drink is proverbial, but to attempt the printing of the many stories relating to his liking would be a task far greater than compiling the history of the land and would fill more volumes than the ordinary library has shelves for. Liquor, in some form or manner, enters into almost every walk in the Scotchman's life, which fact is perhaps best illustrated by repeating the remarks of a

celebrated traveller who said that "no matter where you may go you will find evidence of a Scot having been there before you, in the shape of an empty whiskey bottle which he had discarded."

Funerals have always been looked upon as a proper time for drinking and the larger the amount consumed the greater was the respect shown to the dead. The Reverend Mr. Rogers says that

> When persons of substance were interred, those attending their funerals were entertained with viands in curious variety. At the first service were offered meat and ale; at the second, shortbread and whiskey; at the third, seed-cake and wine; at the fourth, currant-bun and rum; at the last sugar-biscuits and brandy. These mortuary festivities were relished not only by the living, but the departing comforted their later hours by contemplating their occurrence. Dean Ramsay relates that an aged spinster lady in Strathspey, when she was on her death-bed, called to her bedside her grand-nephew and heir, and affectionately charged him that as much whiskey was to be used at her funeral as had been drunk at her baptism. Unaware as to the extent of the potation on the earlier occasion, the heir allowed each one who attended the funeral to drink what he pleased. The result was a contretemps which the aged gentlewoman could not have foreseen without emotion. When the funeral party reached the churchyard, a distance of ten miles from the place of starting, the sexton's enquiry of the chief mourner, "Captain, whaur's Miss Kitty?" aroused the company to the recollection that in resting at an inn they had there left the body on a dyke, and had started without it.

In connection with the Lord President Forbes a similar incident occurred. At his mother's funeral he entertained his neighbours with such profuse hospitality that he and

his friends were startled on reaching the churchyard by the discovery that the coffin had been forgotten.

Nuptial festivities furnished another opportunity for excessive drinking and the kirk-sessions throughout the country had their hands full passing and enforcing laws to keep these occasions within bounds. One law was to the effect that not more than eighteen pennies should be expended by the contracting parties and several decrees limited the number of persons who could attend a wedding to twenty and some to twenty-four people. Francis Semple, the poet, describes a rural bridal as follows:

There 'll be lang-kale and pottage,
And bannocks o' barley meal,
And there 'll be good saut herrin'
To relish a cogue af gude yill;

There 'll be tarten, dragen, and brachen,
An' fouth o' guid gabbocks o' skate;
Powsoudie and drammock an' crowdie,
An' callar nowt-feet on a plate.

An' there 'll be meal-kail an' costocks,
Wi'sink to sup till ye rive;
An' roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flouks that were taken alive.

But the Scotchman of a few years ago did not have to rely upon these affairs for his drink. His own table and those of his friends were marvels in their way in regard to the amount of liquor that was furnished at them. It was Armstrong of Sorbie, who lived early in the eighteenth century, who said that

"it was a better world when there were more bottles and fewer glasses," and if the accounts that are given of these social functions can be relied upon it was rather by the bottleful than the glassful that liquor was consumed. To quote from *Social Life in Scotland* again:

During dinner liquor was used sparingly. So long indeed as the ladies remained in the dining-hall excess was eschewed. But there was a *signal toast*, on the proposing of which the ladies withdrew. Eighty years ago the signal toast at Glasgow was "The trade of Glasgow and *the outward bound*"; in Fife, when a Lady Balgonie was a celebrated toast, the travesty "Lady *be gone ye*" was adopted. Few guests remained sufficiently sober to rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room—those who refrained from drinking, and returned to their friends were pronounced effeminate. Moryson relates that on a visit to Scotland in 1598 he found that the country people and merchants were inclined to excess and that persons of the better sort spent the greater part of the night in drinking.

Referring to the convivial practices of the last century, Dr. John Strang writes: "The retiring of a guest to the drawing-room was a rare occurrence indeed; and hence the poor lady of the house was generally left to sip her tea in solitude, while her husband and friends were getting royal over the sherbet." A century ago post-prandial talk was rough and unseemly, while the songs and tales sung or spoken were utterly licentious. When the ladies had left, a punch-bowl was brought in. In form and capacity this vessel resembled the English wassail-bowl. It was in early times charged with mulled claret, but its contents latterly consisted of whiskey mixed with hot water and sugar. Whiskey was introduced in the bowl

at the rate of a half a pint to each guest. The liquor was mixed with a silver spoon affixed to a whalebone handle. The contents of the ladle corresponded with the size of the drinking vessel, which was considerably larger than those now in use. The use of punch-bowls ceased about sixty years ago; thereafter each was allowed to prepare his own liquor in his own mode. Crystal goblets with silver ladles, or earthenware mugs with small crystal pestle were substituted. To each toast a bumper was demanded; while, in evidence that it had been drunk, every guest turned up his glass. "To drink fair" or "without hedging" was a special commendation. Toasts were numerous.

On public and political occasions the Sovereign, the Army, and Cabinet Ministers, also local magnates were toasted with Highland honours. In rendering these honours, each guest, with glass in hand, mounted his chair, and placing his right foot on the table named the toast,—then drinking off his glass cheered lustily. Sentimental toasts, to each of which a glass was drained, were such as these: "May ne'er waur be amang us," "The land o' cakes," "Horn, corn, wool and yarn," "May the honest heart never feel distresst," "May the mouse ne'er leave the meal-pock with the tear in its e'e," "May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflection of the morning."

In some companies the ladies were privileged before retiring to share in a species of toast-giving, which occasioned merriment. At the call of the host one of the company named an unmarried lady; another guest named a suitor for her, and both were toasted together.

During the seventeenth and the earlier portion of the eighteenth century, after-dinner drinking was protracted for eight or ten hours. When a bachelor gave an entertainment he was expected to continue the jollities till all the guests were helplessly intoxicated. In 1643 Henry Lord Ker, only son of Robert, first Earl of Roxburgh, died at Perth after one great drink. His premature death led

to the famous lawsuit of 1808–1812, the result of which gave the dukedom of Roxburgh to Sir James Innes.

In his *Journal* Lord Cockburn relates an anecdote communicated to him by the celebrated Henry Mackenzie. "Mackenzie," his Lordship proceeds, "was once at a festival at Kilravock Castle, toward the close of which the exhausted topers sank gradually back and down on their chairs till little was seen above the table except their noses, and at last they disappeared altogether and fell on the floor. Those who were too far gone lay still from necessity; while those who like the Man of Feeling were glad of a pretence for escaping fell into a doze from policy. While Mackenzie was in this state he was alarmed by feeling a hand working about his throat, and called out. A voice answered 'Dinna be feared, sir, it 's me.' 'And who are you?' 'A 'm the lad that louses the cravats.' When, at a later period, Grant of Lurg was dining at Castle Grant, he was heard soliloquising on his way from the dining-room, "Oich! Oich! this is the first time she ever dined at Castle Grant, and was able to gae up the stair by hersel'!"

In front of each mansion, on the lawn, was constructed a platform of masonry—the loupin'-on-stone. From this stone gentlemen mounted their horses, and as they did so were supplied with the *doch-an-dorius*, or stirrup cup. Drunk from a quaich or wooden cup, it was otherwise known as a *bonalay*. At Cambo, Fifeshire, a branch of the noble house of Erskine maintained a perpetual dinner party, from which guests might retire, subsequently to return. When Colonel Monypenny of Pitmilly was about to proceed to India to take command of his regiment, he called at Cambo, to express an adieu. Mr. Erskine was at dinner; but the Colonel, who was invited to join the party, speedily retired. On his return from India, four years afterwards, the Colonel again waited on Mr. Erskine, who was still dining. Unconscious of his friend's long

absence, he asked the Colonel to "take his chair and pass round the bottle." If there exists a record of a longer dinner than the above it would be a pleasure to read it.

The same writer says: "About a century ago a custom prevailed at Edinburgh known as 'saving the ladies.' When after any fashionable assembly the male guests had conducted their fair partners to their homes, they returned to the supper-room. Then one of the number would drink to the health of the lady he professed to admire, and in so doing empty his glass. Another gentleman would name another lady, also drinking a bumper in her honour. The former would reply by swallowing a second glass to his lady, followed by the other, each combatant persisting till one of the two fell upon the floor. Other couples followed in like fashion. These drinking competitions were regarded with interest by gentlewomen, who next morning enquired as to the prowess of their champions.

There can be no doubt that the introduction of brewing ale and beer into Scotland was of German enterprise and parentage, but if further proof of the question should be required several features connected with the industry can be cited which are peculiarly of German origin and which for many years were constantly practised in Scotland.

One in particular is worthy of mention, namely the manner of testing for sugar by means of leather breeches. In Germany, as told elsewhere, two or more of the burgomasters would meet and proceed about their duties, but in Scotland the ale or beer tester travelled alone and unannounced. Without warning he would appear upon the scene and selecting a wooden bench would pour the ale or beer upon it and sit himself down in the little puddle. For exactly

one half-hour by the clock would he remain upon the bench and, while he was willing to exchange all manner of news and gossip, he still maintained his erect position. He would smoke and if any one was kind enough to proffer him a drink he would accept it with thanks and proceed to put it where it would do him the most good. But during the thirty minutes of the testing ordeal nothing would induce him to move a fraction of an inch. At the expiration of the half-hour he would make as if to rise, and this was the critical time for the innkeeper, for if his ale or beer contained sugar the breeches would adhere to the bench and he of course would be punished; but on the other hand if his wares were free from sugar there would be no cohesion between the bench and breeches and the tester would have to leave and search further.

The people of America can scarcely appreciate what the English and Scotch have always found to be a very useful adjunct to their business of innkeeping and taverns, namely the use of signs for the purpose of letting the public know what kind of business or trade was carried on within. This custom is of very ancient origin and has always received the sanction of the people. The English, however, during the earlier period and up to the present time have brought these signs, and especially those relative to our story, to a degree of perfection hardly to be found elsewhere, and they who understand the meanings and intents find in these fading and creaking emblems much that carries them back into the realms of history and legends and solves many a problem that would otherwise be lost.

The stories of beliefs, religions, politics, customs, and prejudices are all to be found on these boards

scattered here and there throughout "the tight little isle."

The collection easily falls [says an unknown writer in the New York *Sun*] into categories and periods. Thus the "Blue Lions" and "Green Dragons" frequently encountered date from the days of chivalry, when heraldry furnished the earliest signs. But more interesting than these are the examples filtered through the popular speech. Thus the pelican and her young, belonging to an ancient coat of arms, are familiarly known as the "Hen and Chickens," and the swan and portcullis of another family masquerade as the "Goose and Gridiron" at Spitalfields. The "Leopard's Head" of ancient days is now the "Lubber's Head," and the "Red Lettuce" is not of curious vegetable origin but was formerly the "Red Lattice." From the days of popery comes "The Cat and Wheel," which is to be referred back to Saint Catherine and her wheel. "The Pig and Whistle" has a longer lineage, deriving its significance from "riga," a cup, and wassail to which the cup invites. The "Rising Suns" and "Half Moons" are long-forgotten reminders of Apollo and Diana, but who shall say whence come the "Drum and Monkey" and the "Cow and Snuffers," both of Spitalfields; the "Cat and Mutton," of Hackney; the "Lamb and Lark" near Bath, and such combinations as the "Hen and Razor"?

Following the heraldic signs are the painted rebuses. The dominant family of the country, as we know, is usually immortalised in the name of the inn. With the "Markis of Granby" and his like we are all familiar. But the reading was not always so obvious. The painted "Hare and Bottle" was to be understood as referring to the Harbottle family. "The Hand and Cock" stood for the Hancocks. "Two Cocks" intimated the Cox family. "The Magpie and Goat" is to be translated into Pigot.

lords of the manor. "The Bolt and Ton" discloses the prominence of the Boltons. Many of these families are effaced in the counties, but the echo of their greatness remains in the tavern signs. The most amusing of these old signs are those corrupted from the French signs introduced at the time of the conquest. Thus "The Iron Devil" must be translated back to "L'Hirondelle" and "The Bag o' tails into "Bagatelle." "The Cat and Fiddle" comes down from "Le Chat Fidele." "The Cat and Bottle" indicates "La Coquine Bouteille" filtered through the rustic speech of the time. "The Pig and Carrots" is the perversion of "Le Pique et Carreau." The grotesque "Hog in Armour" comes down from the thrilling "La Hogue et Armes," while the familiar "Bull and Gate" is corrupted from Boulogne, dating from Henry VII.'s conquest in France.

A notable instance of this perversion of the French tongue is Savage's Tavern, in Oxford Street, London, which starting out from "La Belle Sauvage" in transit became "Bell's Savage" and is now Savage's Tavern. From the period of William and Mary comes "The Goat and Boots," in Fulham Road, London. This legend accompanies, strangely enough, the figure of Mercury. The knowledge that originally the sign was "Der Goden Bode" —the messenger of the gods—makes plain sailing for the understanding. Another interesting perversion is "The Goat and Compasses" which is the later rendering of "God encompasses us"—the Puritan watchword of Cromwell's days. Other of these signs undoubtedly refer to some peculiar virtue which the public house desires to make known. That of "A Hare and three Women" is said to mean despatch, while that of a seaside inn, "The Padlock and Anchor" indicates trustworthiness, defence against smuggling. "The Pack Horse and Talbot" is a reminder of the country and his "tall boots," for treading the mire of bad roads. "The Green Man" was the resort of the

foresters, possibly of Robin Hood. "The Up and Down Post" indicates the inn where the mail-carriers met and exchanged bags. "The Hole in the Wall" in London is supposed to relate to days when food was secretly conveyed to prisoners by removing bricks in the wall.

But who can translate or deduce the meaning of "The Sugar Loaf and the Coffin" or the story of "The Miller and the Dove"? "The Pigeon Pie Hotel" in Derbyshire doubtless celebrates its specialty, as does "The Shoulder of Mutton and Cucumbers" at Yapton in Sussex. "The Old Spot" seems to have some reminiscent message for those who have been there. Such are those signs prefixed by "jolly," as "The Jolly Waterman," "The Jolly Fisherman." But who shall account for "The Case is Altered on Willesden Green"? A sign seen in various parts of England is "The Dog's Head in a Pot" accompanying the painting of a dog eating out of a three-legged pot, which may seem to mean that the host is kind and his viands good. Another significant sign is "Five Miles from Anywhere, No Hurry" seen in Hampshire, a pleasant reminder that it is an agreeable place to linger. "The Boar's Head" is celebrated in *Henry IV*. "The Mitre" in Fleet Street suggests the days of Johnson, as does "The Turk's Head," where his literary society used to meet. "The Spotted Dog" belongs to Eugene Aram. "The Bell" at Edmonton is inseparably connected with John Gilpin's ride. From "The Bell" in Castle Yard Clarissa Harlowe was abducted. "The Maypole Inn" belongs to *Barnaby Rudge* and Dickens. "The Three Jolly Pigeons" we have encountered before in *She Stoops to Conquer* and Addison has introduced us to "The Devil's Fair." On Oxford Street is an inn for which Hogarth painted a sign facetiously known as "A Man Loaded with Mischief" indicated by a man carrying on his back a woman and a monkey. Hogarth, Morland, Holbein, Correggio, and Horace Vernet are known at different times to have painted

tavern signs. Sometimes this was done out of pleasantry, but more often necessity.

In Scotland one of the peculiar customs that is still in existence, in some parts, is the grace cup which, according to tradition, came about through the influence of Margaret Atheling, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, whose piety and good works won for her the proud title of Sainte Margaret of Scotland. Sainte Margaret did much to overcome the natural roughness of the Scottish nobles, as well as their carelessness in the matter of religious observances; and it was the law of her table that none should drink after dinner who did not wait the giving of thanks. Hence the origin of the phrase known throughout Scotland of the grace cup.

Another cup, or, perhaps more properly speaking, the "Stirling jug," is the only standard, by special statute, of all liquid and dry measures in Scotland.

This pint measure was made and deposited in Stirling nearly five hundred years ago and is still kept with great care in the town. It is made of brass in the shape of a hollow cone truncated, and it weighs nearly fifteen pounds Scottish troy. The mean diameter of the mouth is 4.17 inches, of the bottom 5.25 inches, and the mean depth is six inches. On the front, near the mouth, in relief, there is a shield bearing a lion rampant, the Scottish national arms; and near the bottom is another shield, bearing an ape passant gardant, with the letter S below, supposed to be the armorial bearing of the foreign artist who probably was employed to fabricate the vessel. The handle is fixed with two brass nails; and the whole has an appearance quite proper to the early age when it was first

instituted by the Scottish estates as the standard liquid measure.

About one hundred and sixty years ago the jug was lost and a pewter one was put in its place. The substitution was not discovered until the Reverend Alexander Bryce of Kirknewton visited Stirling in 1750. He being interested in antiquarian pursuits went to see the jug for the purpose of inspection. The magistrates conducted him to their council-house, and a pewter jug was taken from the roof, where it was suspended, and presented to him. He called the attention of the gentlemen assembled to the fact that this measure was not the original, but they unaware of the substitution showed no feeling in the matter; but with the reverend antiquarian the matter assumed a different aspect, and for more than two years he maintained a steady search for the original jug, which at last he found in a garret beneath a pile of lumber where it had been thrown after having been offered at auction in a sale of the effects of a coppersmith who had borrowed it for the purpose of making standard measures, and who a few years before had joined the insurgent forces and never returned.

At Dunvegan Castle, island of Skye, is still preserved the large horn known as Rory Mor's horn. It holds rather more than a bottle and a half. Every laird of Macleod was obliged, it is said, on his coming of age, in proof of his manhood, to drain it full of claret, without laying it down. The noggin, made of wood, and holding about two gills, is still to be found in "the land o' cakes." In some cases it answers as a measure, but frequently it serves the

double purpose of measure and glass. Liquid measure in Scotland, it must be remembered, does not conform to our ideas on the subject, as for instance what is termed a pint both here and in England is only four gills in Scotland (the Scottish gill being a pint), or in other words a Scottish pint is equal to two quarts American or English. But even in Scotland measures differ and what was a gill in some places was only half a gill elsewhere. For example a Harwick gill is virtually and actually two gills, but was served as one and charged accordingly.

Weel she loo'd a Harwick gill
And leuch to see a tappit hen.

A *tappit hen* was a measure, or bottle, shaped like a hen and held about two quarts. It was mainly used in serving claret. The measure that corresponds to our pint is the mutchkin, which holds four gills. "A broon pig" is a jocular name for an earthenware jar holding a pint (Scotch) in which ale was generally bought for home drinking. Of the thousands of stories relating to the "broon pig" the following perhaps is as good as any, for it gives an insight into the drinking capacity of a Scotchman when he feels like indulging.

A reverend D.D. had been calling on a "Paisley body" in his parish—Tam by name and a very well known character. The Doctor found Tam with a broon pig on the table beside him, and, observing the vessel, asked Tam what he had in it. "Ou it's jist a sowp o' yill!" said Tam. "Ay! and how much have you taken to-day now?" asked the minister. "Oh, well" replied Tam, "this is jist

my fourth pint." "Your fourth pint!" quoth his reverence. "I don't believe I could drink four pints *of water* in a whole day!" "Na, naither could I," dryly responded Tam.

A *jorum* has never been standardised, but there can be but little doubt as to its size, for as a general rule it was a sort of a bowl and therefore must have contained a goodly quantity.

> An' here 's to them that, like oursel',
> Can push about the jorum.

To explicitly state when and by whom the art of distillation was introduced into the Scottish domains is impossible. Many writers have searched the archives, not only of history but of legends, to determine this question, but none have as yet succeeded in placing the century accurately. Some of the authorities upon the subject say the art was known among the Highlanders as early as the twelfth century, while others claim that it was not until the fourteenth century that the Scotch people knew anything about the industry. Again others claim that the Scotch obtained their knowledge of making whiskey from their Irish neighbours, and who in turn received their instructions from St. Patrick. On the other hand some of our most eminent writers maintain that the art of distillation was brought into Scotland from England, but be these contentions what they may the fact remains that Scotch whiskey quickly became popular not only in its own country but throughout the civilised world, and also in other parts where we are most apt to term the people anything but civilised.

In an etymological sense the word whiskey as applied to liquor is of very recent origin, and yet notwithstanding this comparative newness few of the authorities give the student any satisfactory or adequate information as to its derivation. In N. Bailey's *An Universal Etymological English Dictionary being also An Interpreter of Hard Words*, the word whiskey is not found at all and *usquebaugh* is defined as a certain cordial made in Ireland. Later on, Johnson under the head of *usquebaugh* says: "an Irish compound distilled spirit, drawn from aromatics; the Highland sort, by corruption they call whisky." Evidently our own Noah Webster did not feel satisfied with this definition in its entirety, so he adds, in the earlier editions of his dictionary, the fact that it was derived from the Welsh *gwisgi*. In the later editions we are told that it is either "Irish or Gælic *uisge*, water (perhaps akin to English wash water); in *uisgebeatha*, whiskey, properly water of life." The *Century* after giving the Gælic roots, etc., says, "It does not seem probable that English whiskey was taken from Gælic Irish *uisge* simply." On the other hand Doctor Skeat in his *Etymological Dictionary* says, "Celtic *uisge* (water); the term in its present use is probably an abbreviation of *usquebaugh* (*uisge-beatha*), water of life." Samuel Morewood, as was his wont, takes up the question in a more thorough manner and says: "The Latin epithet *aqua vitæ*, the Irish term *usquebaugh*, and the modern word whiskey are, in point of fact, synonymous; *aqua vitæ* signifying the *water of life*, and *usquebaugh*, which should be written *Iskebaghah* or *Isquebeoh*, the former implying *water of life*, and the latter *living water*." As *isque*, or *iske* means water, it must appear evident that

the word whiskey is only a slight alteration in the pronunciation of this Irish term. Both O'Brien and Vallancy admit that *ai*, *ay*, or *ey* are old terms for water, and *isque*, or *iske*, implying water, the compound word literally means *water* of *waters*. The word whiskey, therefore, is of very comprehensive import, and fully expressive of this sense-subduing beverage.

Buil-ceann was also another appellation by which spirits were distinguished, *buil* signifying madness and *ceann* the head; terms fully explanatory of its infuriating effects and the temporary derangement which it occasions. *Fear buille* is the Irish expression for a madman. Antiquarians inform us that *buil-ceann* was made from a species of black oats, which, if not malted, must have indeed produced spirits of a very inflammatory and fiery description, particularly when newly manufactured; and from its powerful effects it procured the name of strong water, afterwards abbreviated into *X* water, the letter *X* being anciently used as the symbol of purity and perfection. Vallancy states that from time immemorial this letter was considered a sacred character among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Thibetans, and Indians, and was respected as a high indication of divine excellence. The Egyptians, however, did not exactly represent it by the figure of an *X*, but as a direct and an inverted v, thus $\overset{v}{\wedge}$. This sacred symbol is frequently to be found on the columns of the colossal temples of that celebrated and wonderful nation. On the great temples of the Dalai-Lama at Puta-La or the Holy Hill, as well as at Teshoo-Lomboo, are numerous characters of this kind, all bearing reference to the lofty attributes of the divinity of the Thibetans.

From the sacred application of this character it has descended to common purposes, yet still bearing affinity to its literal meaning, as in the instance of *X* waters, etc. It is curious to observe that this ancient symbol, so common in Oriental climes, is frequently to be found in Ireland on the pillar-stones or Phalli of our pagan ancestors. The less learned antiquary considers those characters which are marked cross-like to be Christian insignia or pagan monuments; but the researching philosopher will only estimate them in the proper sense as a part of Oriental heathenism. That the letter *X* was most commonly written so as to represent a cross, long before the Christian era, seems remarkably strange when we are brought by consequences to the full conviction that the cross of Christ was the true symbol of perfection, of which all previous characters of the kind may be considered as merely typical. On the statue of Osiris at Rome was engraved the figure of a cross; and in the temple of Serapis at Alexandria were found, on the demolition of that edifice by the order of Theodosius, crosses cut in stone; these in the interpretation of the wise men of Egypt signified *vitam venturam:* which discovery is reported to have occasioned the conversion to Christianity of some of the Gentiles.

The application of the letter *X* to whiskey, ale, or beer was, and continues to be, a distinguishing mark of its strength and purity, and lest the single character might not be sufficient to indicate the strength of some of our malt liquors it has been doubled, as in the instance of double *X* porter, now so strongly recommended by the faculty, for its refreshing and strengthening qualities. To *usquebaugh* the letter *X*

has never been applied, because the appellation was never extended to *aqua vitæ* in its compound state after the admixture of raisins, fennel-seed, and other ingredients, to mitigate its heat, render it more pleasant, less inflammatory, and more refreshing.

The origin of the term as applied to exhilarating liquors is not easy to determine, unless by an admission of the reasoning already advanced. Water in the opinion of the ancient philosophers constituted the basis of all matter; and Moses having written that the "*Spirit of God* moved upon the face of the waters" it was inferred that a living or prolific principle was thereby communicated. Hence the early Persians considered water the source of all bodies (*aqua omnia*), and the Koran states that "God made every living thing of water." "May not, therefore, the appellation of *aqua vitæ*, or water of life, have been derived from this prevalent opinion, since it was reckoned to possess so many renovating and revivifying virtues?" In confirmation of this idea it may not be amiss to add that for a long period all spirits were known in England as "strong water" and also as "comfortable waters" and furthermore we all know that our own American Indians soon named the liquor of the white men "fire water," but we must take into consideration the fact that when whiskey was named the practice of applying water as a part or whole of a name was fast dying out. The word brandy had superseded *aqua vitæ* for many years, gin and rum were also well known, and therefore to revert to an old custom and apply a name which according to all authorities means only water does not seem reasonable.

If our lexicographers will but turn their attention to that good old English word whiskey or whisky and then bear in mind the tendency of the people for nicknaming, the matter will assume another and different aspect. Whiskey means a light chaise which came into use originally to avoid the taxes that were levied upon vehicles according to their size. The name originated in the country districts and is derived from the root *whisk*. The liquor too was made in these same places and very often in spots where prying eyes would not be able to discern what was going on. For marketing the liquor this vehicle was in great demand among tne smugglers, for owing to its lightness rapid time could be made when necessity demanded. The law at this time was that all liquors that were to be transported from country to country should be in barrels or casks of not less than sixty gallons capacity, and this of course demanded the service of a strong and heavy waggon. The smugglers could not handicap themselves with such a weight or so cumbersome a means of travel, and the one-horse whiskey holding a cask of five or ten gallons safely hidden beneath the seat not only allayed suspicion but was also an exceedingly handy vehicle for travelling through by-roads and unfrequented paths.

Then again comes that bond of sympathy that exists almost everywhere in regard to the evasion of taxes, and as both the waggon and the liquor (when smuggled) were instituted for that purpose, and the liquor being without name, what could be more natural than to apply to it the appellation of its mode of transit, and particularly when deception was more or less necessary. The aptness also of the name, whiskey,

to move about rapidly, to become frisky, adds colour to the contention and gives to England rather than to Ireland the prestige of the title.

As said before, no one can definitely state when distillation was first brought into Scotland, but of one fact there is a reasonable assurance, and that is, it was the Highlanders who first undertook the manufacture of grain spirits, which for many years bore the name usquebaugh. They were also the first to improve on the process of fermentation, and by distilling the *brathlies* or wort they soon became noted for their excellent produce, which the smugglers in their slang vocabulary called *poit du*, meaning black pot. Undoubtedly, the liquor was made and used many years, perhaps centuries, by the Highlanders before their Lowland neighbours became aware even of its existence. An old-time writer, Hector Boece, who lived and wrote about the beginning of the sixteenth century, says of the ancient customs of the Scots that "at such times as they determined to be merry, they used a kind of *aqua vitæ* void of all spice, and only consisting of such herbs and roots as grew in their own gardens. Otherwise their common drink was ale; but in time of war, when they were enforced to lie in camp, they contented themselves with water."

Mr. T. F. Henderson in *Old-World Scotland* says:

> Possibly the first to introduce *usquebaugh* to the Lowland were the monks; and, at any rate, the earliest Lowlander associated with its manufacture was a friar, John Cor by name, who in 1498 obtained eight bolls of malt from the exchequer for this purpose. Its Latin name *aqua vitæ* also suggests conventual associations. In 1505 the right to sell it in Edinburgh was conferred on the

surgeons; and in 1557 Bessie Campbell was summoned before the magistrates and ordered to cease from vending it in the burgh except on market days. The first Scotchman handed down to posterity in connection with a case of drunkenness from whiskey was probably the ill-fated Darnley: on one occasion he distinguished himself by making one of his French friends drunk on *aqua composita*, of the inebriating qualities of which the Frenchman may perhaps have been too sceptical. An enactment that, by reason of the dearth of malt, no whiskey should be brewed or sold from the 1st of December, 1579, to the 1st of December, 1580, except that nobles and men of rank might distil it from their own malt for use in their families, would seem to prove that by that time the liquor was advancing in popularity. It was much earlier in general use in the west of Scotland than in other Lowland regions —a fact that may be accounted for either by their proximity to the Highlands or the district of the Strathclyde Welsh. In the manufacture of whiskey, or, as it was then called, *usquebaugh*, there were different grades. First there were the common *usquebaughs*, mild, gentle and soothing, and if they had an empyreumatic taste or flavour—or as it was then vulgarly called "peat reek"—it was, strange as it may seem to us now, at once condemned and sold as an inferior article. The second quality was called *tarruing dubaith*, which means double-distilled. Treasturruing was the name of it when it was put through the still the third time, and *uisge bea'a ba'ol* was the euphonious name of the fourth distillation, of which it is said that when made of oats two small spoonfuls were sufficient to stop the breath and would if the drinker was at all weak endanger his life. The love for "*usquebay*" that the Heilanman had is well satisfied in the "Mock Poem upon the Highland Host who came to destroy the Western Shires in Winter of 1678," written by William Cleland:

There 's something yet that I have forgotten
Which ye prefer to roast or sodden,
Wine and wastles, I dare say,
And that is routh of usquebay.

The word routh means plenty, and the habit at that time was to drink the liquor from a tap-horn, but as has been shown the real usquebaugh was not a very ardent liquor and a horn of it to those that were inured to its use could have but little effect. Apropos of this statement it may be said here that the really good judges of this liquor contend that the lawfully made article does not begin to be as good and as tasty as the "heavy wet" and "the mountain dew" manufactured illicitly in the hills, the lawful liquor being much heavier and stronger, which in their estimation is a very serious fault. In 1690 by an act of Parliament Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, received a perpetual liberty to distill grain at his "brewery of aqua vitæ of Ferintosh" on payment of a small specific composition in lieu of excise. The result of this grant was to give Forbes almost a monopoly in the manufacture of whiskey, for which Ferintosh continued to be a common synonym until within the memory of the "oldest inhabitants" of the present day. In 1785 the privilege was withdrawn, over twenty-five thousand pounds being paid in compensation. It was this deprivation of whiskey free of duty which called forth Burns's lament:

"Thee, Ferintosh! oh, sadly lost,
Scotland laments frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips and barkin' hoast
May kill us a',
For loyal Forbes's chartered boast
Is taen awa'!"

The smuggler, or as he was more often called in Scotland,

the free trader, was a much respected citizen and had not only the sympathy of the people but had their hearty co-operation. "In Dundonald parish church was the gallery known as the 'smugglers' loft' where these traders sat on Sunday, with their wives gay in silks, highly respected by all the worshippers. In all transactions," says Henry Grey Graham in *Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*, "the free trader was a hero; to 'jink the gauger' was an honourable exploit. If custom officers tried to search they found the country people in hundreds ready to oppose them, and before they could carry off a cargo, a detachment of soldiers was required to support them." "Illicit distillers [according to Rogers, *Social Life in Scotland*] were as much respected as smugglers, and equally unconscious of any heinousness. 'I alloo nae sweerin' in the still, everything's dune decently and in order. I canna see any harm in't,' replied an estimable transgressor of the law in answer to his minister's remonstrances." Perhaps the reader may realise how much liqour was consumed in Scotland when he learns that in the country districts the number of ale-houses were in the proportion of one to every seventy of the population.

Some idea of the state of society at the beginning of the eighteenth century can be gathered from the following taken from *Rules of Good Deportment*, written by Adam Petrie and published in Edinburgh in 1720. He says: "Do not sip your drink in taking three or four draughts of it. Do not lick your fingers nor dirty your napkins. If you are obliged to eat off of one dish let your superiors begin. It is rude to take snuff at table when others are eating, for the particles being driven from the nose is most unpleasant. I have known some to drive it the whole breadth of the table. Servants should not scratch or shrug their shoulders, nor appear with dirty hands, nor lean on their master's chair. When water is presented after meat you may, after your superiors have begun,

dip the corner of your napkin in the water, and wipe your mouth with it, holding the other end of your napkin between you and the company, that you may do it as imperceptibly as you can, and then rub your fingers, holding your hands down upon your knees. Superiors may do it more openly. You must drink out your glass that others may not have your blown drink [one glass had to serve for the whole company]; do not knaw your bones too clean. It is indecent to fill the mouth too full; such cramming is more suitable for a beast than a reasonable creature. Be sure to throw nothing upon the floor; it is uncivil and disobliging. It is rude to suck your meat out of a spoon with an ungrateful noise. To wipe your nose or sweat off the face with a table napkin is most rude.

Comment on the above is unnecessary; in a very few words it tells the whole story and gives us a most vivid picture. While the inns and taverns of England were the pride and admiration of not only her own people but also of travellers, those of Scotland were just the reverse. There were several causes for this state of affairs, but the chief one was the hospitality of the people in general, who as a rule never hesitated to entertain the stranger within their gates to the best of their ability and it was this practice more than any other that made the lot of an innkeeper particularly hazardous. Thomas Kirke as quoted in *Old-World Scotland* says, "The Scots had not inns but change-houses (as they call them), poor, small cottages, where you must be content to take what you find." By this he meant that there was absolutely no choice of dishes in the menu. What he did find was "perhaps eggs with chicks in them and some long kale; at the better sort of them a dish of chapped chickens"

(probably cockie-leekie). As to the enticement of the latter delicacy, we may turn to Burt who crossed the border in the year of grace 1725; only we must substitute pigeons—no doubt esteemed a special luxury—for chickens. "The cloth," says Burt, "was laid, but I was unwilling to grease my fingers to touch it, and presently after the pot of pigeons on the table. When I came to examine my cates, there were two or three of the pigeons lay mangled in the pot."

In objecting to the "mangling" Burt does not betray the Southron benightedness, but the mark of "dirty fingers in the butter" was a touch he may be pardoned for failing to appreciate. It is but fair to add that, while the ineffable filthiness of the bed-curtains almost debarred him from making a trial of his bed, he was agreeably disappointed to find—as he did throughout Scotland—that the linen was white, well aired, and "hardened."

Doctor Somerville, a native Scot, testifies some time after the experiences of Burt that there was little improvement. In his youthful days "few inns were to be met with in which the traveller could either eat or sleep with comfort; and so ill-provided were they with the most necessary articles, that on a journey people used to carry a knife and fork in a case deposited in the side-pocket of their small clothes."

Glasses were so scarce that a single one usually went round the whole company; and, as the said company was frequently very heterogeneous, it is plain that, to fastidious persons, if any such there were, the act of drinking would not be one of unalloyed delight. The presiding genius of the change-house or inn was the ale-wife, or "brewster-wife" as she was called,

who assumed a position of entire equality with her guests, and in taverns of the better class expected to be asked to take a glass of wine when that liquor was dispensed. A century ago Edinburgh herself was no better off than the country districts in the matter of inns. In 1776, according to Major Topham, she had "no inn that is better than an ale-house, nor any accommodation that is decent, cleanly, or fit to receive a gentleman." In the "best inn in the metropolis" (situate in the Pleasance), the bare-legged waitress, in short gown and petticoat, informed him and his companion that "we could have no beds, unless we had an inclination to sleep together and in the same room with the company which a stage coach had that moment discharged."

In the matter of pastimes and games the Scotch people were plentifully supplied, but in one particular sport they long excelled. Cock-fighting in the "land o' the thistle" was until a few decades ago a most popular mode of spending a holiday, and even the young school-boys were learned in the art and taught the rules of the pit.

Some time after the Forbeses had surrendered their title or charter, and the name Ferintosh was gradually losing ground and becoming more or less obsolete as a term for whiskey, there arose another locality which, through both the quality of excellence and the great quantity of the liquor produced, has given not only to Scotland but to other portions of the world as well, a name that has become almost generic for Scotch whiskey. Away to the northeast part of Scotland there is an old historical shire bearing the name of Banffshire, which has a forbidding aspect

when viewed from a distance but on closer acquaintance the visitor finds a most fertile and progressive country. In the southern portion of this shire there is a place called Glenlivet or, as some prefer to write it, Glenlivat, and it is this name that to-day is synonymous the world over with Scotch whiskey. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was so famous for whiskey that, according to the *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland*, there were as many as two hundred illicit stills there, every one of which was running to its full capacity. William Aytoun the poet, in the *Massacre of the Macpherson*, tells of the excellent quality of this liquor in the following lines:

Phairhson had a son
  Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta flood,
  By drinking up ta water;
Which he would have done—
  I at least believe it—
Had the mixture peen
  Only half Glenlivet.

Though we may not regret that this wonderful liquor was not in existence at that time neither should we be too critical with the poet for having such a faith in the efficacy of Glenlivet, for other authorities as well as himself agree as to its fine qualities and the wonderful deeds a man could accomplish while under its genial influence. It was manufactured in the old-fashioned small deep still and from the best barley malt that could be procured, and as almost every man in Scotland at that time was an expert on the question of whiskey a high standard of necessity had to be maintained.

CHAPTER XI

IRELAND

ASIDE from the question of which of the two, the Scotch or the Irish, were the first to make *usquebaugh*, there is another factor that enters into the argument and which should receive some attention. If the authorities on the subject can be given any credence—and for once they all seem to agree—the Irish liquor called *usquebaugh* was not a whiskey at all, or at least not what we would consider a whiskey to-day. In fact the authorities all assert that it was a cordial, and such would we deem it at the present time if the following direction for its making were adhered to. This recipe in its original is to be found in a little book entitled *Delights for Ladies*, etc., and was first published in 1602:

To every gallon of good aqua composita put two ounces of choice licorice, bruised and cut into small pieces, but first cleanse from all his filth, and two ounces of annis seeds that are cleane and bruised. Let them macerate five or six days in a wooden vessel, stopping the same close, then draw off as much as will run cleare, dissolving in that cleare aqua vitæ five or six spoonfuls of the best Molassoes you can get. Spanish sugar if you can get it is thought better than Molassoes, then put this into another vessel: and after three or four days (the more the better), when the

liquor has fined itself, you may use the same; some add Dates and Raisons of the Sun to the receipt; those grounde which remaine, you may redistill, and make more *aqua composita* of them, and of that *aqua composita* you may make more *usquebath.*

Of course the above is a very ancient formula and some may take exception to it on that ground, but in order to please all parties another recipe of a more recent date is here appended:

To make ten gallons of this cordial, two ounces of cloves, nutmegs, and cinnamon must be taken with four ounces of anise, caraway and coriander-seed, divided into equal portions; also half a pound of sliced licorice root. The seeds and spices, being first bruised and mixed with the licorice root, are put into a still with eleven gallons of proof spirits and two gallons of water, and as soon as the spirit is found to come over, a small bag containing about two ounces of saffron is fastened to the end of the worm, so that the run of the liquor must pass through and carry with it the tincture and essence of the saffron.

Morewood says that "During the operation it is usual to press the saffron bag in order to convey all the essence of this ingredient into the fluid, and when the process is finished, the liquor is sweetened with the best lump sugar. The French and others, in addition to the articles already mentioned, use essential oil of citron, bergamont, oranges, and lemons, with angelica-seed, vanilla, mace, cubebs, raisins, and dates, but no limitation can be given for making an article designed to gratify every palate. The predominant and early use of saffron in the manufacture of *usquebaugh* among the Irish arose from the extensive application and well-known virtues of that plant, in several useful domestic purposes. In dyeing yellow, saffron (*crocus sativus*) was the chief ingredient, as it gave that

admired tinge to the flowing shirts and garments worn by our early ancestors. Its exhilarating, heating and aromatic qualities were also so familiar that it was employed as a part of the Irish materia medica, being found a great stimulant and renovator. On this account it has been called *cor hominis*, the heart of man; and from enlivening the spirits, it gave rise to the saying, when speaking of a person in a cheerful state of mind, *Dormivit in sacco croci*—He hath slept in a sack of saffron. The English, according to Lord Bacon, were rendered sprightly by a liberal use of saffron in sweetmeats and broths; and Boerhave calls it a true and genuine rouser of the animal spirits.

With these two formulas before us, one ancient and the other comparatively modern, there can be no doubt as to what *usquebaugh* was, and to confound it with our present-day whiskey is a contradiction of ideas that bear no relation one to the other. The venerable Doctor Johnson started the ball rolling and of course others had to push it along in the path he indicated. The Irish people themselves never fell into this error, and for the sake of brevity as well as description named their product *potheen* or *poteen*. They discerned the difference at once, and to tell them that whiskey derived its name from *usquebaugh* would start an argument that would soon be settled as far as they were concerned. At one time *potheen* was also known in Ireland as Innishowen—following in the footsteps of Ferintosh and Glenlivet; for like these two Scottish towns Innishowen was pre-eminent in Ireland for its illicit distilleries and the fine quality of their produce. In fact so really superior was this whiskey that the English government tried several methods to induce the licensed distillers to make

an article just as good, but as was the case in Scotland no lawfully made whiskey could even approach the illicit product. At first sight, this, to the uninitiated, may seem strange, but if he will but stop and consider the factors that enter into the question he will readily understand why this is so. It is a case of one man working for himself and very often by himself, or at the most with but a very few to help him and these without wages except such as might accrue through the sale of the liquor. Being without supervision, what is done is according to the best judgment in the matter and without governmental espionage (no rules or regulations are laid down to be followed). It is this freedom of action that enters most materially into their success.

Again, the "moonshiners'" manner of manufacture is a very wasteful one and were he compelled to maintain an establishment, with all its necessary expenses, his methods would soon undergo great change or he would quickly become bankrupt. The housewife can make better preserves than the manufacturer just on this account, but who is there that would pay her the real cost of her produce simply because she made it? She might sell it at the market price and consider that she had made money the same as the moonshiner does, but it must be borne in mind that in both cases the wants are small, and as soon as the amount desired is realised they are satisfied, and for a time, at least, the business ceases. This primitive manner of procedure would be an utter impossibility for any firm, as even the most sceptical can see, and while we may deplore the fact there is no remedy otherwise than downright philanthropy.

Some years ago Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hall made a number of protracted trips into Ireland with the purpose of writing a book on the country, which ultimately they did in three large volumes entitled *Ireland* and dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, etc., etc., and the following is what they have to say upon the subject of *poteen:*

These mountains and glens have been for centuries the favoured resort of *poteen* distillers (*poteen* is, translated literally, "a small pot"); and amid these fastnesses it was utterly impossible for the law to reach them. Indeed attempts to do so were rarely made; the efforts of the gauger being directed almost entirely to arresting them on their way with their commodity into the neighbouring towns. As the reader will suppose, many amusing tales are told of the cunning employed by the peasantry in concealing their manufactures, and in outwitting the revenue officers. These anecdotes belong to old times. A few years ago, in the length and breadth of the island, there were at moderate computation 150,000 private stills at work; we may now safely assert that there are not a dozen in all Ireland—or rather *were not a year ago* (1842); for we understand that the evil trade has been reviving a little in consequence of the increased duty on whiskey and the decreased and the decreasing value of corn. It is however, chiefly confined to "the North," where temperance has made, comparatively, little way.

The manufacture neither is, nor ever can be, what it was some ten or twenty years ago. The fact that the licensed distilleries are now manufacturing more whiskey than they did in the years 1840 and 1841—a fact alluded to in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel—is easily accounted for. At the commencement of the temperance movement they had large stocks on hand; these have been

gradually disposed of, and were exhausted when they began to manufacture afresh. As compared with the returns of the three preceding years, therefore, there is, no doubt, some augmentation of revenue arising from this impure source; but as compared with those of six years ago, it is very insignificant. In the fifth report to the House of Commons of "commissioners on fees, gratuities, etc., in Ireland," 1807, returns are given of seizures during five years—from 1802 to 1806 inclusive; the number of stills seized during that period amounted to 13,439, averaging in number nearly 2,800 a year. It is fair to calculate that not one in fifty was seized. Indeed, according to the evidence adduced, one third of the spirits consumed in the country was supplied by unlicensed distilleries—to take no note of the enormous quantity smuggled by connivance through distilleries that were licensed. It was proved to the commissioners that in one year duty was evaded by these distilleries to an amount fully equal to that upon which duty was paid by them. Mr. Wakefield—*Statistical and Political*—estimates that "the entire duty which should have been paid on home-made spirits consumed in Ireland amounted to upwards of £2,280,000 per annum; while the duty actually received thereon was little more than £664,000. The little *poteen* that is now produced is made by substantial farmers, who, having a super-abundant crop of barley, and an inconvenient market for it, and neither the fear of the law nor Father Matthew before their eyes, thus endeavour to turn it to account. Yet so unpopular has the practice become, that we doubt if now-a-days any odium would attach to the "informer" who set the gauger on a right scent.

The hatred of the people towards the gauger was for a very long period intense. The very name inevitably aroused the worst passions; to kill them was considered anything but a crime; wherever it could be done with comparative safety, he was hunted to the death. His calling

is now as safe as the postmaster's. The "distilleries" were of course conducted in the most inaccessible places; places so situated as to command an extensive "lookout" from some point adjacent, but hidden from all eyes except those of the initiated. We have seen one in a cave back of a waterfall; the smoke issued through crevices in the rocks, and was very evenly distributed; no suspicion of its existence could have been excited even to those who stood above the still at full work. Descend a narrow and rugged pathway, and you encountered a dirty and debauched-looking gang of perhaps half-a-dozen, watching the preparation of the liquid poison. We have seen stills in "old times" in all imaginable positions; and sometimes so close to a thickly populated town or village that it was impossible to believe the gauger to be ignorant of their whereabouts. Not unfrequently, indeed, this official could have laid his hands upon a dozen of them within as many hours; but he had cogent reasons for avoiding discoveries unless absolutely forced to make them, and where information was laid, it was by no means uncommon for a trusty messenger to be despatched from the residence of the gauger to give due notice that by daybreak next morning "the boys," with all their utensils, must have disappeared.

Now and then they were required to leave an old worn-out still in the place of that they were to remove, so that a report of actual seizure might be made. A good understanding was thus kept up between the gauger and the distillers; the former not unfrequently received "a duty" upon every still within his jurisdiction; and his cellars were never without "a sup of the best." Much of the difficulty of suppressing the illicit trade was created by the law, which levied a fine of £50 upon the townland in which a still was discovered; making it clearly the interest of the whole neighbourhood to prevent such a discovery. The original cost of these mountain stills was little more than three guineas; so that the seizure was no very great drawback to the trade.

And, in consequence of the absurd enactment referred to, many an arrangement was made by which, when rendered useless, it was sold for £50. The commerce was carried on to a very great extent, and openly. *Poteen* was usually preferred by the gentry, to "Parliament" or "King's" whiskey; it was known to be free from adulteration, and had a smoky flavour (arising from the peat-fires) which many liked. Nor were the gentry at all times free from the charge of "brewing their own whiskey," even in comparatively late years. We have seen stills at work in the stables of men of rank and fortune; and it was common enough, when the fine of £50 was levied on a townland, for the landlord to arrange that half should be paid by the distillers who carried on the trade.

And thus ends a full and graphic account of making *poteen* in the "old times" in Ireland. Every side of the question is given and little is left for the reader to imagine or untangle. But one trait of the Irish character the writers seem to have overlooked—they have not considered that love of adventure that is to be found in every son of "the green isle" from the highest to the lowest and to which the manufacture and marketing of *poteen* would afford an ample supply and of a nature that would appeal to them, and many undoubtedly embarked in the business just for the sport it would afford them. In the first volume of *Ireland* the writers observe that

A large proportion of the songs popular among the peasantry were in praise of whiskey, and very few of them were without some reference to it. One of them blessed the Pope and the Council of Trent, who

Laid fast upon mate, and not upon drink.

It was "mate, drink, and clothing"; "father and mother, sister and brother, my outside coat — I 'll have no other"; "mavourneen, my joy and my jewel"; "vein of my heart"; "life-endearing, humour-lending, mirth-increasing"; "a cordial of all ages that evil assuages": in short, whiskey was the panacea recommended in song for all the ills that flesh was heir to.

> The never a day have I for drink
> But Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
> Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—
> Och! the dickens a day have I for drink
> But Saturday, Sunday, Monday—
> Whoop, hurrah—
> Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday!

All attempts to check the progress of intemperance were fruitless; it had long been customary, indeed, to take oaths to abstain from drink for a season, but if kept they produced no permanent good, and the tricks and shifts to evade them were generally successful. We recollect a man swearing he would not drink for a month—he soaked bread in spirits and ate it; another swore he would not touch liquor while he stood "on earth," and got drunk amid the branches of a tree; another who vowed not to touch a drop "in door or out" strode across his threshold, placing one leg inside and the other outside, and so, persuading himself he did not break his oath, drank until he fell; another who bound himself not to "touch liquor in the parish" brought a sod of turf from a distance, and placed his foot upon it when he desired to drink. We knew one who was kept sober thus: he was always willing to take an oath against whiskey for six weeks, but no longer; his master invariably watched the day on which "his time" expired, and compelled him to repeat his oath; which he would readily do after swallowing two glasses."

In the writings of Dioscorides, who lived in the first century, there is mention of the fact that the Hiberi or Irish, instead of wine, used a liquor called *courmi* or *curmi* made of "barley," and this according to Mr. P. W. Joyce in his *Social Life of Ancient Ireland* was the correct ancient Irish name for ale. He says:

"This author caught up correctly the Irish name for ale, which was *cuirm* or *coirm* (gen. corma): and hence *coirn-thech*, "ale-house," *i. e.*, a house in which ale was made. The present word for ale is *linn* or *leann;* and although this, too, was one of the words for ale in old times, it was often used to denote drink in general. Ale was reddish in colour as now. Its manufacture was understood everywhere; and the whole process is given in the *Senehus Mor*, and in the commentaries and glosses on it. The grain chiefly used was barley, and what grew in rich land was most valued for the purpose; but it was often made from rye, as well as from wheat and oats.

The corn of whatever kind was first converted into malt; Irish *brac* or *braich*: gen. *bracha*. For this purpose it was steeped in water for a certain time, after which the water was let off slowly, and the wet grain was spread out on a level floor to dry. During this time persons turned it over and over and raked it into ridges to bring all parts in turn to the surface. It was next dried in a kiln (aith, pronounced ah) till the grain became hard. This dried grain was malt. If not intended to be kept in grains it was ground in a quern or mill, and was then either put into sacks as it came from the mill, or made into cakes and dried. Malt cakes were often so hard that before using they had to be broken in pieces with a mallet and ground again in a mill to reduce them back again to meal. Whether as unground kiln-dried grains, or as meal in bags, or as cakes, this brac or malt kept for any length of time; and it was often given

in payment of rent or tribute, as repeatedly mentioned in the *Book of Rights*. When ale was to be prepared the ground malt was made into a mash with water, which was fermented, boiled, strained, etc., till the process was finished. Conall Derg O'Carra had in his house strainers (men) with their criers always at work *ag sgagadh leanna*, "a-straining ale," in hospitable preparation for guests. Malt, and of course the ale, might be spoiled by mismanagement at any stage of the process; and the *Senchus Mor* mentions three successive tests: one after kiln-drying and before being ground, by putting a grain under the tooth to try whether it was sound and free from bitterness; another after grinding, before it was made into a cake, to ascertain if it was free from mawkishness; and a third when it was in mash, before it was put to ferment.

The same writer tells us that among the members of St. Patrick's household was a brewer, a priest named Mescan, and furthermore that it was the custom in those early days for the churches to keep a goodly supply of ale on hand so that the members of the congregation might take a drink when it was lawful for them to do so. At a certain Easter time, so we are told in the life of St. Brigit, she brewed ale to supply the churches all round her; and this she did as a kindly and charitable act. St. Domingart or Donard a disciple of St. Patrick, always kept a pitcher of ale and a *larac* or leg of beef with its accompaniments every Easter at his church of Maghera near Slieve Donard: "and he gives them to Mas-folks [*i. e.*, those that have been at Mass] on Easter Tuesday always."

These old-time people used to make another ale which bore the name of *brocoit*, *bracaut*, *braccat*, and *brogoit*, according to the ability of the chronicler to spell it, or perhaps it was so called in different locations. It differed from the ordinary ale of the times

inasmuch as it contained a certain quantity of honey. *Mid* (pronounced *mee*) was also another common beverage and as its name indicates was a kind of very strong mead, which would intoxicate a person much quicker than ale. *Miodh cuill* was a variation of *mid* caused by the use of hazel-nuts, but for what purpose otherwise than to impart a flavour cannot be determined.

Whether it was caused by a dearth of names—and yet that does not seem reasonable, for the reason that the name *nenadmin* was used in different localities and had become somewhat generic—the authorities are unable to state, but *nenadmin* was the appellation given to two drinks entirely different. One was a kind of cider said to be made from the wild or crab-apple and the other was manufactured from "wood-berries." Still another beverage of great antiquity was that known as *beoir lochlannach*, fabricated from the red heather berries called by the people *monadan*. Another case of a double name is that of *draumce* and *blathlach* both meaning the same—skimmed milk, slightly sour and somewhat thick. It was a very popular drink among the ancients and was considered to be particularly wholesome. *Medg* (pronounced *maig*) on the other hand was thought to be a very ordinary and indifferent beverage and was mainly used by the monks as a fasting potation. In the English language *medg* is whey and is the serum of milk, the part that is left in cheese-making.

The English people, especially in the rural districts, are very fond of whey and we are informed on good authority that when whey is mixed with wine or flavoured with spices it is a very refreshing drink,

but there is ample testimony for the assertion that the ancient Irish did not consider it fit to drink. "Mac Conglinne, grumbling at the beggarly reception he got in Cork monastery, complains that they gave him nothing but the whey-water (*medg-usci*) of the church to drink."

Naturally where there was so much drinking there were many and various vessels in the shape of cups, goblets, and glasses, and the ancient Irish displayed much ingenuity and remarkable skill in the making and shaping of these useful utensils and especially those made of wood and horn. Those fashioned from horns were in their language called *corn* and when mounted in silver and other metals were more often called *fethal* and *buabill*. Some of the latter were exceedingly handsome and withal very costly. We are told in the *Book of Rights* that they were sometimes given as a part of a stipend due from one king to another. Some of the more costly and handsome ones were supplied with feet so as to permit the drinkers to place them on the table without spilling their contents. Of course many of the larger specimens of the *corn-buabills* were imported in the rough or natural horn and it was the part of the native artisan to polish, carve, and otherwise adorn them in accordance with his patron's idea. A very curious cup was the *medar* or *mether*, used originally for the drinking of *mid*, as its name indicates. The *medar* was made of one piece of wood and had either two or four handles, suggesting perhaps our present-day loving cup, and in shape was generally square. It circulated from person to person, each passing it to his neighbour after drinking as much as he wanted; the corners, instead of

the centre, were the place to put the lips when drinking, as these corners were shaped in the style of our present-day pitcher lip.

The *lestar* was a vessel of many sizes, ranging from one or two inches across the top to twenty or more inches; usually it was constructed of oak and handsomely and elaborately carved and adorned. In *The Life of St. Brigit* it is related that on one occasion the king of Teffa was drinking out of a *lestar* covered with gems, when a careless man took it from his hand and let it drop so that it was broken into bits. The *escra* was a drinking-goblet made of various metals, copper, silver, tin, etc., and also of wood and clay. Specimens of the wooden ones are still in existence and they show fine artistic ability in their carvings and designs. A *foldert* was a cup in the shape of a bell and the *inntille* was a small drinking-cup of no particular shape or design. For drinking milk there was the *ian-oil* three hands high —about a foot in height. *Cuach* was the name of a common ordinary sort of a drinking-cup most likely made of clay and burnt.

The *cingit* was a goblet of a most curious design; in fact the best description of it is the common hour-glass with the sand channel a little longer and closed, the top and bottom of the containers being cut off. This made it a reversible cup and perhaps was used when two different beverages were served at a meal. Small drinking-mugs of any material were called *ians*. A *ballan* was another cheap ordinary drinking-cup, as was also an *ardig*, but the latter was quite often goblet-shaped. This list could be extended indefinitely, but what is here enumerated will give the reader

a fair idea of the numerous drinking-vessels in use among the ancient Irish people.

Banquets, or as they were called then *fled*, and sometimes *indell*, were conducted by these people on a scale of magnificence far exceeding like occasions of the present day. Everything, too, was done in strict accordance with the order of priority and any departure from this rule brought the wrath of all parties down upon the heads of the offenders. About the year 1630 the Rev. Geoffrey Keating wrote several books on the ancient Irish and some of them were in the ancient language of the people, making translation necessary, and of his writings Mr. P. W. Joyce in *A Social History of Ancient Ireland* gives us many interesting quotations, the following being one of them. He says:

The account given by Keating (pp. 302–3), which he took from the ancient documents now lost, of the seating of the guests at the state banquet of Tara, is very interesting. The persons entertained were of three main classes: lords of territories; the commanders of the bands of warriors who were kept permanently and maintained at free quarters by the king at Tara; and the ollaves or learned men of the several professions. The territorial lords were regarded as of higher rank than the military commanders; and each chief of both classes were attended by his "shield-bearer" or squire. It was the duty of the *ollave shanachie* to have the names of all written in two separate rolls, in exact order of precedence, and in this order they sat at the table. The banquet-hall was a long narrow building, with tables arranged along both side-walls. Immediately over the tables were a number of hooks in the wall at regular intervals to hang the shields on. One side of

the hall was more dignified than the other, and the tables were for the lords of the territories; those at the other side were for the military captains. The upper end was reserved for the professional *ollaves;* the dependents—always a large company—sat at the lower end. Just before the beginning of the feast all persons left the hall except three: A *shanachie* or historian, a *bollscari* or marshal to regulate the order, and a trumpeter (*fearstuic*) whose duty it was to sound his trumpet just three times. At the first blast the shield-bearers of the lords of territories came round to the door and gave their masters' shields to the marshal, who, under the direction of the *shanachie*, hung them on the hooks according to ranks, from the highest to the lowest; and at the second blast the shields of the military commanders were disposed of in like manner. At the third blast the guests all walked in leisurely, each taking his seat under his own shield. In this manner all unseemly disputes or jostling for places were avoided. No man sat opposite another, as only one side of each row of tables was occupied, namely, the side next to the wall.

The king was always attended at banquets by his subordinate kings, and by other lords and chiefs, and great formality was observed in seating all. In the *Wooing of Emer* (p. 69) it is stated that when the company sat drinking in the banquet-hall of Emain "no man of them would touch the other." Those especially on the immediate right and left of the king had to sit at a respectful distance. At the feasts of Tara, Taillteum, and Ushnagh, it was the privilege of the king of Oriell to sit next the king of Ireland, but he sat at such a distance that his sword just reached the high king's hand; and to him also belonged the honour of presenting every third drinking-horn brought, to the king. According to Kineth O'Hartigan, while King Cormac mac Art sat at dinner, fifty military guards, or "heroes," remained standing beside him.

At Tara it often happened that the women did not sit at banquets with the men: they had a banquet-hall for themselves. But in the feasts at other places men and women always, or nearly always, banqueted in the same hall: the women, however, generally sitting apart, and they often wore a mask—sometimes called *fethal*—which hid or partly hid the face. An odd instance of the Irish "pride of place" is given by Hardiman concerning Arthur O'Neill the celebrated Irish harper. He was universally respected, partly on account of his musical abilities, but more because he belonged to the illustrious family of O'Neill, and he always sat at the table among the highest people. Once at a public dinner in Belfast, which was attended by all the local nobility and gentry, the noble lord who presided apologised to him for being accidentally placed so far down from the head of the table. "Oh, my lord" replied he, "apology is unnecessary: wherever an O'Neill sits, that is the head of the table." The host stood up before the meal and formally welcomed his guests.

At all state banquets particular joints were reserved for certain chiefs, officials, and professional men, according to rank—a thigh for a king and poet; a chine for a literary sage; a leg for a young lord; heads for charioteers, and a haunch for queens. In the time of the Red Branch Knights it was the custom to assign the choicest joint or animal of the whole banquet to the hero who was acknowledged by general consent to have performed the bravest and greatest exploit. This piece was called *curathnir*, *i. e.*, the hero's morsel or share (*mir*). There were often keen contests among the Red Branch heroes, and sometimes fights with bloodshed, for this coveted joint or piece; and some of the best stories of the Tain hinge on contests of this kind.

Sir Walter Scott in *The Lord of the Isles* gives a good illustration of how the people felt and acted when the order of priority was broken:

"Then lords and ladies spake aside,
And angry looks the error chide
That gave to guests unnamed, unknown,
A place so near their prince's throne."

While the Irish people have always borne an enviable reputation for hospitality and generosity, the ancients looked upon these traits as virtues to be highly esteemed. They were inculcated into the highest and lowest as religious duties and if by any accident a person was found unable to discharge the due rites of hospitality, it was supposed that his face became suffused with a *ruice* (ruckĕ) or blush—a blush of honourable shame—called also *enech-ruice* or *ainech-ruice.*

There were penalties attached to those who defaulted in the supply of provisions and caused the blush to arise on account of his scanty table, and the culprit had to pay a compensation called the "blush fine." Mr. Joyce says: This universal admiration for hospitality found its outward expression in the establishment, all over the country, of public hotels for the free lodging and entertainment of all who chose to claim them. There was an officer called a brugh-fer or brugaid, or briuga (broo-fer, brewy, broo-a), who was a public hospitaller or hosteller, and was held in high honour. He was bound to keep an open house for the reception of certain functionaries—king, bishop, poet, judge, etc.,—who were privileged to claim for themselves and their attendants free entertainment when on their circuits; and also for the reception of strangers. He had a tract of land and other large allowances to defray the expenses of his house.

The *brewys* were of two main classes. The lowest was the *brugaid cedach* or "hundred hospitaller," who should have at least one hundred of each kind of cattle, one hundred labourers, and corresponding provision for feeding and lodging guests. "But"—says the gloss on the

Senchis Mor—"there is a brugaid who is better than this man"; this was the *brugaid-lethech*, who should have two hundred of each kind of cattle. His house should be supplied with all necessary furniture and appliances, including one hundred beds for guests; for he was not allowed to borrow. In order to be at all times ready to receive visitors, a *brewy* of either class was bound to have three kinds of meat cooked and ready to be served up to all who came; three kinds of new meat ready for cooking; besides animals ready for killing. In one of the law tracts a *brewy* is quaintly described as "a man of three snouts" —viz.: the snout of a live hog rooting in the fields, to break the blushes on his face; the snout of a dead hog on the hooks cooking; and the pointed snout of a plough; meaning that he had plenty of live animals and of meat cooked and uncooked, with a plough and other tillage appliances. He was also "a man of three sacks": for he had always in his house a sack of malt for brewing ale, a sack of salt for curing cattle joints, and a sack of charcoal for the irons; this last referring to the continual use of iron-shod agricultural implements calling for frequent repair and renewal.

We are told also that his kitchen-fire should be kept perpetually alight, and that his caldron should never be taken off the fire and should always be kept full of joints boiling for guests. There should be a number of open roads leading to the house of a *brewy*, so that it might be readily accessible; and on each road a man should be stationed to make sure that no traveller should pass by without calling to be entertained; besides which a light was to be kept burning on the *faithche* (faha) or lawn at night to guide travellers from a distance. The noble *brewy* Da Derga, mentioned below, kept his doors open day and night except on the windy side of the house. As visitors and their followers were constantly coming and going, the house furniture and other property of a *brewy* were jealously protected by law from wanton or malicious

damage, the various possible injuries being set forth in great detail, with the compensation for them. He was, moreover, a magistrate and was impowered to deliver judgment on certain cases that were brought before him to his house. He is a *bo-aire* for giving judgment. The house of a *brewy* answered all the purposes of the modern hotel or inn, but with the important distinction that guests were lodged and entertained with bed and board free of charge. With great probability the rule prevailed here, as in case of private hospitality, that an ordinary guest was supposed to be kept—if he wished to stay—for three nights and three days; after which the obligation to entertain ceased; but I have not found this specifically mentioned. There were a few *brewys* of a higher class than the preceding, who had large tracts of land and held a very exalted position.

They often entertained kings, chiefs, and warriors of the higher classes, with whom also they were on terms of familiar intercourse. The hostel of one of these was called a *brudin* or *bruden* (now pronounced breen or bryan. In the time of the Red Branch Knights there were six of these "chief courts of hospitality in Erin," each situated at the meeting of four roads, all of which figure in the *Romantic Tales*. The most remarkable of them was the "Bruden Da Derga" kept by the great hosteller Da Derga. . . . There was another sort of victualler called *biatach* or *biadhtach* (beetagh), who was also bound to entertain travellers, and the chiefs' soldiers whenever they came that way. In order to dispense hospitality, he held a tract of land free of rent, called a *baile-biadhtaigh* or ballybetagh, equal to about one thousand of our present English acres, with a much larger extent of waste land.

The above descriptions are cases where to wish for the "good old times" is fully justifiable, and especially so when we read what Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall wrote in or about the year 1840. They write:

"We had to spend a night in the wretched 'inn' of this miserable village, or rather part of a night, for we rose from our 'beds' an hour before daybreak, and pursued our journey.

"There was neither tea nor bread to be procured; the horse, the cow, the pigs, and the hens were separated from us by a floor, through the divided boards of which they had ample opportunity of 'conversing' with us, which they did not fail to do in a manner that effectually prevented all hope of sleep. Soon after midnight our domicile was invaded by the hostess, who required from the cupboard some 'refreshment' for his reverence, who had just arrived from a station, and about an hour afterwards the corn-bin was to be applied to for a 'feed' for his reverence's pony, who had to make a new start. This break-in was followed by another; the 'boy' wanted his 'top-coat, for the rain was powering down.' A short while afterwards the household was all in motion, and our chamber contained everything that was wanted."

Still another institution in Ireland is the one that bears the name of *shibeen* and while this place, at rare intervals, may be able to furnish accommodations for travellers and strangers, it is as a general rule only an inferior public-house corresponding to the kind known in England as a *kidney-wink*.

Although the Irish people are great admirers of their own whiskey their fondness does not extend to the drinking of it neat or free, and they are more apt to take it in the form of a punch than any other way, and on account of this propensity they have become famous for their expertness in mixing this enticing potation. It has become an art with them and especially with the gentlemen of the old school, and, as with all branches of a scientific nature, rules exact and true are laid down for the blender to follow. Perhaps he has formulated these regulations himself, or he may cling to the methods adopted by some

of his ancestors, but whether this be so or not the fact is admitted that when a glass of punch is made by one of these gentlemen the guest will never refuse the second.

An old-time recipe that has been handed through many generations for making a punch is one that is called "between two waters." First establish the proportions needed according to the water used—hard (lime), freestone (soft or rain water); and when this is done pour a proper amount on the sugar, which must be of good quality and white and by no means too much, and see that every bit of it is thoroughly dissolved; then add the right quantity of whiskey and after that fill the glass with boiling water.

CHAPTER XII

WALES AND THE HEBRIDES

NOTWITHSTANDING that all our authorities agree on the subject of *metheglin* and emphatically state that it is mead, yet if the question was left to the Welsh people they would tell you that such is not the case and *metheglin* is not mead. *Metheglin* they say was invented many years ago by one of their countrymen named Matthew Glin and, while mead is a mixture of honey and water, *metheglin* is an entirely different compound, as the following recipe will show it has been in use in Wales for several centuries, and should convince even the most sceptical:

Take all sorts of Herbes that are good and wholesome, as balme, mint, fennell, rosemary, angelica, wild tyme, isop, burnet, egrimonie, and such others, as you think fit; some field herbes, but you must not put in too many, especially rosemary, or any strong herbe; less than a handful will serve of every sort. You must boyle your herbes and straine them, and let the Liquor stand till to-morrow, and settle them. Then take off the clearest Liquor into two gallons and a halfe to one gallon and a halfe of honey. Let it boyle an hour, and in the boyling skin [skim] it very cleane, and set it a cooling as you do Beer. And put into the bottom of the Tub a little and a little as they doe Beer,

keeping back the thick settling that lieth in the bottome of the Vessel that it is cooled in, and when it is all put together, cover it with a Cloath, and let it work very neere three days, and when you mean to put it up, skin off all the Barme cleare, put it into the Vessel, but you must not stop your Vessel very close in three or foure days, but let it have all the vent for it will work, but you must look to it very often, and have a peg in the top to give it Vent when you heare it making a noise, as it will do, or it will break the Vessel. Sometimes I make a bag and put in it a goode store of ginger sliced some cloves and cinnamon, and boyle it in, and other time I put into the barrel and never boyle, it is both goode, but nutmeg and mace do not well to my taste.

The keeping qualities of this liquor are something wonderful and have never really been put to the test. There are on record, though, instances of where it has been kept for fifty years and even more and it was at the time of drinking better, if anything, than that which was ten or twenty years of age and far superior in every respect to that recently manufactured. When it has reached the quarter-century mark it takes on a different tint or shade of colour and greatly resembles a fine old sherry in colour, this being the only indication of its age to the eye; but in taste it is rounder and softer and is as one writer says "exceedingly delicious, but a very little goes a long way."

Mr. James Howells, the author of *Epistolar Hoelianar*, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century, wrote to a friend as follows:

SIR

To inaugurate a good jovial New Year unto you, I

send you a morning's draught, viz., a bottle of ***metheglin.*** Neither Sir John Barleycorn or Bacchus had anything to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the bee—the laborious bee and king of insects. The Druids and the old British bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their labours with anything. It will do you no hurt, and I know your fancy to be good. But this drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast. Nor will it admit but of one good draught, and that in the morning; if more, it will keep a humming in the head, and so speak much of the house it comes from—I mean the bees. As I gave a caution elsewhere, and because the bottle might make more haste, I have made it go upon these (poetic) feet:

"The juice of bees, not Bacchus, here behold,
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old;
The berries of the grape with Furies swell,
But in the Honeycomb the Graces dwell."

This alludes to a saying which the Turks have, that there lurks a devil in every berry of the vine. So I wish you as cordially as to me an auspicious and joyful New Year, because, you know, I am your truly affectionate servitor

J. H.

The universal drink, however, of Wales, is *cwrw*, or ale, and in former years the people were at liberty to brew it whenever they chose, and in consequence Welsh *cwrw* bore a good reputation. *Cwrw*-making is a very old art in this rugged land and many think that it was the Welsh who first taught the English how to make it. *Cwrw da* to the Welshman is like wine to the Frenchman, and he expresses his sentiments in the following, "Al wedd calon cwrw da," which

translated into English is, "Good ale is the key of the heart."

Although the people of the Hebrides and the other islands in this part of the Atlantic Ocean are some distance from the mainland of Scotland there is such a close likeness, not only in character but in habits and customs, between them and the Scots that to write of one is almost to tell of the other. In many of the essentials that contribute so much towards the making of a people the islanders and the mainlanders, if such a term is admissible, are one. Their language is similar, as is also their mode of living, and their history is so closely interwoven that it becomes a difficult task to follow the thread through its many courses in the web; and yet we are told by the ancient explorers that when they discovered these islands the people thereon had an intoxicating beverage which they called *bang*. The account of this liquor is meagre and lacking in the most ordinary and common details; not even are the plants mentioned from which it was made, nor are any of the usual particulars which are generally given on such a subject forthcoming. Perhaps the account is correct, but the great similarity of the name with the Arabian *bhang* opens a field of conjecture that at once places doubt in the foreground; yet on the other hand it may be that, at this early period, these explorers and adventurers had no other word in their vocabulary to indicate intoxication and through this paucity associated the liquors one with the other, which may possibly account, in a degree, for the confusion.

In a more recent period of their history, we find that mead was very common and also that they had a kind

of beer or ale, which they called *loin* and the records show it was manufactured from malt. Some of the old time writers claim, too, that *usquebaugh* was first made in these islands and from thence taken to the mainland, but this does not seem probable in the face of the facts already advanced. The fondness of these people for this beverage is proverbial, and we are informed by Martin that it was considered a great breach of hospitality for the host to broach or tap a cask of the liquor and not let every drop of it be consumed at the time.

Libations to the gods were also practised by these people and on Lewis Island the natives had regular festivals in which they offered to the sea-god "Shoney" a glass of an ale brewed for the purpose, as an inducement for him to give them plenty of seaware for their lands. Every family on the island would, at the appointed time, send a peck of malt to the priest, who would brew it into ale, and when it was made and ready for consumption the people would be notified to gather on the shore; and when they were assembled the priest would take a large horn of the freshly brewed liquor and wading out waist-deep into the ocean he would repeat, "I give you this cup of ale, O Shoney, hoping that you will give us in return plenty of seaware"; and then with a quick motion of his left hand he would scoop out as it were a hollow, and as quickly pour the ale in the place; then turning about he returned to the shore and opened the festivities, which sometimes continued for several days, all depending, perhaps, upon the amount of ale brewed and the quantity of other provisions brought by the people.

Another festive occasion was that known as a

sheate, *streah*, or *round*, but this *sheate* was composed of only the chiefs and leading men of the islands and was entirely devoted to eating and drinking. The cup-bearer, or, more accurately speaking, the shell-bearer, would hand each guest a full shell of liquor which he was expected to drain before returning it. At the door of the hall two men stood with wheelbarrows, and as soon as one of the company became inebriated to such an extent that he could not or would not drink any more he was taken by them on the barrow to a bed, where he was allowed to sleep off the effects. But it was stipulated that if the feast had not come to an end when he awoke he was to return and begin over.

Even to-day there is often heard in many quarters the request for a "shell," meaning a thin light glass tumbler, and can it be that this term is a survival of these old-time banquets and has been retained through the ages, descending to us as a memorial of the long-ago? The great universal non-intoxicating beverage of these islands is *bland*, and it can be had at almost any time or at any place, for it is a home-made article and is therefore very plentiful. *Bland* is simply a preparation of whey, but owing to the quality of the grass or the climate becomes here a truly palatable and nourishing potation and one that all travellers and visitors never fail to mention in their memoirs.

Tourists and others when on the islands of Guernsey and Jersey are often puzzled to account for the very wide doors of the dwellings and most especially of the farm-houses, for in other particulars these dwellings do not differ from those to be found elsewhere in that part of the world. Generally, too, the doorways are arched and are assuredly out of proportion with the

rest of the building, but if the interested or curious visitor should gain admittance to one of these dwellings he would quickly discern the reason; for right before him in a good-sized room he would see cask after cask of the celebrated cider of these islands, upon which the Jerseyman depends largely for his support, sending it both to England and France. It is estimated that the average yearly output of these islands is nearly one hundred thousand hogsheads, and when we consider the size of the island, twelve miles long and six miles wide, one ceases to wonder at the appellation given to it many years ago as being "a sea of cider."

CHAPTER XIII

SOUTH AMERICA

IN the year 1516 a party of Spanish explorers, under the leadership of Juan Dias de Solis, and who were in search of that great desideratum a south-west passage to the East Indies, sailed up the River Plate, and, through inducements offered them by the natives, part of the crew with their leader went ashore. For a while everything was pleasant, but suddenly the Indians, who were hidden in the forest, fell upon them and after a brief struggle the whole party was killed, then cooked and eaten in sight of their companions on the vessel. The survivors lost no time in returning to Spain and their story of what befell their former companions and commander had its natural effect upon the spirits of the people.

The search for the south-west passage to the "Spice Islands" was for a time, at least, abandoned and perhaps would never have been resumed but for the actions of King Manuel of Portugal. This king had in his royal household a man by the name of Fernao de Magalhaes, who after a while asked for a larger salary; his record shows that he was worthy of the increase, but Manuel, much to Magalhaes's chagrin, not only refused to grant the extra compensation but couched the refusal in such language that Magalhaes

considered that he was not only injured but insulted as well. Accordingly, he, with another malcontent of note, Ruy Faleiro, the astronomer, made, through the bishop of Burgos, Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, overtures to the king of Spain to go in search of this much desired passage. The Spanish king at once accepted the proposition, greatly to Manuel's disappointment, for now, having lost Magalhaes, he found that in his haste he had driven away a most valuable subject, and used every method at his command to regain the courtier's service, but without avail. Magalhaes swore allegiance to the crown of Spain, changed his name to Magellan, and set forth on his voyage of discovery, and on November 28, 1520, he passed through the strait that now bears his name, accomplishing his mission, for he had entered the Pacific Ocean, thereby receiving the proud title of the "first circumnavigator."

While his ships were at anchor in or near the strait, some eighteen natives wearing shoes or feet-coverings of guanaco hide visited the fleet. These shoes made very large and ungainly-looking tracks or footprints, and on this account the crews of the different vessels called the Indians Patagones, hence the name Patagonia. Six years later Sebastian Cabot set out with a small fleet on the same mission but, owing to a mutiny and some other causes, he landed at or near what is now the city of Buenos Ayres, and from that time, 1526, it may be said that the history of the surrounding country begins. The Spaniards found the natives anything but an easy foe to conquer, and it was many a long year before the white man was assured of safety. That the Indians in various parts

of South America were cannibals at this time there is little doubt, but to what extent this practice was carried none of the writers of those times give any definite or trustworthy information; but it is not probable, owing to the plentiful supply of game right at their hands, that it was extended beyond the eating of their enemies killed or captured in battle. They were a primitive people and customs and laws of any kind were almost unknown. Ceremonies, too, were almost wanting; in fact if a young buck of the Canbas tribe desired to marry he gathered an armful of wood, set it down in front of the girl, lighted it, and had a little chat. Then they would go off into the woods and stay there three or four days and on their return they would be considered married.

Among the Chaco Indians the young buck would go to the father of the girl, and if his proposal was accepted, the next morning he would go off in search of a deer, an ostrich, or wild pig—not as an offering, but to assure the girl that she would have plenty to eat thereafter. On his return with his trophy the girl's mother would take the bridle from his horse, hang it on the wall, just over the place where the nuptial couch, a mare's skin, was to be made, and they would retire with their heads to the west, and when the rising sun touched their feet the next morning they were pronounced married. Polygamy of course was common and divorce as easy as the marriage. They were great lovers of spirituous liquors, and while they did not understand distillation they did have a knowledge of fermentation and in a very crude fashion succeeded in making an intoxicating beverage from the seeds of the algarroba, and which they called *aloja*. This

algarroba is a most useful plant in this part of the world, not only to mankind but to cattle and fowls as well. It grows wild and is therefore at the disposal of any one who has the energy to gather it, which task, on account of its abundance is not a very arduous one. It belongs to the carob (*prosopis dulcis*) family and greatly resembles the French bean. When ground into meal and baked in the form of cakes it is called *patay*. The pods when simply chewed furnish strength and endurance on a journey, and above all it is recommended for the *puna* or distress of the lungs when in a high altitude.

The Indians of the present time still continue the making of *aloja* and the travellers into the interior of the country pronounce it to be a refreshing and wholesome draught. The process of making is simple indeed; the seeds or beans are roughly ground or broken, then boiled and allowed to ferment, when it is ready for use. Of course, as among all savage races, it is the women who are expected to keep up the supply of the liquor, and right well do they accomplish this if the accounts can be relied upon. The Indians also understood the art of turning honey into an intoxicating beverage, but they did not use water, simply heating the honey to a certain pitch and when cool drinking it.

Corn, or maize as it is more often called, is a very important staple in the Argentine Republic, not only as an article of food but of drink as well. The ingenious Indians, ever on the lookout for something stimulating, soon taught the early settlers how to transform this innocent article into several different kinds of invigorating beverages without the aid of a still. *Chica de maiz* is one of them and is a pleasant and

only slightly spirituous drink and should be used during the period of fermentation. *Aloja de maiz* is another but more acid and spirituous. It is made by boiling the whole corn and then fermenting it. The corn should not be removed in the finished article, for in order to realise the full benefit of this unique beverage it should be drunk in strict accordance with the rules laid down by the Indians themselves. First a small teaspoonful of molasses is placed in each glass, then the liquor containing a number of kernels of the corn is poured into the tumbler, and after stirring a moment the corn should be taken out and eaten, then drink the contents of the glass. *Aloja de maiz* is assuredly food and drink and is decidedly wholesome and refreshing, besides having the further advantage of being very cheap. In the use of the word *chicha* the stranger in the land will find it will pay him well to ascertain in advance wherever he goes and whenever he changes his place of visit what it means in that immediate vicinity, for rarely indeed does it mean the same thing in any two places though they be only a few miles apart. It is a very accommodating sort of a word and is susceptible of many different meanings. In some parts it is applied to unfermented grape-juice, which too often is so sweet that it is almost nauseous. In other places it means cider, especially in the far south, and elsewhere it is applied to any decoction that may be manufactured in the neighbourhood, so unless the stranger is willing to consume anything and everything it behooves him to use carefully this word *chicha*.

Nothing in the shape of alcohol seems to be too ardent for the lower classes, and the amount of raw

spirits slightly flavoured with anise-seed which are consumed here is appalling when it is comprehended. *Cana*, a white rum made from the native sugar-cane and almost as fiery as fire itself, is made and used here in enormous quantities, and young newly made corn spirits, under the name of *aqua diente*, that would nearly blister the mouths of any other people, is highly prized as an efficacious agent of quick intoxication. From the sugar-cane they also make a fermented beverage called *guarapi* which on a hot day is a most pleasant and refreshing drink if taken in moderate quantity. It has to be used soon after making or it will turn sour and become decidedly unhealthy. *Sensacion* is another Argentine beverage which a few travellers have met with and mentioned in their letters, but it is most likely a derisive or sarcastic appellation bestowed upon a certain kind of *aqua diente* perhaps that species manufactured from the native grapes and which would undoubtedly furnish a sensation to any one not accustomed to its use.

Another Indian-made beverage is *pivarrie*, drawn, as it were, from the root of the *manioc*, *manihot*, *manihot*, or *manicca*, the cassava-plant. The root of this plant besides furnishing the natives with a very pleasant and invigorating liquor supplies them also with a valuable article of food and commerce, which is better known to the rest of the world as farina or simply cassava. In *Camera from the Silver Land* by Ernest William White, F.Z.C., is this description:

In the manufacture of the farina or cassava, either of which is the name given to the fecula manufactured from the oblong tuberous root of manihot (*Jatropha manihot*),

the splendid root, the size of the human head, is first scraped by hand with knives and then placed in long troughs filled with water, and moved about with a stick until perfectly clean. It is then taken to the first machine, a circular rasp, which reduces the whole to a pulp, and in this state it is transferred to a strong box into the lid of which works a powerful screw, every part of which press, including the screw, is made by hand, of hard wood; and when the screw is applied, the liquid driven from the mass escapes by means of holes in the floor of the box. The compressed starchy material is now passed through a sieve, the fibrous parts thrown away, and the fine subjected to the heat of an oven to dry them completely; this oven, of a cylindrical form, has a fire beneath and a shaft provided with spiral arms running through its centre, which, being kept constantly in revolution, thoroughly disintegrate, and allow the heat to penetrate to, every particle of the fecula, thereby ensuring perfect freedom from moisture, without which the process is incomplete. The oven is fed from the top and discharged from the side, and when the operation is finished, on opening the door, all the remains are ejected by the rotating arms.

The shape of these roots is fusiform, to use a botanical term, which means tapering at both ends, being much larger in the middle. They will often weigh thirty pounds, but the strangest feature in connection with this valuable tuber is the fact that in its fresh state the juice contains a large proportion of hydrocyanic acid and is therefore highly poisonous, and it speaks well for these untutored children of the land to have discovered the method by which they could avail themselves of such a valuable article of food.

The country abounds with fruit that is indigenous

and consequently one can meet with more varieties of home-made wines made from these, to us, strange growths than can be well enumerated. Of course the prickly pears have to furnish their quota, and when their juice is turned into *arrope*, one, if fond of sweets, need seek no further; for it contains the combined flavour of many fruits, being as one traveller puts it a brain fruit, for all you have to do is to think of some particular fruit that you are very fond of and then taste this *arrope*, and lo! you have it in your mouth in all its perfection and beauty.

From a species of myrtle, that bears a jet-black fruit about the size of a cherry, a wine is made by the natives that is really excellent. It has no specific name other than *vina* and being only made in certain localities is never offered for sale. The Indians are extremely fond of fruit and of all which appeal to them most that called *chanar* is the chosen; but one must know how and when to eat it, for if even bitten into before it is fully ripe it will pucker the mouth to such an extent that speech becomes an impossible task. When the *chanar* is ripe and fully grown it is about the size of an egg and is also shaped very much like one. Its flavour is beyond description, and the way the Indians eat this fruit best shows in what estimation it is held. Early in the morning all hands repair to the *chanares—chanar* orchard (for, though wild, the trees grow in immense tracts)—and proceed to eat of the fruit until locomotion, except in a crawling way, becomes almost impossible, and as soon as they have arrived at this state they crawl to the river, drink as much water as they can possibly hold, and then crawl back to the trees, where they stretch themselves out

at full length and sleep until night, when they repeat the operation.

From the leaves of a shrub-like tree called *poleo*, a beverage of a non-intoxicating nature is prepared that is known as *te del pais*, and when one has become accustomed to the resinous flavour it imparts it is by no means to be despised on a warm sultry day.

The soil and climate of a great part of the Argentine Republic are almost perfectly adapted for the growing of grapes and the people for many years have been making wine in enormous quantities. But such is the home demand for it that none is ever made for export and rarely is any vintage ever kept until the second year. The finest of these wines come from the district of Mendoza, though the provinces of La Rioja, San Juan, Catamarca, Salta, San Luis, Cordoba, and Entre Rios contribute each a fair supply. Almost every house has around it its vines and every landowner makes his own wine, and yet, notwithstanding this fact, to purchase old native wine is an impossibility, as no one attempts to keep it and the old Spanish custom of only buying what is needed from day to day is as strong in Argentine as it is in the home country. The industry is a growing one and, while the total output in gallons is in the nine figures, it is by no means equal to the demand.

But of all the beverages that are in demand in South America there is none that equals *maté* and from the highest to the lowest it is the great favourite. By many it is called the great South American tea, and perhaps this name is as appropriate in its descriptive quality as any that could be given to it, for, as with the Chinese article, it is the produce of leaves and to be

relished at its full value it should be drunk hot. The origin of its use is of course not traceable and all that we know upon the subject is that the Spaniards found it in common use when they first settled in this part of the world. Naturally there are many places in South America where the plant (*ilex paraguayensis*) grows, but it is from Paraguay—whence it derives its name also—that the best comes. The Indian name for the plant is *caa*, which the Spaniards resolved, long ago, into *yerba*, and the prepared article was first called by them—the Spaniards—either *yerba do maté* or *yerba do polos* and by the natives *caa gazu*. *Maté* comes from the language of the Incas and originally means a calabash, and now, through a process of elimination, has come to mean the completely prepared article.

The *maté*, speaking now of the vessel, is among the natives a small gourd (*crescentia cujete-cuca* or *curcubita lagenaria-cabaco*) usually about the size of a large orange, the tapering end of the gourd serving as a handle. The top of the gourd is cut off, leaving a hole about an inch or so in diameter, through which the tea is sucked by means of a tube called a *bombilla*. These vessels are often silver-mounted and handsomely carved, and are prized accordingly. The *bombilla* is a tube seven or eight inches long and is either of metal—silver—or a reed. At one end it is equipped either with a finely woven basket-work bulb or one of metal perforated with minute holes, so as to prevent the particles of the tea leaves from being drawn up into the mouth. The native method of serving it is to place a small quantity of the powdered leaves in the vessel and then pour boiling water upon them

till the gourd is filled. It is necessary to drink the tea while it is hot, and until one learns how to manipulate the *bombilla* he runs a good chance of burning his lips and mouth, which of course furnishes much amusement for the spectators.

In Appendix E of *La Plata*, which was written by Lieutenant Powell, U. S. N., appears the following:

Having learned [he writes] that the nearest *yerbales* at which work was being carried on at the time were thirty miles distant in the mountains, I determined to visit them accompanied by a guide, who acted as interpreter. After a ride of twenty-five miles over a fair mountain road we reached the *yerbales* of Santa Rosa, where we were welcomed to his ranch by the patron Don Falkencia Periedo, who hospitably supplied us with the best he had, and to whom I am indebted for most of the following information relative to the gathering and preparing of the "Paraguay tea." The *yerba maté* or *ilex paraguayensis* is, as designated by its botanical name, a shrub of the same class as our holly. Its Spanish name is derived from the word *maté*, a gourd, in which it is prepared as a beverage. It is found in the Sierras of the northern part of this and in similar localities of the neighbouring countries. Considerable quantities of it, as prepared for commerce, are now used in the different countries of South America. That of Paraguay is most esteemed, and is one of the principal articles of her export trade. There the lands in which the *yerbales* are found belong to the state, and the trade is a government monopoly. It is gathered and cured sometimes under the superintendence of the government officials of the department in which it is found, at others by private individuals who receive permission to work it on prescribed conditions. When worked by the officials the workmen are drafted from the neighbourhood,

as if for any other public work, and are paid in cured *yerba* or in goods, such as wearing apparel, etc., with which the government keeps itself supplied for such purposes, and on which it gains the usual percentage. When worked by individuals the general rule is to allow them one third of the *yerba* cured, they paying all expenses.

On commencing the work of gathering and curing the *yerba*, the patron or superintendent selects his location —having in view the quantity of the material and the facility of transportation—and erects the necessary buildings, consisting generally of a shed fifty or sixty feet in length for storing the goods, provisions, etc., that he may have and the *yerba* that he collects, a number of small huts as dwellings for the workmen, and the *barbracuras*, or frames upon which the material is dried. The former are constructed in a rude manner and thatched with grass dried in the sun. The latter are more firmly constructed of poles and withes, are in size fifteen or twenty feet square, have arched or angular roofs and firm even floors made of clay, extending six or eight feet beyond the frames on all sides, for the convenience of pulverising the material after it is dried.

Near each *barbracura* is erected (if there is no tree convenient for the purpose) a stand from which the *uru*, or foreman, may watch the drying material and go to the top of the *barbracura* to make such changes in its disposition as he may deem necessary. The *yerba* sometimes reaches the size of a tree, growing to the height of twenty-five or thirty feet; but in collecting it for curing, the bushes from six to twelve feet in height, and from one to two and a half inches in diameter of stem, are preferred. These, having been passed through the flames of a fire built near the place for the purpose, are stripped of their half-dried leaves and tender twigs, which are then carried to the *barbracura* to be thoroughly toasted. For the purpose of transportation the *raydo* (a net-work of thongs of from

four to five feet square, having long thongs to pass over the leaves and twigs upon it and secure at its diagonal corners) is used and is carried upon the heads and shoulders of a workman. Having been struck by the quantity carried by one man in this manner, I had the packed *raydo* weighed as it was taken off the carrier, and found its weight to be fourteen Spanish *arobas* of twenty-five English pounds each, or three hundred and fifty English pounds.

The half-dried material is carefully placed over the top and partly down the sides of the *barbracura*, in quantities of fifty to one hundred *arobas*, and in such manner as to permit the heat to reach every part of it. A fire, from which the object is to get heat with as little flame and smoke as possible, is then built under it, and taken charge of by one of the workmen. The foreman mounts the guard-stand and the other workmen go to the collecting of more half-dried leaves and twigs to take the place of those now being toasted. From thirty-six to forty-eight hours, the fire being kept up from daylight to 7 or 8 P.M., are occupied in the toasting process.

If it rains upon the material upon the *barbracura*, it is necessary to repack and dry it again; and *yerba* which has been so made is not considered good for preservation, and is never sent to the government agent for shipment, but is sold for home consumption. The toasting process being completed, the fire is removed, the floor swept off, and the dry material, being worked through the frame, falls to the floor, and is pounded with wooden instruments in the shape of wood swords until reduced to the condition of a coarse powder, and is gradually removed to the storehouse as it becomes so.

The *yerba* is packed in hide bales, made by cutting the edges of a raw hide even, moistening it, doubling it lengthwise, and sewing up the side with hide thongs. The packing is done by putting in small quantities at a time while the hide is moist, settling it well with a heavy wooden

pestle, and gradually closing the open end, until the bale will contain no more. The hide then, contracting as it dries, adds to the compactness of the whole, and is ready for transportation. The bales are termed *tericos*, and those made of the larger hides contain two hundred English pounds. The workmen are paid at the rate of twenty-five cents the *aroba* for the cured *yerba*, as it is brought from the *barbracura*, and a packer gains about six cents the *aroba*, the hide being found by the employer.

This method of breaking off large branches was a very wasteful one and had a tendency to materially injure the tree. Of late years the planters have become more careful and insist upon only the leaves and small twigs being picked or broken off.

The mode of drying, too, has undergone several changes since Lieutenant Powell wrote his description. Large cast-iron pans set in brick-work, in the same way that tea is dried in China, are used now and the result is of a more uniform character. With the Indians the searching for a *yerba* woods is, of course, a part of their existence and when one is found the whole band, numbering generally about twenty-five, settle right down upon the spot, building their wigwams and proceeding to get to work, and for the next six months they are busy preparing the tea for market.

The Jesuits long ago discerned the profit that was in this new venture and with their usual enterprise began the cultivation of the plant on a large scale, and were well rewarded for their foresight and industry, as the cultivated article is much superior to that which grows naturally. The finest of these plantations are in the province of Rio Grande de San Pedro of Paraguay, and from the fact that it was the

priests who first began the cultivation of *maté* it received such names as "Jesuit tea," "tea of the missions," "St. Bartholomew's tea" and other like appellations.

Under cultivation the plant remains a small shrub with numerous stems, instead of forming, as in the wild state, a tree with rounded head. It is estimated that the annual consumption of *maté* in South America alone amounts to between sixty and seventy millions of pounds and it is therefore a decidedly important source of revenue to the different governments.

Maté armago (bitter *maté*) is the way the people as a rule prefer it, but sugar and even milk is added and in some places the drink is brewed and served in the same manner as ordinary tea, but this method, it is claimed, robs the decoction of much of its value.

It is supposed that the Spaniards derived the name Chile—English Chili—from the Incas word *Tchile*, meaning snow, which was the name these ancient people applied to that long strip of land bordering on the Pacific Ocean and south of their own lands and which we now know as Chili. Chili's history begins in the fifteenth century and differs little even in detail from any of the other countries in the southern hemisphere. The natives, or Indians, were called Araucanians. They themselves said they were Alapu-che, "children of the land," and their language was the same as that of a portion of the present Argentine Republic. Their resistance to the Spanish invaders was, if anything, more fierce and resolute than that of any other tribe in the south, but superior numbers and a better knowledge of warfare, with better weapons, at last overcame them, and what was a mighty people

only a few centuries ago are now but a small community of a few thousand. They are a very superstitious people and exceedingly tenacious in regard to their belief. In some respects they are also very practical, as for instance: in case of death they are supposed to bury with the body all its belongings, such as spurs, spears, knives, etc., and they will do so if these articles are of common make or old and worn. But, on the other hand, should they be new and of some value they whittle out a replica in wood and bury that instead of the original, which they retain for their own future use.

Among themselves the Indians were divided into several tribes and were distinguished as "Pehuenche" or people of the East, "Morache," people of the West, and "Huillche," far-off people living to the south. These general divisions were divided into provinces, as, for instance, that of the Purumancians, which were in turn subdivided into particular districts, and each province, so we are assured, governed itself, seldom or never joining one with the other except in case of war and sometimes not even then. In the beginning they were a very sociable people and it was only the avariciousness of the invaders that caused them to despise and hate the white man.

They had their own peculiar customs, and like their neighbours of Argentine could manufacture various liquors more or less powerful. One beverage in particular they were very fond of, and when at peace, or not hunting, the squaws kept the tribes well supplied. In their language it is called *mudai* and before the Spaniards came to the country was made of a native grain of which there exists to-day no account, but

with the advent of the Spanish into the land, bringing with them their home-grown seeds and plants, wheat was introduced and the Indians use this cereal instead, and which, perhaps, they find better adapted to the purpose.

In a volume entitled *The Araucanians* and written by Edmond Reuel Smith of the U. S. N. Astronomical Expedition in Chili is a graphic account of the manufacture of *mudai* as he witnessed it. He writes:

While the females were engaged at their various avocations, one of them brought out a dish of meal, slightly moistened, and a small earthen jug, both of which she set down upon the ground. One of the girls approached, took a handful of the meal, and made it into a ball, which she stuffed into her mouth, and with her cheeks distended she returned to her work. Another followed, and another, until all, from the young children to the toothless old crones, wrinkled and blear-eyed, were busy munching and chewing, with their faces puffed out like balls, but still managing to keep up a ceaseless jabbering. In a few minutes the first returned, and, lifting up the jug, emptied into it the whole contents of her mouth. She took another mouthful of meal and went off, chewing as before. The rest followed in due time, and so it went on until the meal was exhausted, and the jug was full. Puzzled to comprehend such singular proceedings, I approached one of the women, and pointing to the jug inquired,

"Chem tua?" (What is that?)

"*Mudai*," she answered.

"What! *mudai?*"

"Yes," she answered, and laughing at my surprise she added, "Cume! cume!" (Good! good!)

It was useless to seek further information in that quarter, and hunting up Sanchez I inquired of him what they were doing.

"Making *mudai*," he answered composedly.

"What! *mudai*, the liquor I have been drinking for a month past?"

"The very same," he replied, and, without noticing the nervous twitchings of my face, he went on to describe the process of manufacturing this beverage, which is a kind of beer, with a sub-acid and not unpleasant taste. A bushel or more of wheat is boiled over a slow fire for several hours, and at the end of which time the decoction is strained off and set aside to cool. To this a jug-full of masticated grain is added, in order to produce a rapid fermentation. So soon as the fermentation commences, the *mudai* is considered fit for use. A bumper of the *fresh brewed* was offered me before night, but I respectfully declined.

The aborigines of Chili were well acquainted with the art of pottery-making and in a number of ways they excelled in this important branch of domestic economy. Chili has a large variety of earths admirably suited to this purpose and when the country was invaded there were found innumerable quantities of earthenware utensils in all sizes and shapes. In fact, jars five and six feet high and finely coated on the inside were very common. The rifling of the tombs, too, brought to light many other specimens, some white, some red, and others a glossy black. Some of their handiwork and more especially the heads on their cups was so finely executed, in the way of expression and other minute details, that they will rival even to-day the work of our best modern artists in that line.

Wine from the grape has always been a very plentiful article in this rugged country, for the climate and the soil are both suited to the vine. Many writers who have taken the trouble to investigate and delve into

the question are of the opinion that grapes are indigenous to Chili, and there is sufficient evidence available to prove that the aborigines made and used wine long before the advent of the Spaniards upon the scene. Dregs of wine were found in the *guaqueros* (the Indian name) or jars that were exhumed in the cemeteries, and on investigation it was found to be the practice of the natives to bury with their dead a vessel filled with wine to aid them on their long journey to "Alhue-Mapu" (the land of spirits). Again, the wild vine is often met with in many parts of the country and when we consider the ingenuity of the natives there is little cause to doubt but that they had a knowledge of wine long before the white man brought it to their shores. Another link in the chain of evidence is the Indian word *pulcu* used from time immemorial and universally in Chili for wine.

The amount of wine made and used in Chili is far beyond what the average person would conceive. In fact, it is so great that Chili is high up in the scale of the leading wine countries of the world, and were the conditions of her markets to change she could soon become celebrated for her produce. The people, however, like young wine best and on this account there is no incentive for its keeping and aging, and until this becomes necessary Chili need not seek the rest of the world for a market. The great working class of the people are the chief consumers, and they are prone to value quantity rather than quality; they are also conservative, holding fast to the ideas of their forefathers in almost everything they do, and to change them or to introduce improvements, especially along the lines of agriculture and vinifi-

cation, is something more difficult than it appears on the face of it.

Though the grape grows in Chili in the greatest profusion and of excellent quality—owing to some climatic influence, improper culture, or defect in the after-process—the wines do not contain a sufficiently large proportion of alcohol, and will seldom keep without an admixture of spirits, or of wine which has been boiled down. The *mostos* of the southern provinces are rich, and somewhat like port; but, as they are rarely kept for more than a year, one of the chief essentials to good wine—namely, age—is wanting to give them the flavour of the celebrated European brands.

A few foreigners have attempted to make fine wine in the country, but never on a sufficiently extensive scale to exert any beneficial influence; and though her advantages for the culture of the grape are unsurpassed, it must be many years before Chili can enter the market in competition with the wine countries of the old world. *Chicha*, as the new wine is called, is consumed in great quantities, and is an agreeable beverage to those somewhat accustomed to its use; but in its crude, fermenting state it cannot be other than injurious to health.

The above was written in 1855 and in many places there have been some important changes effected, but the home market is still capable of taking all that is produced. The question of irrigation has in a manner been solved, but there still exists a great difference in opinion as to which method is best suited to the requirements of the natural conditions, climate and soil. According to Mr. William Howard Russell, LL.D., in *A Visit to Chile*, written in 1890, the wines of that country will, even in their newness compare

favourably with those of Europe. He says, "The delicious white wine of Macul, like a full red Burgundy, made on the spot, refreshed and prepared us." Again he says, "Excellent wine of a generous quality is produced in the valley, and the raisins are considered by the natives equal to those of Malaga." In another place: "The wines of the country are so good that it is not to be wondered at if the natives drink nearly all that is produced and leave very little of the better vintages, of the Urmeneta, Macul, and Paquerete for export. The better are by no means cheap, and the poorer classes are contented with beer, by no means despicable, and with *chicha*, a preparation made from grapes, which I did not find palatable, but it is commended by its cheapness, for it is quite intoxicating, and a man can become drunk at a trifling expense." Finally, he writes, "Nothing better than good Urmeneta, Macul, or Paquerete can be needed by any one."

The fondness of the Chilenos for equestrian pursuits is proverbial and any one that is among the "who 's who" is seldom seen out of doors except on horseback, and to eat and drink while in the saddle is a very ordinary accomplishment. At all gatherings such as fairs and races every man attends mounted and during the whole time may never place his feet on the ground.

Drinking, of course, enters into all the ceremonies, and among the lower classes and Indians *chacoli* or *agua diente* is not only deemed a necessity but certain functions cannot be conducted without it. In case of death, especially among the Indians, the body cannot be interred until a sufficient quantity of liquor

of some kind is on hand with which to supply the friends and others who may attend the obsequies. This custom does not matter so much if the family of the deceased is possessed of a little ready capital, but it is very oppressing when the reverse is the condition, and so instead of burying the body it is hung up in the hut over the fireplace until they have procured the required amount to drink its health on its long journey. Sometimes the period is protracted and the body becomes as dry and shrivelled as a mummy before it is buried.

There is an old saw that says "Necessity is the mother of invention," and while we may read it in the idea of an advancement the invention may be only a return to the first principles, in order to supply the necessity, and the method pursued in the manufacture of *chicha de manzanas* or apple cider by the natives of southern Chili is most assuredly prototypal. A sheep's skin is thrown upon the ground wool-side down and upon it is placed a number of small green apples. Then two natives with pliable sticks begin pounding or thrashing them; this they continue to do until every apple is beaten into a pulp; then with their hands they squeeze this mass free of the juice, which is collected in a bowl and the beverage is ready for use. What an example of a more simple and primitive method and still one as effective! and how handy it is! All that is needed for consumption is made in a few moments right before one's eyes and its purity is assured in every particular; truly these "children of the wild" need never want for drink if they can but find the apples.

Another simple beverage much used in this part

of Chili is *ulpo*, and while it is a drink it is also a very sustaining food. Wheat is roasted whole and then ground into meal, a handful of which is stirred into a cup of water, thus making *ulpo*. Cattle-horns, or, as they are called in the country, *chifles*, play an important part in this land and every traveller on horseback is always equipped with a pair to carry his wine or other liquor; they are better than glass for this purpose, as they can withstand much rougher handling and use without breaking. Animal skins, too, as in the mother country, are used for this purpose; also when larger quantities have to be transported over the mountains. And, although we may look askance at the employment of skins for this purpose, when we stop to consider the only available carrier, the mule, and review the roads, which as a rule are but narrow paths where possibly twenty times a day the load comes in contact with tree or boulder, we are compelled perforce to admit that no other container would withstand the usage. Where railroads and boats are available of course barrels are used, as in other countries, but there are many places in Chili that are beyond the power of either locomotive or steamboat to reach, and therefore the *colero* will survive and retain its place as it has done for thousands of years when in fact it was the only container.

While the climate and soil of Chili is well adapted to the grape it is also favourable to fruits of other kinds, both indigenous and introduced. The list of native fruits is larger than one would expect to find in such a limited area and their quality is as varied as their number. Many of these fruits are scarcely edible, but their juices for centuries have furnished the

natives with more or less ardent beverages. The *conque* and *curague* are two Indian-made wines of native plants or trees, and although only the result of simple fermentation are nevertheless highly intoxicating. From the fruit of the *luma*, a forest tree, another easily prepared drink called *kow-chow* is concocted, and from wild apples that are in a state of over-ripeness *chi-chi* is made.

In some respects the *chi-chi* resembles cider, but the manufacture is entirely different. First the Indians dig a hole in the ground; then they line it with horsehides so that it will not leak, and after the hole has been partly filled with almost rotten apples water is poured in until the cavity will contain no more. In a day or two fermentation begins and *chi-chi* is ready for use. From the small red dupes that hang in thick clusters from the branches of the *schinus molle*, or as it is more commonly called the Chili pepper, the Indians prepare a wine of a most agreeable quality, which they call *huigan*, but the Chilenos refuse to accept this name and insist upon calling it *molle*. A prevailing habit of the natives of the southern part of this hemisphere is the chewing of *maken*, a native gum. It is an universal habit and one which has several attractions.

On the 10th of March, 1526, the contract for the conquest of Peru was signed by Almagro and Luque, Gaspar de Espinosa supplying the funds, and on the 26th of July, 1529, the capitulation with the crown of Spain for the conquest was executed. Three years later, on the 15th of November, 1532, Francisco Pizarro with his little army entered Coxamarca and in the following February his colleague Almagro arrived

with reinforcements. The opening of the first chapter of Peru's modern history dates from these events. What followed is a matter of record in some respects and a series of traditions in others, though the true history of the people reaches far back into the realms of antiquity, for the Incas were the most advanced people of the southern continent.

The Incas had an elaborate system of state worship, with a ritual, and frequently recurring festivals. They were exceedingly proud of their language and it was their policy to enforce its use among all the conquered tribes. Quichua was the language of a people far advanced in civilisation; it was assiduously cultivated by learned men for several centuries; and not only songs but elaborate dramas were composed and written, and it is still the language of the majority of the people of Peru. History and traditions were preserved by the bards, and dramas were enacted before the sovereign and his court.

Roads, with post-houses at intervals, were made over the wildest mountain-ranges and the bleakest deserts for hundreds of miles. A well-considered system of land-tenure and of colonisation provided for the wants of all classes of the people. The administrative details of government were minutely and carefully organised, and accurate statistics were kept by means of the "quipus" or system of knots.

The edifices displayed marvellous skill, and their workmanship is unsurpassed. The world has nothing in the way of stone cutting and fitting to equal the skill and accuracy displayed in the Inca structures of Cuzco. As workers in metals and as potters they displayed infinite variety of design, though not of a high order, while as cultivators and engineers they in all

respects excelled their European conquerors, says Clement R. Markham in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Although there is no direct or positive testimony upon the subject, still there is good reason to believe that the Incas had some knowledge of distillation long before their country was overpowered. Garcilaso Inca de la Vega, who was born in Peru in 1540, mentions in his history of these people two liquors, *sora* and *vinafer*, of which, owing to their power of intoxication, the manufacture was prohibited as being detrimental to the people and to the maintenance of order. De la Vega's father was a Spaniard who went to Peru with Pizarro and liking the country settled there and eventually married into the royal Incas, hence the "Inca" in the son's name. Naturally Garcilaso was admirably fitted for the position of historian, as he was equipped with all the traditions and legends of the people, and furthermore he had their language at his command—in fact, was one of them. So when we consider his statement regarding the suppression of *sora* and *vinafer* because they were too ardent for the general welfare, and then take into account that fermented liquors of many kinds were easily made, we must perforce assume that these liquors were the result of distillation.

Furthermore it is stated on good authority that they also understood the art of malting, for *sora* is also described as having been made from malt. This beer was exceedingly intoxicating, so much so that there is some doubt as to its being the result of brewing only, for it was very quick in its actions. The Peruvian still, regarding the introduction of which there is no account to be found, is an implement entirely unique

and decidedly peculiar to the country, being simply a deep earthenware pot, having a hole in the side near the top through which passes a piece of wood with a deep groove in it. To the top of the pot a concave pan is luted and is kept constantly filled with cold water, serving as a condenser; the spirit falls into a spoon fitted to the end of the grooved stick and is thus carried to a receiver, and a more simple instrument would be difficult to imagine.

Again, as has already been shown the Incas were much superior to their neighbours in every respect, and this being true why should not the superiority extend to the manufacture of their beverages? They had a vast number of rites, religious and otherwise, that were celebrated by the consumption of a large amount of liquor, not, perhaps, by any one class, but by the people assembled. At some of these feasts, so we are told, it was no unusual thing for them to consume a thousand jars of liquor, each jar holding eighteen gallons or more, proving conclusively that these affairs were inaugurated upon a much larger scale than anything of the kind at the present time.

The favourite beverage, if credence can be given to these old-time writers, was one that bore the name of *masato*. It was made by boiling a quantity of ripe plantains, till they were quite soft, after which they were reduced to a pulp by beating them in a trough. The mass was then put into a basket lined with leaves, where it was left to ferment for several days. When ready to be used it was put into a gourd or perforated vessel to which a quantity of water was added; the whole was then compressed and the filterings collected in another vessel and drunk. At all their festivals

there is a certain time when the women hand the small *tutema* shells full of *masato* to the men, when an offering must be made to the departed friends; so all rise and, filling their mouths with the liquor, turn the head to the right and through their teeth squirt the liquor upon the ground. At another stage in the proceedings every one sends a fine spray of the liquor into the air as a propitiatory offering to the ærial spirits, that they may protect their property from the attack of wild beasts and the destructive influence of the elements.

Another prehistoric beverage and possibly the most ancient upon the southern continent was *neto*, made by boiling a certain native grain several hours and then causing it to ferment by the addition of an indigenous plant, after it had been strained. Samuel Morewood, Esq., mentions a certain Mr. Stevenson who affirms that he drank some of this liquor which had been taken from the *huacas*, or burying-places, that must have been upwards of three centuries old. Perhaps he did, *cum grano salis*. A variety of *neto* was another beverage called *cluro*, prepared by malting the same native grain and boiling the malt; this when drawn off was ready for use and had, in taste, a strong resemblance to cider.

Chica mascada is still another ancient malted beverage. To prepare this drink according to the rules of the Incas it was necessary that the *jora* or malt should be masticated, so the old men and women would assemble at the place where it was to be made and chew the malt, after which it was made into small round balls and added to the beverage while still warm. This drink can be made very intoxicating by using

plenty of grain and a small proportion of water, and on occasions the Peruvians do not hesitate to make it of full strength, for there are times when they feel that a little of the "good stuff" would accomplish more than a larger quantity of the weaker.

The ordinary *chica* of to-day is made of maize and is only half fermented and is therefore almost deficient in alcoholic strength, requiring a much larger amount before there is any perceptible feeling of exhilaration. It is the universal drink of the people, and in taste is somewhat sharp, but one soon becomes accustomed to this and in a short time is apt to become fond of it. A highly prized *chica* is the *chica mascada* to which several pounds of raw beef have been added and the jar buried six or eight feet in the ground and left for several years.

The universal practice at the birth of a child is to prepare a *botija*, or large jar, of this *chica* and bury it, and when the child marries or dies to resurrect and drink it, but the concoction by this time has become so strong that even a small glass will intoxicate the most practised *chica*-drinker, or, as it is expressed in this land, a *chichero*. From a tree which the natives call *hacachu*, or grave plant, and sometimes *yerba de huaca* and *bovachero* and which we know as the red thorn-apple (*daturia sanguinea*), they make a strong narcotic drink called *tonga*.

According to Dr. J. J. Von Tschudi in *Travels in Peru*

> The Indians believe that by drinking the *tonga* they are brought into communication with the spirits of their forefathers. I once had the opportunity of observing

an Indian under the influence of this drink. Shortly after having swallowed the beverage he fell into a heavy stupour; he sat with his eyes vacantly fixed upon the ground, his mouth convulsively closed, and his nostrils dilated. In the course of about a quarter of an hour his eyes began to roll, foam issued from his half-opened lips, and his whole body was agitated by frightful convulsions. These violent symptoms having subsided, a profound sleep of several hours succeeded. In the evening I saw this Indian. He was relating to a circle of attentive listeners the particulars of his vision, during which he alleged he had held communication with the spirits of his forefathers. He appeared very weak and exhausted.

From the pulp of sugar-cane which is allowed to ferment, a very pleasant beverage is prepared called *guarapo*, and like *chicha* there are a number of different kinds. The favourite beverage, though, of the better classes of Peru is a brandy called *Italia*, the best of which comes from the vale of Yca and is made solely from the muscatel grape, which thrives luxuriantly in that neighbourhood. It is a very superior article and possesses an exquisite flavour and is by no means cheap. Another brandy of a much more common sort is called *de pisco*, or more often simply *pisco*. It finds a ready market, though, among the poorer classes, who consume great quantities of it when their purses will allow. From the *pica* grape an excellent wine is produced and commands a very good price, especially in Lima, where it is a favourite. From a species of wild grape which the Indians call *maqui*, and which is also said to be very fine for eating, is prepared a liquor called *thea*, and from a berry about the size of a pea and which is called *mutilla* is prepared *chicha*

de mutilla. The berries are put into a vessel containing water and are macerated or beaten into a mass, and when this has fermented it is ready to drink. Of all the fruits that grow in Peru there is none that is superior to the *chirimoya*, which has been called by some travellers "a master-piece of nature." When fully ripe it is most exquisite and has a flavour peculiarly its own. But the great plant of Peru is the *coca*, or, as the authorities prefer to call it, *cuca*, the leaves of which are chewed by all classes but more especially by the Indians. The cultivation of this plant forms a very important feature of the country's revenue and the amount of leaves consumed annually is over fifty millions of pounds, and also with an ever-increasing market. The poet Cowley makes the Indian "Pachamma" address Venus thus:

> Our Varicocha first this coca sent,
> Endow'd with leaves of wondrous nourishment,
> Whose juice succ'd in, and to the Stomach tak'n
> Long hunger and long labor can sustain;
> From which our faint and weary bodies find
> More Succor, more they cheer the drooping mind,
> Than can your *Bacchus* and your *Ceres* join'd.
> Three leaves supply for six days' march afford,
> The Quitoila with the Provision stor'd
> Can pass the vast and cloudy Andes o'er."

In many parts of the country the plant is referred to as "the tree of hunger and thirst" and is held in high veneration by the people everywhere.

There are others, however, who have travelled in Peru who are not of the opinion of Doctor Von Tschudi, while still a large number express themselves even

unlimited opportunities for all classes of travellers and scientific investigators. Naturally over such a large tract of land there are to be found many great contrasts, not only in vegetation but in the people who inhabit these various parts.

To the students of ethnography the autochthones of Brazil have furnished a most fertile field for study, and perhaps in no other country can be found so many distinct classes of natives differing in such a degree one from the other, comprising, as it were, all the stages from fierce cannibalism to almost abject timidity. Their modes of living and their rites and ceremonies were as foreign one to another as it is possible to conceive. Few indeed were the things shared in common among them. In fact it may be said that aside from their love of intoxicating beverages there was nothing in which they all agreed. On this one subject, however, there was a mutual feeling, and the great abundance of fruit, trees, and plants made the gratification of this pleasure an easy matter.

Of necessity they were confined to fermented drinks, but such was the nature of some of the ingredients used in the preparation of the various beverages commonly used that they were in no wise inferior to distilled potations in causing quick and thorough inebriation. When this quality was lacking they would resort to other means in order to accomplish the desired result, and the expedients used were often decidedly original.

Among the tribe called Muras, when the young men were admitted to the rank of warrior the young women of the tribe would prepare a wine, from the stupes of the

assahy palm, while the older women would manufacture a kind of snuff, from the lobes of the *parica* and also an infusion from the same plant. When all was ready the ceremony, called by them *parane* would commence. First the snuff would be forced into the nostrils through a hollow reed by an accommodating companion, and when all noses were as full of snuff as they could hold, the drinking of *assahy* would commence. Vessel after vessel of the dark red liquor would be swallowed in rapid succession until their stomachs were distended like wine-skins. After a little the infusion of *parica* would be brought out and served. Apparently the savages were as full as they could well be, but it was necessary that they should have more; so in order to do it they had a pear-shaped vessel or container, made from the juice of the *hevæa* hardened by smoking—says Paul Marcoy, in *Travels in South America*, and of which the Umanas are, with or without reason, supposed to be the unlucky inventors—and presented to each present, and this too as well as the wine and snuff was taken into the system, and sometimes with fatal results.

The one great plant of Brazil, that which furnishes wine, beer, spirits, and food, is known to us as the *mandioca*, from which is derived the true tapicoa. By many writers it is often referred to as the bread of Brazil and in innumerable ways it fulfils this important part.

In *Life in Brazil*, by Thomas Ewbank, the author says:

A field of ripe mandioca looks like a nursery of hazels. The stem of each plant is isolated, and has only a few palmated leaves at top. A bud or projecting nucleus of a sprout occurs at nearly every inch on the otherwise naked stem, the length of which is from six to seven feet, and

an inch thick at the base. When a field is reaped, the stems are chopped into pieces three or at most four inches long. These are planted, and quickly take root, sending forth shoots from the buds, and in two years mature a new crop. The tubers yielded by each stem average five in number, the largest six or seven inches long, and four thick; the shape irregular, and in substance resembling the parsnip. After being scraped and rinsed, they are prepared for the "mill." Of the same plan and dimensions everywhere, this machine is nothing more than a revolving grater. Imagine a small carriage-wheel, three feet in diameter, mounted on an axle, one end of which is put into a crank handle. Instead of iron tire, a strip of sheet brass, four inches wide, and punched full of holes, is nailed on the felloes, the rough side outward. One slave turns it, another pushes a single root at a time against it. When the part left in the hand becomes too small to be held steadily, a fresh root is used to press it forward till it is wholly ground up. The pulp is put into bags of hair or cloth and subjected to a press. The pressed matter, resembling cheese-cake in consistency, is rubbed through a coarse sieve, and thrown into shallow copper pans moderately heated, and stirred up for a few minutes, when its manufacture is completed. It is now not unlike Indian-meal or oatmeal. Thus in half an hour the root is converted into what is everywhere known as "the bread of Brazil." The poisonous expressed juice is not immediately thrown away. Received into vessels, a beautiful white precipitate collects at the bottom. Senhor J——, plunging his hand in the tub, brought up a specimen. "That," said he, "when dried, is tapioca."

Such is the white man's method of preparing farina. The rasp of the aborigines consists of a board, say a foot or fifteen inches wide, and two feet long. One face is smeared over with a thick coating of gum—a natural glue that hardens like stone, and in it is inserted, often in regular

and fancy figures, a multitude of sharp particles of granite, selected from pieces broken up for the purpose. On this board each root, after being washed and the skin scraped off, is reduced to pulp by rubbing it to and fro over the teeth. When the desired quantity is rasped down, the next thing is to compress it in order to get rid of the water, and after it is expelled, the mass is laid on a heated stone griddle and stirred till dry.

The press possesses more interest. Imagine a coarse, basket-like tube, made of split cane (the slips thin, three fourths of an inch wide, and rather loosely plaited or interwoven). A common size is five or six feet in length, five or six inches diameter at the mouth, or open end, and three or four inches at the bottom or closed end. A large loop or a couple of strong withes is left at each end. When used, the first thing is to wet it, if dry. The operator then grasps the edges of the mouth with both hands, and, resting the bottom on the ground, throws the weight of his body on the basket till he has crushed it down to about half its previous height; the lower parts, meanwhile, swell out in diameter larger than the mouth. A smooth stick, like one of our broom-handles, is now introduced, held upright in the middle, and the pulp put in and packed round it till the tube is nearly filled. It is next suspended by the upper loop from a hook, or the limb of a tree, and a heavy stone or a basket of stones fastened to the bottom loop, so that the weight may gradually stretch the tube till it becomes six or seven feet in length; the internal capacity diminishing with the extension, and the contracting sides powerfully forcing the pulp against the unyielding central stick, and consequently driving out the liquor. Instead of stones, one end of a heavy log is sometimes inserted through the lower loop, and loaded with a pappoose or two, or anything else at hand. Indians, again, will put one foot or both in the loop, as in a stirrup, and serve themselves as the weight. This basket-press is the *tepiti*, and if there

is a current primitive invention evincing closer and happier reasoning out of common tracks, and which exhibits neater and cheaper results, we do not know where to look for it.

When the meal has been pressed into cakes and left to dry for several days it is ready either for food or drink. If for food it is simply boiled, but for a liquor, called *taroba*, the cakes are broken into small pieces and put into water, when, after fermentation, it is ready for drinking. When fresh, *taroba* is a pleasant and wholesome beverage and only slightly stimulating, but after a few hours it becomes acid and much more ardent. Through a process of fermentation the distilled *beiju* is manufactured. The proper or full name of this liquor is *aguadente de beiju* and its intoxicating powers are something above the average. In fact, it is said that a very small quantity will produce intoxication much sooner than the strongest brandy. This liquor, while the result of native ingenuity, is of quite recent date as the still had first to be introduced by the Portuguese before it could be concocted.

Tucupi is the Indian term for the raw newly expressed juice of the *mandioca* plant and it was often used by them for the purpose of poisoning cattle and wild beasts that encroached upon their domains; and it has been hinted that it was sometimes used by white women as well as native ones to enable them to dispose of a husband that was *de trop*.

Caysuma and *macachera* are both beer-like beverages prepared from this plant, and *chibe* and *minagao* are simple preparations of the flour in cold water answering both purposes of food and drink. The

most potent drink, though, is *cuain*, a fiery rum-like draught but much more powerful and lasting in its evil effects. It is, of course, distilled, and although the stills used by the Indians are very crude and primitive yet such is the nature of this wonderful plant they are enabled to extract the most powerful liquor from it in this rude way.

Among the many sauces prepared from the *mandioca*, the most noted are the *cassareep*, *tucupi*, *ticupi-pixuma* or black *tucupi* and *arube*. Pepper, beef-brine, and the poisonous juice before the tapioca is precipitated are the chief ingredients. Through manipulation and heat the poison disappears, leaving a wholesome and appetising sauce, which equals, say many travellers, the famous *soy* of Japan.

Among all classes the great national drink, however, is cachaça or *cauaçu*, as some prefer to write it, for both words have the same pronunciation. Before proceeding further it would perhaps be the better policy to say that there are many different qualities of cachaça, and while the good is, as in the nursery rhyme, very good indeed, the bad, to put it mildly, is horrid. Captain Richard F. Burton, that most thorough of travellers, in his *Highlands of Brazil* has the following to say on this subject:

Cachaça or aguardente, the *dumas* of strangers, is the *tafia* of French writers, a pretty word wilfully thrown away, like the Spanish *aruda* that means *rum*. It is the *kwasheeyah*, the *kauim* of Brazil. The commonest kind is distilled from the refuse molasses and trippings of clayed sugar, put into a retort-shaped still, old as the hills, and rich in verdigris. The peculiar volatile oil or ether is not removed from the surface, the taste is of copper and

smoke—not *glenlivet*—in equal proportions, and when the *catinga* or fetor has tainted the spirits it cannot be removed. Otherwise it would be as valuable to Europe as the corn brandy of Canada, and the potato brandy of Holland, from which is made the veritable cognac. There are two kinds: the common made from the Cayenne cane, and the *greoulinha* or *franquinha*, the old Maderian growth; the latter is preferred, as the "cooler" or less injurious. "Brandy," said Dr. Johnson, "is the drink of heroes," and here men drink their *cachaca* heroically; the effect is "liver," dropsy, and death. Strangers are not readily accustomed to the odour, but a man who once "takes to it" may reckon on delirium tremens and an early grave. Its legitimate use is for bathing after insolation, or for washing away the discomforts of insect bites. Your Brazilian host generally sends a bottle with a tub of hot water. The *canninha*, in Spanish *canna*, is a superior article, made from the cane juice fermented in souring tubs; it is our rum, and when kept for some years, especially under ground, the flavour reminds one of Jamaica. Old travellers usually prefer the *pinga* to the vitriolic gin and the alcoholic cognacs which have found their way into the country; as the bottle is sold for a penny or twopence, there is no object in adulterating the contents. Drunk in moderation, especially on raw mornings, and wet evenings, it does more good than harm. The people have a prejudice against mixing it, and prefer the style called "Kentucky drink" or "midshipman's grog." They are loud in its praise, declaring that it cools the heat, heats the cold, dries the wet and wets the dry. When did man ever want a pretext for a dram?

The *restillo* is, as its name shows, a redistillation of either *cachaca* or *canninha*, and it removes the unpleasant odour of the molasses spirit. This form is little known in Sao Paulo; in Minas it is the popular drink, and the planter calls it jocosely "Brazilian wine"; he prefers it,

and justly, to the vile beverages imported at enormous prices from the "Peninsula." There is yet a third distillation, *lavado*, or the washed. It is said to be so strong and anhydrous that if thrown into the air it descends in a little spray and almost evaporates. It is not, however, made over burnt lime, and thus it never becomes absolute alcohol. [In a couple of footnotes the worthy captain remarks:] The commonest kind was called *agoa ardente de canna* (opposed to the *agoa ardente de reino*, *i. e.*, rum, gin, cognac, etc.); when better distilled *agoa ardente de mel*.

Among the many trees that furnish the people with food, and drink as well, there are none that stand higher in their estimation than the *caju*, or what we call *cashew* and the botanist *anacaradium occidentale*. To the aborigines it was a tree of more than usual importance, for it was to them a calendar and a record, as they numbered their years by it and they kept its nuts to tell their age. The pulp of the ripe fruit is most palatable and refreshing and the *caoui*—the wine—made from it was so strong that an ordinary drink of it would intoxicate a man in less than ten minutes.

The range of this tree is extensive, and like our oaks there are many species, causing a very noticeable and material difference in its produce. In one species the fermented juice is distilled and a very good quality of brandy is derived. This liquor is called by all classes *auati* and commands a very high price, as prices go in Brazil. The tree has of late years been put under cultivation for the sake of its fruit, which is in great demand throughout the whole of Brazil; but this popularity, it seems, does not go very far beyond the confines of its native land, for outsiders

have to be extremely careful how they use it, for owing to the strength of the acid which certain parts of it contain they are more than liable to severely burn their lips and mouth and sometimes if too much of this juice is taken internally the result is fatal. The nut, or bean, too, when raw is very poisonous, but heat drives all this away and when the nuts are cooked they taste very much like our peanuts but are far more nourishing.

Another favourite beverage is that known as *burity*, and like the preceding is also extracted from a tree. In this case, however, to obtain *vinho de burity*, as the educated class call it, means the death of the tree, and one of the most handsome that grows in this favoured land. The technical name of the tree is *maurita vinifera* and the Indian appellation is *murity*, from which is derived *burity*. It belongs to the palm family and is, when in congenial soil, one of the finest of this grand and beautiful genus. In order to procure the wine the tree is ruthlessly cut down close to the ground, and then at intervals of from three to five feet holes three inches deep and as square as the trunk will allow are cut. In a short space of time the sap or liquor, which is reddish in colour, begins to flow, and as these holes become filled their contents are dipped out into pails or other vessels taken along for that purpose. In its fresh state, just as it comes from the tree, the juice is exceedingly palatable and refreshing, but in a very few hours it will ferment and during this process is remarkably intoxicating. The Indians are very fond of this wine while it is fermenting and at their different feasts and other ceremonies will use it as only they with their enormous capacity can.

What would suffice for a white man all day has often been shown to be but a very small drink for one of the people when they are really and genuinely thirsty.

Allied to the *burity* is the *carnahuba*, for it too is a palm that furnishes a delicious wine, which is called by some *kaawy;* but this wine has to be consumed almost as soon as it is drawn from the tree, for the period of fermentation is very short indeed and when it has subsided what is left is nothing more or less than vinegar. It is said that *kaawy* will become first-class vinegar within twelve hours after it is taken from the tree. Captain Burton says:

The *carnahuba*, when first appearing, is a mere bunch of fronds projecting above the ground. As it advances the trunk is clad in a complete armour of spikes. The fronds, as they fall off, leave their full brown petioles in whorls or spirals winding round with or against the sun. When not higher than a man the youngster's heart or pith yields, when crushed in water, a fecula somewhat like tapioca, white as [illegible], and useful in times of drought or famine. At a more adult age it puts forth a thin shaft, smooth, clean, and grey, like dove-coloured silk, which contrasts strangely with the six feet of corrugated *bronze de frise*—the mangled thistle—which protects its base. After the fifth year it assumes its full beauty, the costly-thorned leaves distinctly fan-shaped, and with long rays rising from a spindle which attains a maximum of thirty-five feet, are peculiarly picturesque. In old specimens the trunk is raised, after the fashion of palms, upon a lumpy cone of fibres or aerial roots, a foot high. Some eccentric individuals have narrowings and bulgings of the bole; others encourage creepers to form in masses upon the trunk-petioles below and suggest the idea of a ruined peristyle. The vitality of the tree is great: it resists the

severests droughts, and I have seen instances when the trunk lay upon the ground and the upturned head was still alive, fighting to the last. It grows to a great age; people mostly decline to mention the number of its years.

The *carnahuba* is justly considered, both for man and beast, the most valuable palm of the Sertao. Its gum is edible and the roots are used as sarsaparilla. The mid-rib is rafted down the stream for fences, the fibre is worked into strong thread and cordage. The leaves are good food for cattle, they form excellent thatching, and the fibre is made into "straw hats," ropes and cords for nets and seines. The fruit is in large drooping clusters of berries, which in places strew the ground. When green the nut resembles a small olive; it ripens to a brilliant black, and attains the size of a pigeon's egg. The pulp, boiled to remove its astringency, becomes soft like cooled maize; it is considered good and wholesome, especially when eaten with milk, and animals readily fatten upon it. The ripe berry is usually eaten raw. The leaves of the young tree, when about two feet long by about the same breadth, are cut and dried in the shade. They then discharge from the surface pale grey-yellow dusty scales, which melted over the fire become a brown wax.

A very near relation to the above tree is the *carana*, which also is sometimes written *carna* and when so done often causes confusion, as the reader is apt to think *carna* is but a contraction of *carnahuba*, but the two trees are entirely distinct. The wine of the *carana* does not amount to much and is seldom drunk, and then only when there is nothing else to be had in its place; but although the wine is indifferent, this quality is totally changed when it is distilled into a liquor called in some parts *callou*. This *callou* has

the reputation of being among the finest liquors in Brazil, when it has had careful attention.

In the month of August just before the young leaves appear, many of the Indians, and whites as well, repair to the forest with vessels of all kinds and shapes in order to gather or collect *jatoba* wine. The tree is a giant among trees and lives for ages, in fact it is claimed by botanists that there are still specimens extant in robust health that are older than the Christian religion. The wine is valued by the natives for its pectoral qualities, as well as for being thoroughly stimulating. The natives or aborigines have many names for this tree aside from *jatoba*, as for instance *jatahy*, *jutahi-sica*, *jetaiba*, *abati-timbaby* and *jatai-uva*.

From the *assai* palm or, as some insist upon writing it, *assahy*, is made the famous *vinho d'assai* of which the Brazilians say:

Quem veiu Para pasou;
Quem bebeu Assai ficou,

which Mrs. Agassiz translates as follows:

Who came to Para was glad to stay;
Who drank *assai* went never away.

As the above lines indicate, there is something very fascinating about *assai*, as it is generally called, and though it is only mildly stimulating it is exceedingly refreshing. It is made from the fruit of the *assai* palm and resembles in looks large black grapes picked from the cluster and piled into baskets. To make *vinho d'assai* is very simple and easy, but perhaps it

would be better to quote from Mr. Herbert H. Smith in *Brazil, the Amazon and the Coast*, who says:

In a dark little shed at the back of the court, two mulatto women are rubbing off the black pulp of the berries in great bowls of water, crushing them vigorously with their bare hands, and purpling their arms with the chocolate-like juice. After the first batch has been rubbed out, the liquid is decanted from the hard nuts to another lot of berries; these latter being treated in like manner, the resulting thick soup is strained through a wicker-work sieve and dealt out to the eager customers. Yes, the *Americanos* will have *assai, con asucar;* so the little shirtless son scampers off after sugar. Ordinary customers at the stand are of the lower classes, who drink their two cents' worth of *assai* with only a little *mandioca* meal by way of seasoning. In the forest, where sugar was scarce and the fruit plenty, I learned to like it quite as well so myself; its brisk nutty flavour is rather spoiled by the sweetening. However, our new-comers may prefer the civilised side; so the sugar is added, and we dip our moustaches into the rich liquid. Even the squeamish ones empty their bowls, and begin to suggest to themselves the possibility of another half-pint. Now talk no more of sherbet and ginger-beer and soda-water; hereafter we abjure them all, if we may but have our purple *assai*. And observe—as Mr. Weller has it—that "it's wery fillin'." One can make a respectable meal of *assai*.

Mr. Smith was an enthusiastic convert to the wine, but we may remark that he was not alone in his admiration, for *assai* only needs to be tried or tasted once to convert the most skeptical. Still another pleasant and wholesome beverage is *cashiri*. This also is a fermented drink, but even at the highest point of

fermentation the liquor does not contain enough alcohol to inebriate unless taken in excessive quantities. It is, however, pronounced to be a refreshing and wholesome drink, which recommendation can be extended to another beverage prepared from the fruit of the *copo-assu* but which is too acid even in its natural state to allow of fermentation.

While we of the temperate clime consider the pine-apple as more or less a necessary luxury and a welcome addition to our fruits, the Brazilians, though having a liking for the *anana*, give it no especial preference. In many places it is cultivated, but frequently is found in its wild state and so plentiful that it is often converted into *vinho d'anana;* and where a still is convenient this in turn is made into *nandi*, which if properly prepared and allowed to mature in suitable vessels is a very fine brandy possessing an exquisite bouquet and flavour. Recently the making of pine-apple wine has assumed quite an importance and companies have been formed for the purpose of manufacturing it for export. The outlook for the future for this venture seems very promising, for the wine is a fine article when carefully fermented and bottled.

The Indians living in the far interior prepare for themselves, from fruits and plants that abound, two intoxicating drinks called by them *kooi* and *kakouin*. These of course are only fermented drinks, but, as one traveller says, "our strongest brandy cannot more readily intoxicate than can *kakouin*." At Morro Velho a very superior article of *vinho del laranja d'tera*, or wine of native oranges, was formerly manufactured, but, perhaps owing to the fact that it was necessary to keep it quite some time before it was mature, it

rarely became popular in a commercial way. The common sweet potato here in Brazil also furnishes the people with a slightly inebriating drink, called *caowy*, and when the Indians observe a little care in its preparation *caowy* is by no means to be despised although its origin may be humble; but this can be mitigated in a degree by giving it the Portuguese name for the beverage, *vinho d'batata*, which sounds much better and sometimes there is a lot in a name.

From the root *aipimakakara*, a kind of *manioc*, a wine is prepared which has the name *aipy*. These roots are first sliced and then chewed by the females, after which they are put into a pot of water and boiled until fit for expressing. This preliminary liquor is called *kaviaraku* and is drunk lukewarm. Sometimes the sliced roots are well mixed with warm water and the decoction is drunk with avidity. In appearance it is like buttermilk and as it is never allowed to ferment in this stage it cannot possibly keep very long. This fact, however, is no detriment to the popularity of the liquor and seldom is it that enough is prepared to satisfy the assembled guests.

During the process of making sugar from the cane some of the juice is always laid aside and allowed to slightly ferment or it is heated to the degree which we would term lukewarm. This juice in both stages is to be found on the shelves of every *venda* in the Rua do Fogo (the Street of Fire), a common village name in Brazil, usually meaning that liquor is to be had on this street and that there will be quarrels and fights and perhaps murder committed there on this account.

In several parts of Brazil there is a liquor manu-

factured that is called *manipoeira*, but upon investigation it will be found it is only *cachaca* and *manipoeira* is but local slang. *Larangina*, as its name indicates, is a kind of orange spirit which is palatable and withal wholesome when taken in moderation.

Although the grape grows in Brazil and quite a quantity of wine is manufactured, it was not, however, until lately given any too much attention. One species of the vine, called there *manga*, affords a thin rough burgundy-like wine that in some localities and among a certain class is popular. Of late years vineyard planting has become quite an industry, especially by the newer element in the country, but with so many other fruits that afford wholesome and palatable wine and with much less labour and care the prospects of Brazil ever becoming a leading wine country are very remote.

Along in October the seeds of the *guarana* have become ripe and the preparation of the most popular non-intoxicating beverage in Brazil commences. Wherever one may happen to be in Brazil a glass of *guarana* is sure to be offered and if one has a penchant for an acid draught *guarana* is an acceptable potation. The drink derives its name from the plant or tree of the same name, the seeds or nuts of which furnish the material for the beverage.

The seeds, or nuts, are black without but pure white within and the gathering and preparing them for market is an industry of no mean importance. The seeds are first roasted and then pulverised, after which the powder is moistened and formed into cakes and rolls of different sizes and many shapes. These are then dried in the smoke of green wood or, if the sun is hot enough, in the sun,

and become almost stone-like in their hardness. To make the beverage all that is necessary to do is to scrape off with a knife about a teaspoonful of powder and pour it into a glass of water and the drink is ready. Sugar may be added if desired. Another nut that the Indians use is *caco de macaco*, or monkey's chocolate. None but the Indians will use these nuts for drinking purposes, as the beverage has too much of an earthy taste to be acceptable to the palate of the white man. One peculiar characteristic quality about this drink is the fact that while in the course of preparation the odour it emits is so much like chocolate that it is difficult to distinguish between the two.

When the traveller or explorer is aweary and thirsty if he has a small knowledge of the various trees he need not suffer long. There is the *massaranduba*—cow-tree—that upon incision will shortly give forth a white sap that has the consistency of milk, and upon tasting it will be found rather difficult to say that it is not the genuine article; in fact chemical analysis has established the truth that this juice does contain animal milk in fair proportions. The Indians often make use of this sap on their journeys, but it is not advisable to be too liberal with it as serious trouble may follow. Then there is the *taquara*, a species of bamboo, whose stem is always filled with sweet pure water, cool and refreshing. From cow's milk a preparation called *coalhada* is made for use on hot sultry days.

> Would you, my friend, the power of death defy?
> Pray keep your inside wet, your outside dry.

The first mainland of the American continent to be sighted by Columbus was that part of South Amer-

ica which to-day is known as Venezuela and which received its name from the conquistadores, who found the Indians of Maracaibo living in huts on piles in the lake. This feature brought to their minds the city of Venice and accordingly they named the country Venezuela, Little Venice—a tract of land more than twice the size of our State of Texas and more than three times the area of their own country, Spain.

Columbus while in this vicinity found, among other strange and new things, a plant or tree the seeds of which the natives used in preparing a most wholesome, refreshing, and nourishing beverage. He had the Indians instruct him in the art of making this drink, new to him, and on his return he carried with him a supply of *cacao*, or, as we mistakenly term it, cocoa. At first the Spanish did not give much attention to this new drink; in fact it was nearly twenty years before cocoa and chocolate began to assume any importance as a beverage in Spain, though, when it did become popular it retained its hold and from Spain the friars took it into France, where A. de Richelieu was the first to patronise the new beverage. This occurred in 1661, but England had superseded France by at least four years, for in 1657, Tuesday, June 16th, there appeared an announcement in the *Public Advertiser* notifying that "In Bishopgate Street, in Queen's Head Alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink called chocolate, to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade, at reasonable rates."

The savants claim that the tree is indigenous to Venezuela, and when Linnæus the celebrated botanist came to classify the plant he bestowed upon it the

grandest title he could conceive, *theobroma cacao*, which taken from the Greek and rendered into English is *theo* (god) *broma* (food), or food fit for the gods. As regards the nomenclature of chocolate there seems to be some difficulty in deciding. One party claims that *choco* is derived from the name of an extensive or large tribe of Indians who virtually owned all the territory south of Mexico and to the Orinoco River. These Indians called themselves Chocos and it is a well-known fact that they used a large amount of cacao. On the other hand it is claimed that the name is derived from Choco, a province in the Atrato Valley where large crops were raised and extensively cultivated. The termination of the word—*late*—is said to be of Mexican origin and is derived from *latl*, meaning water. Again it is contended by the third party that the whole word is decidedly Mexican, and in substantiation is cited the fact that the Emperor Montezuma had no less than fifty jars or pitchers of it prepared daily for his own use and two thousand per day were allowed for that of his household, and that it was from the Mexicans that the Spanish received the word.

Aside from its quality as furnishing a delicious drink this bean has always been a medium of exchange, taking the place of coins, a certain number being valued at so much and when more were required they were put in regular-sized bags which also had a fixed value in different parts of the land. The cultivation of the cocoa tree is ever on the increase and has extended into almost every part of South America and the West Indian Islands that offer any possibility of ultimate success, for when once a plantation

has been established and has come into bearing it is a source of profit for many years.

The common cocoa tree is of low stature, seldom exceeding sixteen or eighteen feet in height, though it is much taller in its native forests than it is in cultivated plantations. For the successful cultivation of the cocoa tree a rich well-watered soil, and a humid atmosphere, with freedom from cold winds, and protection from violent storms, are necessary. The young plants are exceedingly tender and susceptible to the slightest changes, and in order to be assured of success it is incumbent upon the grower to raise the plants in nurseries until they are from fifteen to eighteen inches in height, when they are set where they are to grow. Even after this operation is completed they still demand protection and to afford this the coral-bean tree, plantains, and other high-growing plants are grown in the rows so as to keep the young cocoa trees from the sun and wind. The trees begin, in a small way, to bear when they are four years of age but they do not reach maturity until eight or nine years old, when they should be in full productive vigour and this should be maintained for forty or fifty years.

The amount produced from a fully matured tree seldom exceeds two pounds at a picking, something so small that when the size of the tree is considered it seems almost unbelievable. The leaves are large, smooth, and glossy, elliptic-oblong and acuminate in form, growing principally at the end of branches, but sometimes springing directly from the main trunk. The flowers are small and occur in numerous clusters on the main branches and the trunk, a very marked peculiarity which gives the matured fruit the appearance of being artificially attached to the tree. Generally only a single fruit is matured from each cluster of flowers. When ripe the fruit or "pod" is elliptical-ovoid in form, from seven to ten inches in length and from three

to five inches in diameter; in fact, at this stage it resembles somewhat our common cucumber in appearance, especially at a little distance and when the cucumber has turned. The rind of the cocoa is hard and thick and quite leathery, of a dark yellow in colour and externally rough and marked with ten very distinct longitudinal ribs or elevations. The interior of the pod has five cells in which there are from five to ten beans, or from twenty-five to fifty total to each pod of raw cocoa beans, and it is from this bean that the cocoa of commerce is derived.

As the tree belongs to the tropics where the seasons are always about the same it can never be said that it is ever out of bearing, for at the same time it will have flowers, young fruit, and fruit that is fully matured upon its branches and trunk. Naturally a spectacle like this appears out of the usual to people who come from places where their trees bear fruit but once a year, and the comments made by the visitors to a cocoa plantation always afford the owners and their help much amusement, when this condition of the tree is first noticed. While the tree in all truth can be said to be ever-bearing, it is, however, not expedient to gather the fruit more than twice a year. At Caracas, in Venezuela, where the most famous cocoa comes from, the gatherings are made in June and December and are locally called the pickings of San Juan and La Navidad. In gathering the workman is careful to cut down only fully ripened pods, which he adroitly accomplishes with a long pole armed with two prongs or a knife at its extremity. The pods are left in heaps upon the ground for about twenty-four hours; they are then cut open, and the seeds are taken out, and carried in baskets to the place where they undergo the operation of sweating or curing. There the acid juice which accompanies the seeds is first drained off, after which they are placed in a sweating-box, in which they are enclosed and allowed to ferment for some

time, great care being taken to keep the temperature from rising too high.

The fermenting process is, in some cases, effected by throwing the seeds into holes or trenches in the ground, and covering them with earth or clay. The seeds in this process, which is called claying, are occasionally stirred to keep the fermentation from proceeding too violently. The sweating is a process that requires the very greatest attention and experience, as on it to a great extent depends the flavour of the seeds and their fitness for preservation. The operation varies in duration according to the state of the weather, but a period of about two days yields the best results. Thereafter the seeds are exposed to the sun for drying, and those of a fine quality should then assume a warm reddish tint, which characterises beans of a superior quality. The finest qualities are in form and size not unlike thick round almonds; they have a husk of a clear brick-red colour, and the cotyledons, which are of a deep chocolate brown, have a fine membrane permeating their entire substance, and dividing them into numerous irregular segments, into which the seeds are easily broken down. The kernels are astringent in taste, with a mild, not disagreeable flavour. The manufacturing processes through which raw cocoa passes have for their object the development of the aroma peculiar to the substance, and its preparation in a soluble, palatable, and digestible form. The first operation consists in roasting the seeds, whereby the empyreumatic aromatic substance is formed, and the starch particles are changed into dextrine. The roasting is accomplished in large revolving cylinders, after the completion of which the roasted seeds are taken to the crushing and winnowing machine. Here the seeds are reduced to the form of nibs, which are separated from the shells or husks by the action of a powerful fan blast.

The nibs are next subjected to a process of winnowing in small hand sieves, by which the hard cocoa "germs"

are sifted out, and mouldy or discoloured fragments are removed at the same time by hand. Nibs so prepared constitute the simplest and purest preparation in which manufacutred cocoa is sold; but they require prolonged boiling to effect their complete disintegration. The nibs when ground to a fine meal can be cooked with much greater facility. The Indian, or aboriginal, method of preparing cocoa for consumption was to put the seeds, after they had been fermented to relieve them from what appears to be an aril or false covering, between two flat stones. The lower one has under it a small slow fire which heats the stone to about 120 degrees; the upper stone is of the same size but is cold, and this was held in the hands and moved back and forth over the seeds in order to grind them. After the seeds have been ground enough to suit the operator the meal is then mixed with a coarse brown sugar and reground. Sometimes, when an inferior article is desired, dried bread is added at the second operation, with the sugar. This adulteration, though, is not done for the purpose of gain or fraud, but in order to sell the produce much cheaper to the poorer classes who could not afford to pay the price demanded for a pure article.

Throughout South America, wherever cocoa is sold nothing but the beans can be bought, as the people much prefer to do their own grinding and preparing, for in this way only can they determine the amount of sweetness that is to be put into the article. It is claimed that unless the sugar is put into it while it is being ground the beverage loses much of its fineness. In order to produce the proper amount of froth or foam, without which, according to the real lovers of the drink, it is not good, the people of all classes use a species of grass-stem, on which portions of the roots are left, to beat it into a frothing state.

Of course the inevitable and always-in-evidence *chicha* is to be found in Venezuela as in every other part of South America. But Venezuela *chicha* is not the *chicha* of elsewhere, for here it is made of two ingredients, maize and molasses, both of which are plentiful and correspondingly cheap and so, therefore, is the liquor. Strangers at first do not like this *chicha*, but after a few trials, and more especially when the days are hot and the drinker thirsty, the liking will come to him and before he is aware he has grown fond of it. In a certain sense this *chicha* can be said to be intoxicating, inasmuch as it does contain a small amount of alcohol, but this quantity is so minute that scarcely any one but an Indian has sufficient capacity to imbibe enough to make him feel exhilarated. On the whole the ordinary *chicha* of Venezuela can be pronounced a wholesome, nourishing, and harmless beverage.

Another form of *chicha*, equally good and much better in flavour, is *chicha de pina*, made as its name indicates from the pineapple, or more properly from the skins and eyes of the fruit, which with sugar are put into water and allowed to ferment. This is a pleasant-tasting beverage and when one is thirsty and tired there is nothing more refreshing than a cool glass of *chicha de pina*. From the toasted fruit of the *cuajo*, a forest tree, is concocted another species of *chicha*, called by them *chicha de cuajo*. This also is, in its first stage, a pleasant and nutritive drink, but as the fermentation progresses it becomes more acid and, of course, stronger in alcoholic qualities.

The stalks of maize also furnish a liquor, which bears the rather unpronounceable title of *tlaolli*, but

unlike its name the beverage is quite pleasant, provided fermentation has not been allowed to proceed too far. If such is the case, however, *tlaolli* is a very heady liquor and must be used with caution. In the forests there grows a tree which the Indians call *bejuco*, and for every yard of its trunk there is a full pint of cool, clear and refreshing water. None need ever be thirsty if he has an axe or strong knife and the *bejuco* is near.

To the west of Venezuela lies the Republic of Colombia, and for a country that has had many names this part of the world can lay claim to all honours (?) that such changes can bestow. Starting at first as New Granada it afterwards received the title of Nuevo Reino de Granada—New Kingdom of Granada; then after many wars it adopted the name of United States of Colombia, but this name for some reason was not satisfactory and it was changed to its present one, Republic of Colombia, some few years ago. The country is a most interesting one and has afforded much valuable material for both the traveller and the explorer. The Indians too are of a docile character, and except when under the influence of their *chicha* are very friendly and always willing to put themselves to trouble in order to oblige. But *chicha* is not the only drink that these natives prepare, for they have plenty of material right at their hands and the climate is so warm that fermentation ensues almost before the ingredients are put together. One beverage in particular that they prepare is that called *guaruz*, of which Mr. Isaac F. Holton, M.A., says in his *New Granada:*

The last part of the ascent was an old road of stairs and quingos. It was a real scramble, and I arrived at the venta of Barro Blanco heated and thirsty. There I met with a new beverage—*guaruz*. It may be an abbreviation of *agua de arroz*—rice water—and seems to be a *chicha* in which rice has been substituted for maize. It was opaque, but white, instead of a dirty yellow like *chicha*. To imitate it I would take a mixture of rice flour, brown sugar or panela, and water, and let it begin to ferment till a slight taste of carbonic acid was perceptible. But the coolness made it the most exquisite beverage I ever tasted, and I took a second draught. I paid dear for it, for I was in absolute danger. I had on my thinnest clothes, was as hot as Tocaima, the barometer at twenty-two inches, the thermometer at sixty-five degrees, and I with a mass of ice, as it seemed, in my stomach. I sprang to the saddle for my bayeton, but it was packed away, and I had nothing to shelter me. Then I started to see if I could gain heat by running. In so rare an atmosphere this was impossible, only I escaped dying.

In reference to the remark "was as hot as Tocaima" Mr. Holden says of this town that "Purgatory has been called the Tocaima of the future world," and although it is high in the mountains, where coolness is to be expected, yet when things go right the place is a good one to stay away from. *Panela* which the author also speaks of is a very coarse brown sugar cast in the shape of a brick and this, dissolved in warm water and beaten, so as to make a froth, is often used as a substitute for chocolate. With the opening of the twentieth century there appeared in the United States of America (not Colombia) a demand for a mixed drink called Mamie Taylor. In 1855 Mr. Holden, above referred to, was in the then-called New Granada

and he writes in his book the following: "Another table, more convenient to the damsels within, has on it a bottle of a fluid that bears the familiar name of a friend of mine, Miss Taylor. They spell the name *mistela*, translate it mixture, or, in this particular case, cordial." Was it not King Solomon that said, "There is nothing new under the sun"?

Among the more influential classes in the Republic of Colombia the favourite alcoholic beverage is that which bears the name of *anisado*, a species of brandy in which anise-seed is distilled. As a rule the native *anisado* is of excellent quality, and when the visitor has become accustomed to its flavour and will use the liquor judiciously he will find it to be of material benefit to him while in the country. With the people *anisado* often takes the place of chocolate or coffee and men and women alike indulge in it at pleasure, apparently without any ill effects. A very cooling and refreshing non-alcoholic beverage is that called *naranjada*. It is made from the Seville orange, a fruit, by the way, which is so acid that it is almost impossible to eat it in its natural state.

Next to *chicha* in popularity is *gurapo*, which in this part of South America is made from sugar and water and fermented. This when fresh closely resembles new apple cider in its taste and properties. It is very cheap, two gallons costing ten cents to the peons, but if a white man wants it he must pay double the price—a rather queer provision, but one that is in common use throughout the country and is extended to other articles as well. After *gurapo* has stood some hours it becomes much stronger, but this condition will only last for a short period of time, a few

hours at most, when it will turn and become utterly useless.

In some parts of the republic there grows a small black grape, called *agreasas*, it is a wild vine and may possibly be indigenous to the country. The Indians for many years have used this grape for the making of their *chicha*, *chocoli*, and *zancochado*, beverages that though made from grapes bear little resemblance to wine, except perhaps in the case of *zancochado*, which in a degree is must boiled down.

On the line of the equator lies the country called Ecuador—in Spanish Republica del Ecuador—Republic of the Equator. Here the mountains are capped in perpetual snow, while the plains below reek with heat. Ecuador is by no means a large country, yet within its confines upwards of fifty distinct and independent tribes of Indians were found to inhabit the place when the Spaniards first invaded the land. Many of the tribes were good fighters and the invasion of the white man soon aroused a warlike spirit within them making times unpleasant for all concerned. Peru had conquered part of this country before the arrival of the Spanish and the white invaders found many customs identical with those of the Incas. These Ecuadorian Indians, if such they can be called, possessed in common with their neighbours many intoxicating drinks, and even at this time the simple primitive still first observed in Peru is in use among several of the tribes to make a drink called *ayahuasca*. The Napo Indians have a still, which is, if anything, even more primitive than the one used in Peru. Mr. Alfred Simson in his *Travels in the Wilds of Ecuador* gives a description of this still, which we append:

The Napo Indians employ an ingenious method of mounting a still for the distillation of spirits from plantains. One of their largest-sized earthen pots, containing very ripe plantains, boiled and mashed, and in which fermentation has gone on for a short time, is placed over the fire upon the regulation three stones. Over this pot is stood a similar one, with a narrower neck and its bottom knocked out, and on this another still smaller, likewise without bottom, but with, further, a hole in its side, through which a bamboo tube is inserted. The third and uppermost pot has then a fourth stood in its mouth to close it, and the steam rising through the tier of pots is condensed on the surface of the top vessel, which is constantly having cold water poured in it in exchange for the warmer water that is removed. Then as the bottom of the cooler converges to a point, as do all their cooking vessels, the drops condensed upon its under surface trickle down to the centre and lowest extremity, and, falling into the bamboo tube, are conveyed to a receptacle outside, where rarely more than a few drops are allowed to collect before they are transferred to the lips anxiously awaiting them. Of course the distillation is made at a low temperature, and all the cracks in the apparatus are stopped up with fine clay.

In the language of the Zaparo Indians this species of *chicha* is called *casuma*. All through this part of the continent there is a drink which is called *anvir*—a red-coloured liquor made from the leaves of tobacco. There is no record of any white man making use of it or even attempting to do so when he learns from what it is made. Naturally one is inclined to believe that *anvir* would be poisonous yet these Indians do not hesitate to use it freely and at times lavishly.

From the leaves of another plant they also concoct a beverage, which has the name of *guayusa*. It is a

simple fermented drink and has the reputation of being a good tonic. When the Indians desire to have something extra-strong they proceed to make a drink which in their language is called *yoco*, and after two or three rounds of this beverage it is good policy for all strangers to retire from the scene unless they have a strong liking for a good fight in which they will be sure to figure soon as one of the principals. For a like purpose the Indians also add to their *ayahuasca* the leaves of *sameruja* and *guanto* wood, which decoction is also at times drunk separately and bears the name of *yaje*. *Cantepayo* is another popular beverage being made from sugar-cane. On the Atlantic coast and in that part called the Guianas, the cassava root enters into another beverage, called *yaraque*.

CHAPTER XIV

CENTRAL AMERICA

STRETCHING from the mainland of the southern continent to the mainland of the northern, is a strip of land varying in breadth from thirty to three hundred miles and having a length of something less than a thousand miles. This part of the world is known as Central America, and although the area it occupies is in a sense somewhat contracted the knowledge that we possess is limited indeed. It is a wonderful country and full of surprises to the explorer and traveller. In many parts there are hundreds of grand ruins, telling in silent language the tale of America's great antiquity and the wonderful people who built and occupied these grand edifices but of whom to-day there is no trace, not even in legend or tradition. In the magnitude of construction and the beauty of carvings and also of architecture many of these ruins will rival any found in other parts of the world. The early Spanish chroniclers of the day led their readers to believe that "the buildings were more sumptuous than the palace of Aladdin and the very fountains were more wonderful than the golden waters of Parizade," says Allen Thorndyke Rice in his preface to *The Ancient Cities of the New World*, by Desiré Charnay, but, as the same writer says

later on, the lust for gold was too strongly imbedded in the minds of the invaders for them to give more than a casual glance at these immense structures. Years passed into centuries and it took many wars and much shedding of blood before the white man could be assured of safety in his new country, and then, when interest was once again revived in these monuments of a forgotten people, there were found few indeed who were willing to assume the dangers and hardships of such a task.

It is not every man who is so constituted that he can withstand the tropical sun and an almost revolutionary change of living and habits, and neither do the majority of men care to face people who at any time may prove unfriendly; and therefore what knowledge we have of Central America, more particularly beyond the confines of the cities and the country immediately adjacent to them, comes from men who were enthusiastic and willing to submit to privations and dangers. The dwellers or natives of these remote places are as little understood as their country, and the difficulty of mastering their language has been overcome but by a very few. The olden-time writers and travellers seem to have had better success in this line than those of recent date, or possibly they were more elated over their achievements and therefore readily told of them. In an old book entitled *A New Voyage and Description of the Isthmus of America, Giving an Account of the Author's Abode there, the Form and Make of the Country, the Coasts, Hills, Rivers, &c., Woods, Soil, Weather, &c., Trees, Fruits, Beasts, Birds, Fish, &c., the Indian Inhabitants, their Features, Complexions, &c., their Manners, Customs, Employ-*

ments, Marriages, Feasts, Hunting, Computation, Language, &c., With Remarkable Occurrences in the South Sea and Elsewhere, by Lionel Wafer, London, 1699. The reader may imagine from the length of the title that the work is a very large one comprising many hundreds of pages, but such is not the case; in fact it is almost the reverse, for the book contains less than two hundred ordinary-sized pages and in rather large type. On the other hand, though, whatever the title mentions the context treats of and very often in a comprehensive manner; for instance he writes:

They make a drink also from their Maiz, which they call *Chichah Co-pah;* for *Co-pah* signifies Drink. They steep in a Trough of Water a quantity of Maiz bruised, about twenty or thirty bushels, if it be against a Feast or Wedding; letting it lie so long till the Water is impregnated with the Corn, and begins to turn sour. Then the Women, usually some old Women, who have little else to do, come together, and Chew Grains of Maiz in their Mouths, which they spit out each into a Gourd or Calabash: And when they think they have a sufficient quantity of this Spittle and Maiz in the Calabashes they empty them into the Trough of water, after having first taken out the Maiz that was infused with it; and this serves instead of Barm or Yeast, setting all the Trough of Liquor in a small Ferment. When it has done working, they draw it off clear from the Sediment into another Trough, and 't is ready for use. It tastes like sour small Beer, yet 't is very intoxicating. They drink large quantities of it. It makes them belch very much. This is their choice Drink; for ordinarily they drink plain Water or *Mislaw. Mislaw* is a drink made of ripe Plantains: There is two sorts, one made of Plantains fresh-gather'd, the other of dry ones. The former they roast in its Cod, which peeling off, they put the

Plantains into a Calabash of Water, and mash it with their Hands, till 't is all dissolved; and then they drink it up with the Water. The other is made of Cakes or Lumps of Plantains dried; for the Plantains when ripe and gather'd will not keep, but quickly grow rotten if left in the Cod. To preserve them therefore, they make a Mass of the Pulp of a great many ripe Plantains, which they dry with a gentle Fire upon a Barbacue or Grate of Sticks, made like a Grid-iron. This Lump they keep for use, breaking off a piece of it when they please, and mashing it in Water for *Mislaw*. They carry a Lump of Plantain for this end whenever they travel; especially into Places where they can't hope to get ripe Plantains, tho' they prefer the dried ones.

On another page the author writes:

In the Plantations, among the Houses, they set so much of Plantains, Maiz or the like, as serves their Occasions. The Country being all a Forest, the first thing of their Husbandry is usually to cut down the Trees, and clear a piece of Ground. They often let the Trees lie along on the Place 3 or 4 Years after they are cut down; and then set Fire to them and the Underwood or Stumps, burning all together. Yet in the meantime they plant Maiz among the Trees as they lie. So much of the Trees as are under Ground, they suffer to lie there and rot, having no way to grub them up. When the Ground is pretty clear, they how it up into little Ridges and Hillocks; but in no very good Form or regular Distance. In each of these Hillocks they make a hole with the Fingers, and throw in 2 or 3 Grains of Maiz, as we do Garden-beans; covering it up with Earth. The Seed-time is about April; the Harvest about September or October. They pluck off the ears of Maiz with their Hands, as it is usual elsewhere: And tho' I was not there in their Harvest-time yet I saw the

Maiz of the preceding Harvest laid up in the Husks in their Houses. Instead of Threshing, they rub off the Grain. They make no Bread of it nor Cakes, but use the Flower on many Occasions; parching the Corn, and grinding it between two Stones, as Chocolate is made. One use they put the Flower to is to mix it up with Water in a Calabash, and so drink it off; which they do frequently when they travel, and have not leisure to get other provisions. This mixture they call chitty which I think signifies Maiz.

In another place Mr. Wafer writes:

Upon the *Main* also grows the *Bibby* Tree, so called from a Liquor which distills from it, and which our *English* call *Bibby*. The Tree hath a straight slender Body no thicker than one's Thigh, but grows to a great height, 60 or 70 Foot. The Body is naked of Leaves or Branches, but prickly. The Branches put out at the top, and among them grow the Berries abundantly, like a Garland round about the Root of each of the Branches. The Tree hath all along the inside of it a narrow Pith; the Wood is very hard, and black as Ink. The Indians do not cut, but burn down the Tree to get at the Berries. These are of a whitish Colour, and about the size of a Nutmeg. They are very Oily; and the Indians beat them in the hollow Mortars or Troughs, then boil and strain them; and as the Liquor cools, they skim off a clear oil from the top. This Oil is extraordinary bitter: The Indians use it for anointing themselves. When the Tree is young they tap it, and put a leaf into the Bore; from whence the *Bibby* trickles down in great quantity. It is a wheyish Liquor, of a pleasant tart taste; and they drink it after it hath been kept a Day or two.

On the subject of tobacco and smoking this old-

time traveller and writer was just as explicit and graphic. He says:

These Indians have tobacco among them. It grows as the Tobacco in Virginia, but it is not so strong: Perhaps for want of transplanting and manuring, which the Indians don't well understand; for they only raise it from the seed in their Plantations. When 't is dried and cured they strip it from the Stalks; and laying two or three Leaves upon one another, they roll all up together side-ways into a long Roll, yet leaving a little hollow. Round this they roll other Leaves one after another in the same manner but close and hard, till the Roll be as big as one's wrist, and two or three feet in length. Their way of Smoaking when they are in Company together is thus: A Boy lights one end of a Roll and burns it to a Coal, wetting the part next to it to keep it from wasting too fast. The End so lighted he puts into his Mouth, and blows the Smoak through the whole length of the Roll into the face of every one of the Company or Council, tho' there be two or three hundred of them. Then they, sitting in their usual Posture upon the Forms, make, with their Hands held hollow together, a kind of Funnel round their Mouths and Noses. Into this they receive the Smoak as 't is blown upon them, sniffing it greedily and strongly as ever they are able to hold their breath, and seeming to bless themselves, as it were, with the refreshment it gives them.

Wafer's account of a wedding contains many features that to-day sound rather strange to civilised ears, yet there are many points in it that would not be amiss if they were adopted by the superior (?) race, and as it is quite short and concise it is appended for the benefit of our readers.

When they marry [he writes] the Father of the Bride,

or the next Man of Kin, keeps her privately in the same Apartment with himself the first seven Nights; whether to express an unwillingness to part with her, or for other reason I know not; and she is then delivered to her Husband. When a Man disposes of his Daughter he invites all the Indians within twenty Miles round, to a great Feast, which he provides for them. The Men who come to the Wedding bring their Axes along with them, to work with: The Women bring about a half bushel of Maiz: the Boys bring Fruits and Roots: The Girls Fowls and Eggs; for none come emptyhanded. They set their presents at the door of the House, and go away again, till all the rest of the Guests have brought theirs; which all are receiv'd in and dispos'd of by the People of the House. Then the Men return first to the Wedding, and the Bridegroom presents each man with a Calabash of strong Drink, and conducts them through the House one by one, into some open place behind it. The Women come next, who likewise receive a Calabash of Liquor, and march through the House. Then come the Boys, and last of all the Girls, who all Drink at the door and go after the rest. Then come the Fathers of the young Couple, with their Son and Daughter: The Father of the Bridegroom leads his Son, and the Father of the Bride leads his Daughter. The former makes a speech to the Company, and then dances about, with many Antick Gestures, till he is all on a Sweat. Then kneeling he gives his Son to the Bride; whose Father is kneeling also and holds her, having danc'd himself into a Sweat as the other. Then the young Couple take each other by the hand, and the Bridegroom returns the Bride to her Father; and thus ends the Ceremony. Then all the Men take up their Axes, and run shouting and hollowing to a Tract of Woodland, which is before laid out for a Plantation for the young Couple. There they fall to work, cutting down the Woods, and clearing the Ground as fast as they can. Thus they continue about Seven Days

working with the greatest Vigour imaginable: And all the Ground which they clear, the Women and Children plant with Maiz, or whatever else is agreeable to the Season. They also build a House for the newly married Couple to live in. The Seven Days being ended, and the young Man settled with his Wife in the new House, the Company make merry with the *chicha-co-pah*, the Corn-drink before described, of which they are sure to provide a good store. They also make Provision for Feasting; and the Guests fall to very heartily. When their Eating is over the Men fall to hard Drinking: But before they begin, the Bridegroom takes all their Arms and hangs them on the Ridge-pole of the House, where none can come at them but himself: For they are very quarrelsome in their Drink. They continue Drinking Night and Day, till all the Liquor is spent; which lasts usually three or four Days. During which some are always drinking, while others are drunk and sleeping: And when all the Drink is out, and they have recover'd their Senses, they all return to their own Homes.

The above is but one side of the case, and as Mr. Wafer gives the other we will follow in his footsteps and give it too. He writes:

The Women take great care of their Husbands when they have made themselves drunk. For when they perceive him in such a Condition that he can bear up no longer, they get one or two more Women to assist them to take him up, and put him into his Hammock; where as he lies Snoring they stand by and Sprinkle Water on his Body to cool him, washing his Hands, Feet and Face; stroking off that Water with their Hands, as it grows warm, and throwing fresh. I have seen ten or twelve or more, lying thus in their Hammocks after a Feast, and the Women standing by to look after them.

Comment here becomes superfluous, but the question who would not like to be an Indian? is sometimes in order. To enumerate the tribes that belong to this part of the world would be a most difficult procedure and one that is entirely without the scope of this work, and neither shall we attempt to confine them to any system of rotation as regards locality. Naturally our interest is centred in the Indians and their habits and modes of living, but the task of depicting the different tribes would fill volumes and in the end would undoubtedly prove tiresome; so consequently our readers will find mention of those who are considered by others to be the most interesting and are perhaps more or less typical of all who dwell in Central America.

In the early fifties of the last century Mr. Samuel A. Bard took it into his head, as he says himself, to visit and explore a part of this land called the Mosquito Shore—the east coast of Honduras and Nicaragua. Of course he had to write a book about it and he called it *Waikna or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.* As the preface of *Waikna* is in line with the scheme of this work it is appended for the pleasure of our own readers who may not be able to obtain a copy of *Waikna*, as it is somewhat rare and is out of print.

SCENE—A lonely shore.

Enter YANKEE *and* MOSQUITO MAN.

"Well, my dark friend, who are you?"

Waikna. "A man!"

"And what is your nation?"

Waikna. "A nation of men!"

"Pretty good for you, my dark friend! There was once a great nation—a few old bricks are about all that remains

of it now—whose people were proud to call themselves—but what do you know about the Romans?"

"Him good for drink—him grog?"

"Bah! No!"

"Den no good! bah too."

Exeunt ambo.

Mr. Bard was a good descriptive writer and what he had to say was told very interestingly, as the following will testify:

One of Antonio's earliest exploits, after our resolution to stop had been taken, was to cut down a number of the rough-looking palm trees. In the trunks of these, near the top where the leaves sprang out, he carefully chiselled a hole, cutting completely through the pulp of the tree, to the outer or woody shell. This hole was again covered with a piece of the rind, which had first been removed, as with a lid. I watched the operation curiously, but asked no questions. In the course of the afternoon, however, he took off one of these covers, and disclosed to me the cavity filled with a frothy liquid, of the faintest straw tinge, looking like delicate Sauterne wine. He presented me with a piece of reed, and with a gratified air motioned me to drink. My early experiments with straws, in the cider barrels of New England, recurred to me at once and I laughed to think that I had come to repeat them under the tropics. I found the juice sweet, and slightly pungent, but altogether rich, delicious, and invigorating. As may be supposed, I paid frequent visits to Antonio's reservoirs.

This palm bears the name of *coyol* among the Spaniards, and of *cockatruce* among the Mosquitos. Its juice is called by the former *vino de coyol* and by the Indians generally *chicha* (*cheechee*)—a name, however, which is applied to a variety of drinks. When the tree is cut down, the end

is plastered over with mud, to prevent the juice, with which the core is saturated, from exuding. A hole is then cut near the top, as I have described, in which the liquid is gradually distilled, filling the reservoir in the course of ten or twelve hours. This reservoir may be emptied daily, and yet be constantly replenished, it is said, for upward of a month. On the third day, if the tree be exposed to the sun, the juice begins to ferment, and gradually grows stronger, until at the end of a couple of weeks it becomes intoxicating, thus affording to the Sambos a ready means of getting up the "big drunk." The Spaniards affirm that the *vino de coyol* is a specific for indigestion and pains in the stomach. To make this liquor or wine thoroughly intoxicating, the Sambos add a certain amount of native honey to it and allow it to ferment. The taste of this liqueur, for such it really becomes, is most delicious and on this account it would command a fancy price in our more northern markets, but the effect is too severe if great care is not observed in its use, a very small glassful often proving too much for those that are well inured to the use of strong liquors. It is not only the alcohol that it contains that renders it so inebriating in its action, but there seems to be something in the honey that imparts a very ardent quality to it. This honey, by the way, is of itself hardly eatable, being very pungent and biting, leaving a rasping sensation in the throat. The Sambos have no use whatever for any liquor that does not intoxicate at once, and the stronger it is and the more fiery it can be made the higher they prize it.

Another class of beverages that are made on this shore is that called *mishla* and of which there are at least three distinct kinds. One is made from the pineapple and is a most wholesome drink; another manufactured from ripe plantains is also considered very nourishing, but that made from cassava and maize is the most popular with the natives and is also the only one that is intoxicating. This

mishla depends upon the chewing abilities of the women of the tribe for its fermenting principle but in this case both the root and grain are chewed, each separately, and then mixed, and for some climatic reason when the beverage is properly concocted, in strict accordance with the rules laid down by its Indian makers, *mishla* is a fruitful source of intoxication, being far more so than that like-made drink of the farther south. Mr. Bard asserts of this drink that when a chief gives a private *mishla* he has the pretty girls to do the chewing. Truly men are all alike.

Another beverage, which is perhaps more popular among strangers, is that made from the indigenous sugar-cane and wild cocoa. The canes are crushed between two stones, or to be more accurate it would perhaps be better to say that they were pounded between two stones, for that is what is done. A piece of cane is laid upon the nether stone and then an Indian takes as large a rock as he can well handle and proceeds to pound the cane, but this operation is one that requires experience and must be conducted in a proper manner or the juice will not flow. A blow too hard or not quite heavy enough will simply crush the fibres without liberating the juice. The wild cocoa is also powdered between stones kept for that purpose; after the operations are completed the powder is put into the cane-juice and is allowed to ferment, which it will do in an incredibly short space of time, and makes an agreeable and slightly exhilarating beverage. The Indian name for this drink is *ulung* and owing to the labour that it requires *ulung* is one of the drinks that travellers seldom have the privilege of tasting.

All through this part of America there grows a tree which the savants have named *anona muricata*. It bears a large pear-shaped fruit of a greenish colour containing an agreeable slightly acid pulp, and it is from this fruit that the much-indulged-in and easily made beverage known as *sour-sop* is prepared. To make the drink all that is

necessary to do is to put the pulp in water, add sugar as desired, and let it ferment; it may by this process generate alcohol, but if it does the amount is so small that it would be classified at once in the United States as being among the "soft drinks." But when *sour-sop* is tempered with a little *aguadeinte* to "para a matar los animalicos" (kill the animaculæ), as the Spaniards say, it is a most delicious drink and if not used to over indulgence very beneficial.

From another tree is prepared *vino de jocote* or, as the Indians would call it, *chicha*. The tree, which is a very large one, bears a plum-like fruit which is either red or yellow when ripe, and very juicy. It is from this fruit that *jocote* is made, and as certain parts of the country abound with this tree this drink is exceedingly plentiful and also very cheap. When *jocote* is two or three days old it is quite acid to the taste and also intoxicating and in this condition it is most popular with the Indians and the lower classes.

The seeds from the calabash tree also furnish a liquor that in its season is in great demand. It is called *guaje* and possesses the rare quality of coolness that it is so desirable in a hot climate, but as it can only be made when the seeds are soft and fresh from the tree it cannot always be procured, for it will not keep more than a day or two at the longest. From molasses there is brewed a beer that has the name of *cerveza negra* and its only redeeming feature is its excessive cheapness, being most disagreeable to the palate and possessing little strength.

The *grandilla* or water-lemon adds its quota as a constituent for a refreshing draught, as does an infusion of the pineapple when made into *fresco*. The love, or perhaps it would be better to say the craving,

that the Indians have for strong drink (not necessarily alcoholic) is fully shown in their method of preparing cocoa or chocolate, and it behooves all strangers in the land, when enjoying their hospitality, and chocolate is offered them, to partake of it very sparingly at first; for, besides being at boiling heat, the beverage also contains a very liberal supply of native peppers, noted the world over for their extreme heat, and one small sip of this chocolate is generally enough to make a man think that he has awakened in another world, and all doubt about which one it is is removed at once. The outside world has very little interest for him at this time. It is the inside one that calls for immediate attention.

In direct contrast, when the universal beverage *tiste* is proffered, the guest may drink of it unsparingly and with benefit, for it only contains roasted corn-meal, or flour, ground with cocoa and sugar and prepared as others prepare chocolate. *Maza* is also another beverage that carries with it no ill effect, and as its name implies is made from corn and is only an infusion of the parched grain in water.

CHAPTER XV

THE WEST INDIES

ALTHOUGH there are no authentic records on the question as to when and where rum was first distilled the trend of belief is that it was in the West Indies that this most popular of alcoholic beverages first saw the light of day, and was conceived through the idea of utilising the waste that emanated from the making of sugar. The early settlers in these islands were not long in turning their attention to the raising of sugar-cane. In fact, according to Oveido Valdes sugar-cane plantations were in successful operation in Hispaniola, called now St. Domingo, as early as 1520, and in less than twenty-five years from that date, so we are told by another historian, there were thirty-four cane mills in active operation on this island. On the other islands in this great group the same conditions prevailed to a greater or less degree, whether they were populated by the Spanish, French, or English, for the immense profit which was realised from sugar-making was one of the principle incentives towards bringing outsiders to these lands.

The use of the still, too, had by this time become quite common. It had lost its charm of mystery, and the results of its efforts had become an ordinary every-day potation instead of a wonderful medicine great in

its efficacy and almost miraculous in its action. According to the authority of an old manuscript, entitled *A briefe Description of the Island of Barbadoes* and which is in the possession of Trinity College, Dublin, rum was first made in that island. This manuscript was written about the year 1651 and the part treating on the subject reads: "The chief fuddling they make in the island is rum-bullion alias kill-divil and this is made from sugar-canes distilled, a hot, hellish, and terrible liquor."

It is quite evident the writer of the above did not approve of the efforts of his countrymen in the liquor line, and when we take into consideration the necessarily crude methods by which the drink was first produced, the wonder is that they could find anything in it good enough to warrant the making of a second crop; but then it must be borne in mind that the people of those days were not educated in the use of refined liquors and in consequence their palates and throats were hardened to anything short of liquid fire. Consequently at first they were not discriminating but as time passed on they became more susceptible, and when they had allowed their liquors to stand for a few years they discovered a great change in them, and we find Morewood in the early part of the last century writing as follows:

> The word rum seems to have been formerly used in Great Britain to convey the idea of anything fine, rich, best, or excellent: thus to express a superior brandy, it was common to say rum Nantz, because the best description of that liquor was distilled at Nantz; and as spirits extracted from molasses could not well be classed under the

terms of whiskey, brandy, arrack, etc., it was called *rum* to denote its excellence or superior quality. This term is probably taken from the last syllable of the Latin word *saccharum* (sugar); and it is not a little singular that the liquor itself has always been known among the native Americans by the name of rum.

The process of sugar-making from the cane is too well known to require a description here, and the molasses from which the rum is principally made is the syrup of the sugar (or the drainings after it is put into the hogshead), which no course of boiling can bring to a thicker consistency. From the liquor of the cane, which runs from the coppers through a trough to a receiver prepared for that purpose, the skimmings are taken, and, with some of the liquor itself, are pumped from a cistern containing from three hundred to eight hundred gallons, where the fluid is mixed with water in the proportion of twenty-five gallons to one hundred. When this mixture is sufficiently blended together in the vats (which in some plantations amount to thirty), it is covered over with boards or mats made of plantain leaves, and allowed to ferment for three or four days, or longer should there be want of yeast or other ferment to make it work, which often occurs at the commencement of the season. When reduced to a due degree of acidity, which is ascertained by the subsiding of the fermentation, it is run into a still proportioned to the vat, and wrought off as low wines, in which state it is put into the still again. The first run, or discharge, after it is thus returned to the still, is taken off for high wines (as they are termed) or strong rum, in the proportion of twenty-five gallons to three hundred, the strength of which, when tried by a glass bead instrument, is from eighteen to twenty-two degrees.

The second run of the still, which is drawn off in cans and carried by negroes to another vessel, is from a strength of twenty-three to twenty-six degrees. From these two

runnings of the still, the rum from the colony of Demerara is made up. The deficiency in the strength of the second distillation is supplied by an addition from the first, which is always stronger than that exported, and of too ardent a nature to be used by itself, twenty-five degrees being colony proof.

In the Windward Islands, one third of the skimmings is mixed with the lees or *dunder*, and one third of water. When these begin to ferment, which they usually do in about twenty-four hours, the first mixture of molasses takes place in the proportion of six gallons for every hundred gallons of the fermenting liquor, and a day or two after an additional quantity of molasses is added. The fermentation is tempered by an addition of cold or warm water.

Dunder, a term unfamiliar to the ears of an European distiller, is the lees or feculencies of a former distillation, serving all the purposes of yeast in the fermentation. It is derived from a Spanish word *redunder*, the same as *redundans* in Latin, and is well known among the planters in the West Indies. The attenuating properties of this ferment are such that the materials with which it is mixed are said to yield a much greater proportion of spirit than could be obtained if they were fermented without it.

For many years rum was the leading liquor of the world, into every corner of which it penetrated, and perhaps to-day, if reliable statistics could be obtained on the subject, it would be found that the juice of the sugar-cane has more advocates than any other like drink made, and so common has the name become that it is now used in reprobation to describe everything alcoholic or connected with alcohol in any way. The late Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes says on this subject in *The Autocrat*: "*Rum* I take to be the name

which unwashed moralists apply alike to the product distilled from molasses and the noblest juice of the vineyard. Burgundy 'in all its sunset glow' is *rum*. Champagne 'the foaming wine of eastern France' is *rum*."

Wherever the sugar-cane grows there rum will be made and as the area is rather large, especially in the Americas, the amount manufactured is enormous. Sometimes to impart a special flavour the makers will use pineapples, and if pineapple rum is carefully made and aged in a congenial place no more tasty beverage can be had, for both the sugar-cane and pineapple contain minute proportions of butyric ether and the blending of these makes a very aromatic liquor.

A once popular beverage was that called rum shrub, and being more of a liqueur the people with a "sweet tooth" were exceedingly fond of it.

It is prepared by adding to thirty-four gallons of proof rum two ounces of the essential oil of orange and an equal quantity of the essential oil of lemon dissolved in one quart of spirit, and three hundred pounds of refined sugar dissolved in twenty gallons of water. This combination is thoroughly mixed together, after which there is added sufficient orange juice or solution of tartaric acid to produce a slight pleasant acidity. After agitating the mixture again for some time, twenty gallons of water are added, bringing the quantity up to one hundred gallons, and the agitation of the whole is continued for half an hour. In about a fortnight the shrub should be clear and ready for bottling.

While rum shrub contains more than a third of rum, rumfustian should not have any if properly

made, being a hot drink in which gin is the foundation. Neither does rumswizzle have for a component any of the American liquor, for it is only an old English name for ale and beer mixed. Rumbooze is by no means indicative of rum, though being a tipple it could include it, and rumboozing were bunches of grapes, and a rum-barge was any warm drink, but rumney was a kind of sweet wine very popular in England many years ago. A rum-dropper was a cant word for a vintner and rum-hopper was the same for a drawer of ale or beer, and rumpo and rumbullion were old provincial English names from which it is thought by some of our lexicographers the word rum was derived, and the sailors' word rumbowling, meaning grog, undoubtedly comes from the same source.

In the early part of the eighteenth century there was an admiral in the English navy by the name of Edward Vernon, and from all accounts he must have been somewhat democratic, not only in his dealings with his various crews, but also in his clothing. In 1740 Admiral Vernon was appointed to command a fleet which had for its purpose the taking of Cartagena, a city of Colombia and the city that afterwards received the title of the "Heroic City." Vernon succeeded in overpowering the castle at the mouth of the harbour, but owing to some misunderstanding the troops that were to assist him failed at the crucial moment and in consequence he had to retire to the island of Jamaica, and it was while he was there that he ordered the sailors should be given a certain amount of rum in water at regular intervals during the day. This order, of course, greatly pleased the men and to commemorate it they bestowed upon the beverage the nickname

which heretofore had been applied to the admiral himself, the said being "old grog," but in this case the "old" was omitted. Admiral Vernon had acquired this cognomen through the habit of wearing a cloak, says one authority, and breeches asserts another, made of grogram, a coarse cloth manufactured of silk and wool—the name of the cloth being shortened to grog, the first syllable of the word. Another drink made with rum was called *falurnum*, perhaps in honour of the ancient Falernian. It was always served cold and one critic says it was "a very baneful, heady, bilious drink in great request."

There was a free and easy manner of living in these islands and a most lively indifference to anything smacking of prohibition. In truth, if a person did not drink he commanded very little respect among his fellows. The compounds they concocted were something fearful even to contemplate. Imagine a beverage containing brandy, rum, wine, and porter with lime-peel and nutmeg, and then endeavour to figure out its effects in a warm climate. The name of this drink was rattle-skull, which of itself tells the reader all that it is necessary to know on the subject. But there was one drink that, to quote an old-time resident of the islands, was worthy of Ganymede. This was cocoanut julep. "It is," said he, "the water of young cocoanuts poured into a glass goblet, holding at least half a gallon, and to this is added the gelatine which the said nuts contain, sweetened, *secudem artem*, with refined sugar and Holland gin. Without hyperbole this is a delicious drink." According to an old Creole recipe to properly make a punch it was necessary to have

One of sour and three of sweet,
Four of strong and four of weak—

the component parts being lime-juice, sugar, rum, and water.

Liminada con ron, while it has an unusual sound to our ears, is only Spanish for lemonade with rum, and when a good article of rum is used and there is plenty of ice in the glass it is not only delicious in the West Indies but in any other country where the days are hot. From green grapes, that is unripe ones, a very pleasant beverage called *agraz* is prepared. It is a slightly acid drink, and in its season is much in demand, being offered for sale in all the cafés. *Orchata* is something that looks like a milk punch, and properly so, for it is made of the milk of almonds sweetened with sugar and diluted with water. It is claimed for this drink that aside from its refreshing qualities it is also sustaining and the people who use it freely can do an enormous amount of labour with little other food.

When *cebada* is nice and cool it is not only a pleasant drink but it is also quite a satisfying one until it is ascertained that it is simply barley-water, but when this happens the sick-room prejudice has most likely been overcome and it will be drunk with as great gusto by the strangers as by the natives. Of course *chicha* is to be had, but on the islands it is prefixed with *la* and therefore becomes *la chicha*, and the beverage, also, is somewhat different from that made upon the mainland, sugar, water, and toasted corn being fermented together, when it is ready for use. *Gara pina* is a fermented infusion of pineapple rinds, sweetened

to taste with sugar, and *jambumbia* is cane-juice or simply molasses put into water and drunk cool.

As a substitute for coffee, the poorer classes use a drink called *gediana* made from a native plant, or seed of the plant of the same name, and while it does not have the exact taste and flavour of the celebrated Arabian berry, it is nevertheless a wholesome drink and one not to be despised when in need of a reviving draught. Perhaps at one time the most popular drink in all the islands was *sangaree*, and strange as it may seem the foundation of this beverage was Madeira wine instead of the more plentiful and cheaper rum. It was made with wine, lime-juice, water, and sugar and was to be had in every house of any pretensions whatever. In fact it was an universal drink, and one that did more good than harm, yet satisfying the cravings for something alcoholic. Swizzle is composed of six parts of water to one of rum and an aromatic flavouring, and while it may sound out of the ordinary, this beverage was often quite costly on account of the water in it, which on the island of St. Kitts, where the drink originated, was an expensive article, rum and sugar being often exchanged for it.

Among the natives when rum is scarce and hard to procure they resort to the making of *piworee*, as it is called on some of the islands and *ouycon* on others. To make it they took an earthen vessel containing about sixty quarts and nearly filled it with water, into which were thrown, without order, two pounded roots of cassava, with a dozen fair-sized sweet potatoes, a gallon of sugar-cane juice, and about ten or twelve bananas. The vessel was then closed and left to ferment for two or three days, and when completely

attenuated the scum was removed from the surface, and the liquor was fit for use.

Another native or Indian-made drink is *maby* or, as some write it, *mobby*. It is composed of two quarts of clarified syrup, thirty quarts of water, and a dozen each of oranges and red sweet potatoes. It takes in the neighbourhood of thirty hours to have this drink perfected, and while the ingredients used are all of a very simple and harmless nature taken separately they make, when fermented together, a potent draught, one in fact that affects the head quickly and produces drunkenness much sooner than would be supposed. From the fruit of the wild apricot, which abounds on many of these islands, and which is called by the natives *mamme* and *mammea Americana* by the botanist, that world-known cordial *L'eau des noiaux* is manufactured.

CHAPTER XVI

MEXICO

Sabe que es pulque,—
Licor divino?
Lo beben los angles
En vez de vino.

Know ye not pulque,—
That liquor divine?
Angels in heaven
Prefer it to wine.

THUS says the Mexican and his complacency is in nowise disturbed when the newly arrived stranger after quaffing his first glass does not agree with him, for well he knows that now, the spell being broken, his guest after partaking of two or three drinks more will be as ardent in his praise of *pulque* as he. In *Travels in Mexico*, by Mr. Frederick A. Ober, is the following article on *pulque* prefaced with these remarks by Mr. Ober:

From the earliest times [he writes] the inhabitants of earth have prepared stimulating and refreshing drinks from various plants, seeds, and fruits. This beverage, *pulque*, has been so long in use on the Mexican table-land that its origin is involved in the obscurity of fable. It cannot be told when it was first drunk, nor whence it

derived its present appellation. The Aztecs gave it the names of *nenutli* and *octli*, while the plant itself, the maguey, was called *metl*. One interpreter of the Mexican hieroglyphics asserts that the god Izquitecatl first extracted the life-giving juice of the maguey, while the Toltec annals, as usually interpreted, ascribe its discovery to a prince of the royal blood of that line. A pretty fable is related of its discovery in connection with their somewhat mythical chronicles. A noble Toltec named Papantzin found out the method of extracting the juice of the maguey, and sent some of it to his sovereign, Tecpancaltzin as a present, by his daughter, the beautiful Xochitl, the flower of Tollan. Enamoured alike of the drink and the maiden, the king, wishing to monopolise both, retained the lovely Xochitl a willing prisoner, and in after years placed their illegitimate son upon the throne. This was the beginning of the troubles of the Toltecs, who had then enjoyed peace for many years; it about the year 1000 it led to their eventual dispersion, expulsion, and extinction, brought about by the hand of a woman, and through the means of drink.

Through all his disasters, however, the Indian clung to his *pulque*, each generation adding to the acres of maguey planted by his ancestors, and at the present time its consumption has reached enormous proportions. The maguey, from which the *pulque* is produced, though native of Mexico, is found growing in our own country, yet not in any great abundance. But on the great Mexican uplands —those high plains that stretch from mountain to mountain at an elevation of more than seven thousand feet above the sea—is the dwelling-place of the maguey. You see it first in abundance when about one hundred miles from the valley of Mexico, on the plains of Apam. When the Spaniards first came here in 1519, the native Mexicans had the maguey, of which they made almost as many uses as the South Sea Islander does of the cocoa-palm, namely, a hundred. It is said that there are thirty-three species

of this plant growing on the broad plains. The celebrated Mexican naturalist Senor Ignacio Plazquez, professor of Natural History in the State College, Puebla, enumerates (*Revista Cientifica Mexicana*, tom. i., num. 1, December, 1879, more than the above number.) All these varieties have native Indian names in Aztec, and many in Otimi. Although most of them are used merely for hedge plants and surrounding inclosures, yet the majority of them will produce *pulque*, and the various beverages obtained from the *maguey*. Twenty-two are enumerated which yield *aguameil*, or honey-water, and of this number six produce the finest liquor, or *pulque fino*.

The best plants yield liquor for six months after being tapped. From the leaves, roots, and juice are obtained a greater variety of products than one would think it possible for one plant to yield. First, paper is made from the pulp of the leaves, and twine and thread from the fibres. The rare and valuable Mexican manuscripts were composed of paper made from the *maguey*, which resembles more the papyrus than anything else. Another use of this plant is furnishing needles. The leaves are tipped with sharp thorns, and by breaking off the thorn and stripping the fibres attached away from the pulp, and then rolling and twisting them together, the native has a serviceable needle ready threaded. The poor people thatch their houses with the leaves, placing one over the other, like shingles; the hollowed leaf also serves as a gutter, or trough, by which the water falling from the eaves is conducted away. The fibrous parts of maguey supply the country with *pita*, or strong thread which is made into ropes, and is in universal use. It is not so pliable as hemp, and is more likely to be affected by the weather, but is strong and durable.

The Greek word *agave* signifies "noble" and the plant well merits the name, both for its majesty and beauty and its manifold aids to man. Nothing on these plains is so

imposing in appearance as the *maguey*. Its leaves are sometimes ten feet in length, a foot in breadth, and eight inches thick. From the centre of these great leaves, after collecting its strength for a number of years, it sends up a giant flower-stalk, twenty or thirty feet high, upon which is clustered a mass of greenish-yellow flowers, sometimes more than three thousand in number. After this supreme effort the exhausted plant dies; it has performed the service to nature for which it was created. From the fact that the aloe in the north takes a great many years to gather strength for sending up this stalk, the great central shaft, has arisen the story that it blossoms but once in a hundred years, and it has derived the name of the century-plant.

In the maguey estates [says an observant writer] the plants are arranged in lines, with an interval of three yards between them. If the soil be good, they require no attention on the part of the proprietor until the period of flowering arrives, at which time the plant commences to be productive. This period is very uncertain; ten years, however, may be taken as the average, for in plantations of one thousand aloes it is calculated that one hundred are in flowering every year.

The Indians know, by infallible signs, almost the very hour at which the stem, or central shaft, destined to produce the flower, is about to appear, and they anticipate it by making an incision and extracting the whole heart, or central portion of the stem, as a surgeon would take an arm out of the socket, leaving nothing but the thick outside rind, thus forming a natural basin or well about two feet in depth and one and a half in diameter. Into this the sap, which nature intended for the support of the gigantic central shoot, continually oozes in such quantities that it is found necessary to remove it twice, and even three

times, during the day. In order to facilitate this operation, the leaves on one side are cut off, so as to admit a free approach. An Indian then inserts a long gourd (called *acojote*), the thinner end of which is terminated by a horn, while at the opposite extremity a square hole is left, to which he applies his lips, and extracts the sap by suction. This sap, before it ferments, is called *aguamiel* (honey-water) and merits the appellation. It is extremely sweet, and does not possess that disagreeable smell which is afterwards so offensive. A small portion of this *aguamiel* is transferred from the plant to a building prepared for the purpose, where it is allowed to ferment for ten or fifteen days, when it becomes what is termed *madre pulque* (the mother of *pulque*), which is distributed in very small quantities among the different troughs intended for the reception of the *aguamiel.* Upon this it acts as a sort of a leaven, fermentation is excited instantly, and in twenty-four hours it becomes *pulque*, in the very best state for drinking.

The quantity drawn off each day is replaced by a fresh supply of *aguamiel* so that the process may be continued during the whole year without interruption, and is limited only by the extent of the plantation. A good *maguey* yields from eight to fifteen *cuartillos* or pints of *aguamiel* in a day, the value of which may be taken as about one real, and this supply continues during two and often three months. A plant when about to flower is worth about ten dollars to the farmer; although, in the transfer of an estate, the *maguey de corte*, or plants ready to cut, are seldom valued, one taken with another, at more than five dollars. But in this estimate an allowance is made for the failure

of some, which is unavoidable, as the operation of cutting the head of the plant, if performed too soon or too late, is equally unsuccessful and destroys the plant. The cultivation of the *maguey*, where a market is at hand, has many advantages, as it is a plant which, though it succeeds in a good soil, is not easily affected by heat or cold, and requires little or no water. It is propagated, too, with great facility, for, although the mother plant withers away as the sap is exhausted, it is replaced by a multitude of suckers from the old root. There is but one drawback to its culture, and that is the period that must elapse before a new plantation can be rendered productive, which varies from eight to eighteen years; but the *maguey* grounds when once established are of great value, many producing a revenue of ten thousand dollars to twelve thousand dollars per annum. A long train departs every day from the stations on the plains of Apam loaded exclusively with *pulque*, from the carriage of which the railroad derives a revenue of about one thousand dollars a day. From the hacienda the *pulque* is carried to the cities in barrels and sheepskins and there retailed. The shops are gaudily painted and decorated with flowers, but they can no more hide the nature of their contents than a gin palace or lager-beer saloon. Their vile odour betrays their presence, and about their doors, day and night, may be seen ragged and filthy men and boys, and even women who drink this beverage until it produces intoxication.

Not contented with thus perverting the sweet juice they distil from the mild *pulque* a strong rum, called *mescal*, which quickly causes inebriety, and is responsible for much of the crime in Mexico. *Pulque*

tastes something like stale buttermilk, and has an odour at times like that of putrid meat. It is wholesome, and many people drink it for the sake of their health. The natives ascribe to *pulque*, says Mr. Ward, as many good qualities as whiskey is said to possess in Scotland.

> They call it stomachic, a great promoter of digestion and sleep, and an excellent remedy in many diseases. It requires a knowledge of all these good qualities, however, to reconcile the stranger to that smell of sour milk or slightly tainted meat by which the young pulque-drinker is usually disgusted; but if this can be surmounted, the liquor will be found both refreshing and wholesome, for its intoxicating qualities are very slight; and, as it is always drunk in a state of fermentation, it possesses, even in the hottest weather, an agreeable coolness. It is found, too, where water is not to be obtained, and even the most fastidious, when travelling under a vertical sun, are then forced to admit its merits.

It is only to be met with in perfection where it is made; for as it is conveyed to the great towns in hog-skins or sheepskins, the disagreeable odour increases, and the freshness of the liquor is lost. *Aguamiel* is a limpid liquor, golden in colour, sometimes whitish and mucilaginous, according to the maguey, with a bitter-sweet flavour and an herbaceous odour, which is produced in an excavation made in the root-stalk of the maguey at the point where the floral peduncles begin to unfold. It froths when shaken, gives an abundant precipitate with sub-acetate of lead, and when filtered the resultant liquor is colourless. An analysis of *aguamiel* by the celebrated Bossingault gave

glucose, sugar, and water as the principal ingredients. Like the vine, the maguey yields the best liquor, independent of the climate, in volcanic or silicious soil. *Pulque* is the product of the fermentation of *aguamiel*, is an alcoholic, mucilaginous liquid, holding in suspension white corpuscles, which give its colour, and has an odour *sui generis*, a taste peculiarly its own, more or less sugary, depending upon its strength, and contains about six per cent. of alcohol.

If the traveller in Mexico has a knowledge of the language he can derive much pleasure in translating the names of the pulquerias or *pulque* shops into English. Often these names are grotesque and will have the tendency to lead the critical visitor into many strange channels of thought. At random, here are a few of the names which appear on the main street or thoroughfare of any of the principal towns or cities: "The White Rose," "In Remembrance of the Future," "Temple of Love," "The Avenger," "Diana's Salon," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The Little Hill," "The Star of Bethlehem," "The Mad King," "The Sorrow," "The Arts," and so on *ad infinitum*.

Although *pulque* is made in many parts of Mexico the really fine liquor comes but from the plains of Apam and as Desiré Charnay says:

> Apam *pulque* is as superior to ordinary *pulque* as Chambertin is superior to ordinary claret. [The same writer adds] Mezcal is a kind of brandy made from a smaller kind of aloe, not unlike a huge cabbage in shape. To prepare it, roots and leaves are left to soak until they are duly fermented; a calf's head or the best part of a chicken is added to the compound previous to distillation. In the first case it is called *mezcal cabeceta;* in the second, con-

sidered the finest flavour, *mezcal pechuga*. The best Indian cognacs are manufactured at Jalisco.

Another liquor that is occasionally met with is one called *staventum* and while it is mild and pleasant to the taste its effects are just the opposite, a very small amount producing intoxication with an after headache that is fearful to contemplate. Maize, or Indian corn, with the Mexican plays an important part and answers often both for food and drink. An *atole*, in one part, and *posole*, in another, inserted into a calabash of water and stirred with the fingers will afford a beverage that is welcomed indeed by the fatigued and heated traveller. The *atole* has an extended rôle in Mexico and Fanny Chambers Gooch in *Face to Face with the Mexicans* gives a comprehensive account of its many phases, as follows:

I found [she says] plain atole much the same in appearance as gruel of Indian meal, but much better in taste, having the slight taste of the lime with which the corn is soaked, and the advantage of being ground on the metale, which preserves a substance lost in grinding in a mill. Tortillas, likewise, lose their flavour if made of ordinary meal. *Atole de leche* [milk], by adding chocolate takes the name of champuriado; if the bark of the caco is added it becomes atole de cascara; if red chili—chili atole. If instead of any of these *aguamiel*, sweet water of the maguey, is added it is called *atole de aguamiel;* if *piloncillo*, the native brown sugar, again the name is modified to *atole de pinole*. The meal is strained through a hair-cloth sieve, water being continually poured on it, until it becomes as thin as milk. It is then boiled and stirred rapidly until it is well cooked, when it is ready for the market. As served to the wretched-looking objects who so eagerly consume it, one felt no

desire to partake, but in the houses there is nothing more delicious and wholesome than *atole de leche*.

The same writer further on in her interesting book says:

Agua de pina [pineapple water] is a simple beverage, and one that may be prepared in our American homes. Beat, roll, or grind the pineapple very fine; then run through a sieve, add sugar to taste and water to make it sufficiently thin to drink. Allow it to stand for a little while; then add ice and it is good enough for a king. *Agua de chia* is made from a very fine seed that I have never seen in the States, but it is a delightful refreshing drink. *Horchata*—known to us as orgeat—is made from musk-melon seed, beaten and strained, with sugar, some lemon-juice, and a little cinnamon. Add ice and you have a beverage to please the most fastidious.

Sometimes it behooves a traveller in a strange land not to be too critical and to rely more upon the observation of the poet that "where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise" than upon his own power of investigation. In the markets at certain seasons of the year there is offered for sale a kind of cake which, upon eating, is found to be very palatable and agreeable and if the visitor is willing to leave the question just at this point he will forever remain in peace, but should his curiosity get the better of him and induce him to delve into the mysteries of what he has eaten then we will quote again from Mr. Ober who says: "There is no more peculiar product of the Mexican lakes than that marsh fly called *axayacatl* (*ahuettea Mexicana*), which deposits its eggs in incredible quantities upon

flags and rushes, and which are eagerly sought out and made into cakes which are sold in the markets." Says that festive monk, Thomas Gage, who visited Mexico in 1625: "The Indians gathered much of this and kept it in Heaps, and made thereof Cakes, *like unto brickbats* . . . and they did eat this Meal with as good a Stomach as we eat Cheese; yea, and they hold opinion that this Scum or Fatness of the water is the cause that such great numbers of Fowls cometh to the Lake, which in the winter season is infinite."

These cakes "like unto brickbats" are sold in the markets to this day, and the black heaps of the *ahuahtli* or "water wheat" may be frequently seen dotting the mud flats, about the lakes, Texcoco especially. The insects themselves (which are about the size of a house-fly) are pounded into a paste,—as they are collected in myriads,—boiled in corn-husk and then sold. The eggs, resembling fine fish roe, are compressed into a paste, mixed with eggs of fowls, and form a staple article of food particularly called for during Lent.

Col. Albert S. Evans once on a time took a gala trip through Mexico, of which he gives a rather graphic account in a very readable book entitled *Our Sister Republic*. He was an observant traveller and a good recorder of events as they happened and the following is a little story of an incident that occurred during one of his many stops. He writes:

There is a superior variety of *mescal* produced near Guadalajara, and called after the village in which it is made "Tequila" [pronounced Tekela]; this costs more and is sent to the City of Mexico and elsewhere, as something

very choice as a present to one's friends. I took one drink of it under the supposition that it was anisette, or some other light liquor, swallowing about an ounce, druggist's measure, before I smelled the burning flesh as the lightning descended my throat. As I set my glass down my head began to increase in size so rapidly that I saw at once that unless I got outside immediately, the door would be too small to admit passing through it. Seizing my hat which appeared to have become about the size of an ordinary umbrella, I turned it up edgewise and succeeded by a tight squeeze in passing it through the door; the street then appeared funnel-shaped, and I remembered an odd fancy that I was to resemble the man who "went in the big and came out of the little end of the horn." Curiously enough my legs decreased in size, as my head enlarged, and my last recollection of the affair is that my person resembled a sugar hogshead walking on two straws; body I had none. No more *tequila* for me, please. The teamsters and muleteers drink this clear, colourless, harmless-looking concentrated lightning with apparent impunity; but a single bottle of it will cause a rebellion among an entire regiment of soldiers, and very likely result in a pronunciamento on the spot.

But Colonel Evans is by no means the only one who on first being introduced to Mexican liquor has had the pleasure (?) of recording unusual effects. Monsieur Desiré Charnay says of his first drink of *staventum* that he quickly became a somnambulist and walked about reciting poetry at the top of his voice and when he awoke his head ached for hours after. *Tuna*, made from the prickly pear, and *chilote* are also two more native beverages that should be approached carefully at first but when tried once or twice and the system relaxes, if not over indulged in afterward they will

prove quite beneficial. From the young leaves of the orange tree, which have been dried and treated like tea, is made *hojasde naranjo* simply by pouring boiling water over them. The beverage is very pleasant and refreshing and is often served in the place of black coffee.

In Yucatan, a south-eastern province of Mexico, and a spot of the earth where ruins of temples and halls abound, and pyramids and monoliths bear hieroglyphic inscriptions that still remain unsolved, the natives make a beverage which they themselves declare to be the nectar of the gods, and of a truth when *balche* is newly made it is most pleasant to the taste and one would be hard to please who could not find something to admire in this refreshing and wholesome drink. But let *balche* become three or four days old and then occurs that great change in liquors so often found in tropical regions, and what was perfectly harmless in its first making becomes exceedingly intoxicating and decidedly injurious.

To make *balche* the Indians gather a quantity of bark from a tree of the same name and put it into honey and water where it is allowed to ferment for a few hours, when it is ready for consumption and as said before is a most delicious drink. Sometimes if the weather is not propitious the fermenting of *balche* proves a rather difficult task and both labour and ingredients will be lost. This, however, does not occur often with the Indians, who seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the proper time to make it. The Indians do not appreciate *balche* until it is several days old and then they use it in quantities that would almost kill the average white man.

On both banks of the Rio Grande, there grows a plant from whose roots the people have, for many centuries, been making a beverage called *sotol* wine though properly speaking it is not a wine at all as it is the result of distillation rather than of fermentation. Although the chief use of *sotol* is for the making of this wine yet the plant has considerable value as a fodder for cattle in times of drought. Of the wine it is asserted that when used in moderation it is very healthy and a fine builder of the system, but if its use is abused the effect is such that the drinker becomes at once very daring and will attempt anything having a maximum of danger in its performance.

The border folks relate many strange stories of what men have done, owing to their over indulgence in *sotol* wine, and if but one half the legends be true *sotol* wine is truly a wonderful beverage. One story in particular is told that at the time when Bill Taylor and his band of outlaws held up and robbed the Overland Express on the Southern Pacific near Comstock, a few years ago, they were all more than half drunk on *sotol*. When three of the gang were captured in the Davis Mountains several days later they had on hand a half empty jug of *sotol*. They had been forced to lighten their burdens by dropping a big bag of silver, but they retained the jug of *sotol*.

Of late years there has appeared, especially in the mines and among the miners, a new beverage called *dyna* which is nothing more or less than a piece of dynamite, the size of a pea, dissolved in a small quantity of mescal. The action of this combination is to put the victim asleep in a very few minutes, and during this period of somnolency, it is said, dreams of the

weirdest forms come to the daring drinker. There exists no record as to who was the first to experiment with this fearful combination and the wonder is that he could induce others to try it, but success seems to have crowned his efforts and the use of *dyna* is apparently upon the increase.

As an example of exactness there is, perhaps, no other beverage that requires more of this element than *picula kakla*. From its name one would readily think that the ingredients were many and that their compounding was more or less difficult and of necessity that it was also distilled, but such is not the case. *Picula kakla* is a beverage only made at a certain festival, which is observed more in the southern part of the country than elsewhere, and the exactness lies in the fact that four hundred and fifteen grains of roasted or parched corn must be used in its manufacture; the amount of water is not stated. What would happen if a grain more or less should be used it is not our province to conjecture, but for many decades four hundred and fifteen grains of corn have been used in its preparation and the number will most likely remain the same for long years to come.

In the same part of the land, and also farther south, the Indians as well as the whites have a practice of bending down and cutting off the tip of the undeveloped shoot of the cocoanut palm; this operation allows the sap to flow into a calabash and furnishes all classes with the popular *caraca*, a natural beverage both pleasant and refreshing. From the matured seed or nut another beverage called *acchioc* is prepared by crushing the pulp and steeping it in hot water, then allowing it to ferment.

CHAPTER XVII

NORTH AMERICA

"GITSHEE monedo neebe ogee ozheton. Inineewug dush ween ishkodawabuo ogee ozhetonahwaun waun"—"The Great Spirit made water but man fire-liquor" [brandy]. Thus spoke the North American Indian many years ago and shortly after he had become acquainted with the white man and the white man's peculiar and attractive drink. The Indian was in nowise dissatisfied with the *mushkowaugumme* (strong drink) and the *keewushkabee* (giddiness) that it produced, but his detestation for a *nokaugumme* (weak drink) was manifested very quickly. The tendency to ascribe the disappearance of the Indian from this part of the country to his use of our alcoholic drinks is one that not only exists with us in America but it prevails also in Europe, and everywhere people are prone to take a superficial view of conditions and events. We are not, by any means, alone in this train of thought, in fact we have plenty of company and it can be heard in any part of the world, that wherever the white man goes and takes his liquors the natives will soon depart from the face of the earth, and the idea has been repeated so often that it has now almost become axiomatic in its application, but like other thoughts of this nature when

submitted to even casual investigation it is found the implication exists only as such and is devoid even of a foundation.

A momentary consideration of the primal idea of the invader into a new or strange country and the object of his leaving the land of his birth is fully sufficient to warrant the assertion that the use of liquor as a conquering agent is as far from his thoughts as is the possibility of living on air alone. The man himself alone accounts for a lost race of people if he and his brothers in colour are the stronger, and it is in the belief of this condition he determines to migrate into an unknown country and amidst a people whom he knows full well will oppose his coming. He is deliberate in his actions and equips himself with the means of annihilation rather than of conciliation. He is taking this step to better his conditions and it behooves him to prepare for danger more than pleasure. After a while, if circumstances will allow, he may introduce into his new home some of the luxuries he had in his former abode and among these may be a liquor that he had been accustomed to use, and by so doing he lays himself open to the charge of ruining the bodies and souls of the savages that through some misadvertence on his part he had not already killed.

Invasion, in this sense, is only a polite term for several very harsh words none of which we would like to have applied to our forefathers. Yet we must admit that the country belonged to the Indians and that our forebears came and settled here uninvited by the rightful owners, and with what consequences the whole world knows. Naturally these results lead to the question, What caused them to be such? And

which to answer fully would take volumes. To reply briefly we must first consider the people who originally came and settled here, the Dutch, the English, the French, the Portuguese, and the Spanish, and then glance into their habits and mode of living. The Dutch and English of those times were noted for their cool-headedness and their sober methods of procedure. The French, Portuguese, and Spanish, while in every way as adventurous were not as self-denying, and instead of waiting for the time to arrive when they could afford to have sent them from the old country the luxuries to which they had been accustomed they began at once to teach the natives around them how to manufacture these various articles.

With the entrance of the Portuguese and Spanish into South America and the West Indies came the still, and as has been shown elsewhere in this volume the time was short before the natives began the free use of rum, a liquor which the early English writers called "kill devil" so potent was its taste and so vicious were its effects.

On the northern continent distillation was but little known and what "fire-water" was to be had came from the older country for many long years. This supply was of necessity both limited and uncertain and the assertion that it was the liquor of the white man that killed the North American Indian is as far from the truth as "that the only good Indian was a dead Indian," which was the policy pursued both by the Dutch and the English. If rum was the agency how can we account for the vast number of Indians that are still to be found living in every country in South America, Central America, and Mexico, in clim-

ates, too, where all the authorities agree that the use of alcoholic beverages is most dangerous, but where for more than three hundred years this liquor has been made so cheaply that even the poorest of the poor could afford to indulge in it until they became helpless? Can it possibly be that the white man without his liquor means the total extermination of the native while the white man with his rum means only mediocrity and that the native has a better chance of life? One direct proof is worth more than all the theories that can be formulated or advanced and the history of the two continents of America proves conclusively that where rum was used to the greatest extent the aborigines ultimately fared the better. The wholesale use of liquor, and of the worst kind, too, has been practised by almost every nation in Europe in their dealings with the various tribes of Africa, yet the negro still survives and is ready to make trouble for his neighbours at any minute. That the North American Indian had to be taught the use of distilled liquors is a well-known fact, but that he was a stranger to intoxication is another matter, and the delight he displayed in the *keewushkabee* (being giddy by strong drink) will account in a material degree for the avidity he displayed towards brandy and other alcoholic beverages when he came in contact with them. Like all savages he drank and ate for a certain well-defined purpose. He had no regularity as to his meals and would therefore only eat when he felt the necessity for so doing. In the matter of drinking, water would quench his thirst and therefore to drink any other liquor which imparted a different sensation and then not to indulge in that exhilaration to its full extent

was to him something beyond reason. Why drink "fire-water" if not get drunk, bah!

Wine from the grape was no stranger to the Indian, but when he first began to make it or whether he understood the art of keeping it after it had fermented the historians on this subject are signally deficient. Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft, LL.D., who is perhaps the most thorough authority on Indian history and life, shows that the Indians had a word for wine in their language and a word, too, built from a proper root or roots as follows: *sho*—a grape; *min*—a berry; *aubo*—a liquor = *shominaubo*—wine, that is grape-berry liquor; and in like manner he analyses *cider*, viz.: *mish*—apple; *i*—a connective; *min*—a berry; *aubo*—a liquor = *mishiminaubo*—apple-berry liquor. Continuing he also shows that "fire-liquor" was an organic word rather than one introduced or constructed for the purpose, the word being *ishkodawabo*. Rum and wine among the Osage Indians were respectively *pegene* and *mange-eshe*. The language of the Chippewas contains an elaborate vocabulary on the subject of drink a few examples of which are appended: *nokauguma*—weak drink; *mushkowauguma*—strong drink; *weeshkobauguma* — sweet drink; *shewaugums* — sour drink, and so on through a very comprehensive category.

As with their more southern brothers, our Indians, if so we may be allowed to designate them, made the use of parched corn universal both as a food and for furnishing them with a sustaining drink. *Nohelick*, as it was called by the Indians of New England, was considered a great delicacy, and even our forefathers did not hesitate to avail themselves of its strengthening qualities whenever it was proffered them. To

the Indian squaw the making of *nohelick* was only one of her daily tasks and one that to her contained no mysteries. But it is a matter of record that while the white people of the time were well and thoroughly acquainted with the process of making or manufacturing *nohelick* yet notwithstanding this, there never was a white person who could produce the same result with the same materials as the simple-minded squaw. There was always something lacking. That same quality, perhaps, as that in the South where the old negro mammy would make her hoe-cake in the ashes on the hearth and when her white mistress attempted the same task there always issued, from the men of the family, a remonstrance couched in language polite but hidden within its periods a sarcasm that generally discouraged the fair neophyte from making further efforts in the culinary department of her household.

Among the Creek Indians there was a preparation which the whites of those days called thin-drink but the Creeks called it *oafka*. Its main ingredient was, of course, corn, which was pounded and boiled in water and was mixed with a small quantity of strong lees of the ashes of hickory wood. It was boiled until the corn became tender, and the liquor as thick as rich soup. The lees gave it a tart taste, and preserved it from souring by the heat of the climate. The Apaches had an exhilarating beverage made from boiled corn and subsequently fermented which they called *teeswin*, and when there was a plentiful supply of this easily made drink on hand it behooved strangers to be very cautious in their intercourse with these never too friendly people.

Among the Papago Indians, neighbours, as it were of the Apaches, there is still to-day an intoxicating beverage to be had which this tribe calls *tizwin*. But unlike the *teeswin* of the Apache of olden times, this drink is made from the fruit of the giant cactus. The fruit is brilliant red and pear-shaped, containing a pulp which tastes very much like our own strawberry jam. The process of making *tizwin* is very simple, for all the material necessary is the expressed juice of the fruit and as the ripe fruit is by no means hard or firm the task is easy and demands no other utensil than a vessel to hold it. In a very short period of time this juice will ferment when it becomes ready for use. From Mr. Schoolcraft's works on the Indians we take the following, the first two parts of which were contributed by General Anthony Alexander M'Gillivray and entitled:

The Ceremony of the Black-Drink

is a military institution, blended with religious opinions. The black-drink is a strong decoction of the shrub well known in the Carolinas by the name *cassina*, or the *upton tea*. The leaves are collected, parched on a pot until they are brown, boiled over a fire in the centre of the square, dipped out and poured from one pan or cooled into another, and back again, until it ferments and produces a large quantity of white froth, from which, with the purifying qualities the Indians ascribe to it, they style it *white-drink;* but the liquor of itself, which, if strong, is nearly as black as molasses, is by the white people universally called *black-drink*. It is a gentle diuretic, and, if taken in large quantities, sometimes affects the nerves. If it were qualified with sugar, etc., it could hardly be distinguished in taste

from strong bohea tea. Except rum there is no liquor of which the Indians of the Creek nation are so excessively fond. In addition to their habitual fondness of it, they have a religious belief that it infallibly possesses the following qualities, viz.: that it purifies them from all sin, and leaves them in a state of perfect innocence; that it inspires them with an invincible prowess in war; and that it is the only solid cement of friendship, benevolence, and hospitality. Most of them really seem to believe that the Great Spirit or Master of breath has communicated the virtues of the black-drink to them, and them only (no other Indians being known to use it as they do), and that it is a peculiar blessing bestowed on them, his chosen people. Therefore, a stranger among them cannot recommend himself to their protection in any manner so well as by offering to partake of it with them as often as possible. The method of serving up black-drink in the square is as follows, viz.:

The warriors and chiefs being assembled and seated, three young men acting as masters of ceremony on the occasion, each having a gourd or calabash full of the liquor, place themselves in front of the three greatest chiefs or warriors, and announce that they are ready by the word *choh!* After a short pause, stooping forward, they run up to the warriors and hold the cup or shell parallel to their mouths; the warriors receive it from them, and wait until the young men fall back and adjust themselves to give what they term the *yohullah*, black-drink note. As the young men begin to aspirate the note, the great men place their cups to the mouths, and are obliged to drink during the aspirated note of the young men, which, after exhausting their breath, is repeated on a finer key, until the lungs are no longer inflated. This long aspiration is continued for nearly half a minute, and the cup is taken from the mouth of the warrior who is drinking at the instant the note is finished. The young men then receive

the cups from the chiefs or head warroirs, and pass it to the others of inferior rank, giving them the word *choh!* but not the *yohullah* note.

None are entitled to the long black-drink note but the great men, whose abilities and merits are rated on these occasions by the capacity of their stomachs to receive the liquor. It is generally served round in this manner three times at every meeting; during the recess of serving it up, they all sit quietly in their several cabins, and amuse themselves by smoking, conversing, exchanging tobacco, etc., and in disgorging, or spouting out the black-drink they have previously swallowed. Their mode of disgorging, or spouting out the black-drink is singular, and has not the most agreeable appearance. After drinking copiously, the warrior, by hugging his arms across his stomach, and leaning forward, disgorges the liquor in a large stream from his mouth, to the distance of six or eight feet. Thus, immediately after drinking, they begin spouting on all sides of the square, and in every direction; and in that country, as well as in others more civilised, it is thought a handsome accomplishment in a young fellow to spout well. They come into the square and go out again on these occasions without formality.

The Ceremony of the Busk

The ceremony of the busk is the most important and serious of any observed by the Creek Indians. It is the offering up of their first fruits, or an annual sacrifice, and always celebrated about harvest time. When corn is ripe, and the cassina or new black-drink has come to perfection, the busking begins on the morning of a day appointed by the priest or *fire-maker* (as he is styled) of the town, and is celebrated for four days successively. On the morning of the first day, the priest, dressed in white leather moccasins and stockings, with a white dress deer-skin over his

shoulders, repairs at break of day unattended, to the square. His first business is to create the new fire, which he accomplishes with much labour by the friction of two dry sticks. After the fire is produced, four young men enter at the openings of the four corners of the square, each having a stick of wood for the new fire; they approach the new fire with much reverence, and place the end of the wood they carry in a very formal manner, to it. After the fire is sufficiently kindled, four other young men come forward in the same manner, each having a fair ear of new corn which the priest takes from them, and places with great solemnity in the fire, where it is consumed. Four young warriors then enter the square in the manner before mentioned, each having some of the new cassina. A small part of it is given to the new fire by the priest and the remainder is immediately parched and cooked for use. During these formalities the priest is continually muttering some mysterious jargon which nobody understands, nor is it proper for any inquiries to be made on the subject; the people in general believe that he is communicating with the great master of breath. At this time the warriors and others being assembled, they proceed to drink the black-drink in their usual manner. Some of the new fire is next carried and left on the outside of the square, for public use; and the women are allowed to come and take it to their several homes, which they have the day before cleaned and decorated with green boughs for its reception; all the old fire in the town having been previously extinguished, and the ashes swept clean away, to make room for the new.

During this day, the women are suffered to dance with the children on the outside of the square, but by no means suffered to come into it. The men keep entirely to themselves and sleep in the square. The second day is devoted by the men to taking their war-physic. It is a strong decoction of the button snakeroot or Seneca, which they use in such quantities as often to injure their health by

producing spasms, etc. The third day is spent by the young men in hunting and fishing, while the elder ones remain in the square and sleep, or continue their black-drink, war-physic, etc., as they choose. During the first three days of the busking, while the men are physicing, the women are constantly bathing.

It is unlawful for any man to touch one of them even with the tips of his fingers; and both sexes abstain rigidly from all kinds of food or sustenance, and more particularly from salt. On the fourth day, the whole town are assembled in the square, men, women, and children, promiscuously, and devoted to conviviality. All the game killed the day before by the young hunters is given to the public; large quantities of new corn, and other provisions are collected and cooked by the women over the new fire. The whole body of the square is occupied with pots and pans of cooked provisions and they all partake in general festivity. The evening is spent in dancing, or other trifling amusements, and the ceremony is concluded.

N. B.—All the provisions that remain are a perquisite of the old priest or fire-maker.

Courtship and Marriage

Courtship is always begun by proxy. The man, if not intimately acquainted with the lady of his choice, sends her his talk (as it is termed) accompanied with small presents of clothing, by some women of her acquaintance. If the young woman takes his talk, his proxy then asks the consent of her uncles, aunts, and brothers (the father having no voice or authority in the business), which being obtained, the young woman goes to him, and they live together in pleasure and convenience. This is the most common mode of taking a wife, and at present the most fashionable. But if a man takes a wife conformably to the more ancient and serious custom of the country, it

requires a longer courtship, and some established formalities. The man, to signify his wishes, kills a bear with his own hands, and sends a panful of the oil to his mistress. If she receives the oil, he next attends and helps her hoe the corn in her field; afterwards he plants her beans and when they come up, he sets poles for them to run upon. In the meantime he attends her corn, until the beans have run up and entwined their vines upon the poles. This is thought emblematical of their approaching union and bondage; and they then take each other for better or worse, and are bound to all intents and purpose.

A widow having been bound in the above manner is considered an adultress if she speaks or makes free with any man, within four summers after the death of her husband. With a couple united in the above manner, the tie is considered more strongly binding than in the other case; being under this obligation to each other, the least freedom with any other party, either in the man or woman is considered an adultery, and invariably punished by the relations of the offended party by whipping, and cutting off the hair and ears close to the head. The ceremony of cropping, as it is called, is performed in the following manner. The relations of the injured party assemble and use every strategem to come at the offender. This is called in the phrase of the country, *raising the gang upon him.* Each of the gang carries a stick nearly as large as a hoop-pole. Having caught the offender, they beat him or her, as the case may be, until senseless, and then they operate with the knife.

It is extremely difficult to evade this punishment; but if the offender can keep clear of them by flight or otherwise until they lay down their stocks the law is satisfied, and they (one family only excepted) have no right to take them up again. But the great and powerful WIND FAMILY, of whom Mr. M'Gillivray is a descendant, if defeated in the first attempt, have the right of raising the gang and

lifting the cudgels as often as they please until punishment is duly inflicted.

Among the Indians of the extreme north, those in Alaska and adjoining countries, there is a liquor made, which, if reports can be relied upon, contains more frenzy in one glass than a quart of any ordinary inebriating beverage made. This drink is called kwass by all the tribes, for it is almost universal in this part of the world and whether owing to the climate, or some peculiar condition of environment that has not been as yet observed and studied no one is able to state definitely what imparts to it its wonderful ardent qualities.

The ingredients used in the manufacture are simple and innocent, being only yeast, flour, and either sugar or molasses, so there is nothing extraordinary in this respect. The soil used is constructed from second-hand soil-it rots, the first use of which might, perhaps, impart a peculiar quality and flavour, but repeated usings would soon remove all traces of the soil consequently it would be futile to ascribe its potency to this source, and yet there is not a white man who has partaken of this liquor but has pronounced it far more powerful than any other alcoholic drink he has ever tasted.

The Russians while they were in possession of this part of America taught the natives how to make kwass from rye sugar and dried apples, and this, no doubt, is much more wholesome than the common beer of the temperate zone. Still further north, among the Eskimos the favourite beverage bears the name of ogi. This is a drink which they are very

uncertain of obtaining but when, after much hard labour and extreme danger, they do succeed in getting it there are merrymaking and rejoicing throughout the whole country and all people are invited to partake of this great luxury, for *oug* is nothing more or less than the blood of the whale in its natural state. The amount of *oug* that each native, man, woman, or child, can consume is out of all proportion with the size of the person and far beyond the capacity of any white man, even could he be induced to attempt the drinking of it in the first place.

The catching and killing of a whale by the people of the Arctic land produce a period of festivity, the like of which can never be seen in any other country for it means food and drink to all concerned for a long time to come. In the language of the Eskimo, brandy is called *silærunartok*—that is to say, the thing that makes men lose their wits, but now, says Fridtjof Nansen in *Eskimo Life* "they usually call it *snapsemik.*" Mr. Nansen also adds:

They are passionately fond of brandy—women as well as men—not, as they often confided to me, because they like the taste of it, but because it is so delightful to be drunk; and they get drunk whenever an opportunity offers, which is happily not very often. That the intoxication is really the main object in view, appears also from the fact that the *kifaks* do not greatly value their morning dram, because it is not enough to make them drunk. Several of them, therefore, agreed to bring their portions into a common stock, one of them drinking the whole to-day, the next to-morrow, and so on by turns. Thus they could get comfortably drunk at certain fixed intervals. When the authorities discovered this practice, however, they

took means to stop it. Unlike their sisters here in Europe, the Eskimo wives, as a rule, find their husbands charming in their cups, and take pleasure in the sight of them. I must confess, that the Eskimos, both men and women, seemed to me, with few exceptions considerably less repulsive, and, of course, considerably more peaceful, in the state of intoxication than Europeans are apt to be under similar conditions. When the Europeans first came to the country, the natives could not understand the effects of brandy. When Christmas approached, they came and asked Neils Egede when his people were going to be "mad"; for they thought that "madness" an inseparable accompaniment of the feast, and the recurring paroxysm had become to them a landmark in the almanack.

Marriage in Greenland was, in the earlier times [Nansen says] a very simple matter. When a man had a mind to a girl, he went to her house or tent, seized her by the hair or wherever he could best get hold of her, and dragged her without further ceremony home to his house, where her place was assigned her upon the sleeping bench. The bridegroom would sometimes give her a lamp and a new water-bucket, or something of that sort, and that concluded the matter. In Greenland, however, as in other parts of the world, good taste demanded that the lady in question should on no account let it appear that she was a consenting party, however favourably disposed towards her wooer she might be in her heart. As a well conducted bride among us feels it her duty to weep as she passes up the church, so the Eskimo bride was bound to struggle against her captor and to wail and bemoan herself as much as ever she could. If she was a lady of the very highest breeding she would weep and "carry on" for several days and even run away home again from her husband's house. If she went not far in her care for the proprieties it would sometimes happen, we are told, that her husband, unless it was already over if her, would

scratch her a little on the soles of her feet, so that she could not walk; and before the sores were healed, she was generally a contented housewife. When they first saw marriages conducted after the European fashion, they thought it was very shocking that the bride, when asked if she would have the bridegroom for her husband should answer "yes." According to their ideas it would be much more becoming to her to answer "No" for they regard it as a shameful thing for a young lady to reply to such a question in the affirmative. When assured that this was the custom among us, they were of the opinion that our women-folks were devoid of modesty.

The Eskimo is exceedingly fond of smoking tobacco, but he has a most peculiar method of pursuing this peaceful pastime. Instead of inhaling the smoke, as many do, he deliberately swallows it until he has become so poisoned he falls senseless, and will remain in this condition sometimes as long as fifteen minutes.

Another tribe of Indians that used tobacco in a very peculiar manner were those found in Lower California by Padre Fray Francisco Garces (or as some spell it Garzes) an account of which is given in Elliott Cloutes's *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer, Garces' Diary, 1775–6*, as follows:

This seen (*visto esto*), the captain took a white stone, which he drew out of a bag and threw it on the fire, in order that it should be heated; he withdrew it at the proper time, and braving it well in a stone mortar mixed it with wild tobacco (*tabaco del monte*) till it became as it were a paste (*atole*). Then he handed me the pestle of the mortar, that also was of stone, in order that I should taste that mess (*caldo*), which I found extremely bitter. I returned him the pestle, which he wetted again, and gave to an old

man, who liked it very well though it was with great effort that he was able to swallow that sauce (*salsa*), which all the others successively tasted. My companions the Jamajabs having tried it were at once attacked with vomitings so violent that I thought one of them would die; which those of the rancheria greeted (*celebraron*) with great laughter. Then the meeting was broken up, for there was no one else who would try it any more. I slept within the lodge near the door. I have been able to ascertain that they drink this sort of gruel (*este genero de atole*) to cure fatigue, and consequently it is customary to offer it to all their guests.

At certain seasons of the year the aborigines of California were greatly addicted to drinking a beverage called *saguaro*. This liquor was concocted from the cactus *cereus giganteus* and was probably the same as *tizwin* made by the tribes further east. The Californian Indians, though, had a plausible reason for their indulgence in this liquor, claiming that it made them vomit yellow and therefore it kept them healthy. Thus does even the red man follow the practice of excusing himself and adds to the long list of hypocritical subterfuges.

The general tendency to ascribe to the Franciscan monks the first planting of the grape at San Diego in 1769 may be locally correct but the vine had been planted and wine made on the Pacific coast long before this time. In Hittell's History of California is mentioned the fact that Father Juan Ugarte had between the years 1720 and 1730 made wonderful progress in his undertakings. To quote: "He had truly made the desert blossom as a rose. He not only raised maize and wheat and other grains and various garden

vegetables; but he had also planted vines and made a considerable quantity of generous wine, with which he afterwards supplied all the Missions of Lower California and even furnished some for exportation to the opposite coasts of the gulf."

To any one who has studied the situation in California the fact that this part of our continent is the natural home of the grape readily becomes apparent and while of course we have no means of proving that the vine is indigenous to the state what proof there is to be had on the subject points unmistakably in that direction. Hittell says that it was the sight of the wild vines, "which in some spots seemed to cover the country, that induced the Friars to plant some of the grape stocks brought by them from Lower California and which had been originally introduced from Spain. They succeeded beyond expectation and in a short time produced wine in plenty."

The history of viticulture in America can be truthfully said to be founded upon prejudice rather than reason, and this was a feature from which none of the nations that settled this country were free, and furthermore as it prevailed throughout the whole land no part escaped. In the East the Dutch and English uprooted the luxuriant wild vines they found growing there and planted others from Europe. In California, as we have just read it was the profusion of the wild vines which caused the Friars to plant their cuttings the descendants of the Spanish vines; the natural material at every hand was not even deemed worthy of a trial. The vines or cuttings that were planted at this time it is thought originally belonged to the *malaga* family. Mr. John S. Hittel in his *Resources*

of California says on this subject: "It has been asserted that this grape is of the Malaga variety; but if so, it has changed so much—perhaps while under cultivation in Mexico, whence the first cuttings that came to California were probably obtained—that it no longer resembles its parent stock." He further adds that about 1820 when the missions were established north of the bay of San Francisco, a new variety, now called the Sonoma grape, and said by General Vallejo to be of the Madeira stock, was introduced. It is now extensively cultivated in Sonoma and Napa counties, and in the Sacramento Valley, and is also found in a few vineyards south of the bay of San Francisco. The berry is bluish-black in colour; is covered when ripe with a greyish dust, which brushes off, leaving a glossy, smooth skin; is about half an inch in diameter at its largest size; has a thin, sweet juice, with more meat and a little fruitiness. In describing the first variety, and its introduction in 1770, Mr. Hittel says:

So far as is known, only one variety—that now known as the Los Angeles grape—was brought by them in the last century. It is the vine found in all the old vineyards and most of the new ones south of the bay of San Francisco. It fills three-fourths of the vineyards in the state. The berry is round, reddish-brown while ripening, and nearly black when fully ripe, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter at its largest size, covered by a strong skin, possessing an abundance of thick and very sweet juice, with little meat, but with no fruitiness of flavour.

The Sonoma grape makes a light wine resembling claret; the Los Angeles grape makes a strong wine, resembling port and sherry. The two grapes are classed together as the "Mission," "Native," or "Californian" grapes, and

were the only varieties cultivated here previous to 1853. In that year the importation of foreign grapes commenced, and now about two hundred varieties are cultivated. The Mission grapes are hardy, long-lived, productive, and early in coming into bearing; but they are surpassed in flavour, hardiness, productiveness, earliness of ripening, and earliness of bearing, by many foreign varieties, which, so far as is known, are not inferior in any respect. The latter have been tried, however, only three or four years, and therefore we cannot speak positively whether they will prove so long-lived, or whether they will be equal in some other points to the Mission grapes. Still, the superiority of the foreign grapes is so great that no reasonable man acquainted with the subject doubts that they will drive the Mission grapes out of the market.

These observations were published in 1863 and no truer prediction was ever penned, and in furtherance let us quote the following from Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait, in *Wines and Vines of California*, printed twenty-six years later (1889), who writes:

It is believed that there are planted not less than one hundred and fifty thousand acres in vines; and fully 90 per cent. of these are reckoned as consisting of the finer grades of foreign wine grape varieties, mainly drawn from France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, and Hungary. The result of the planting of these fine-grade grape-vines has been the producing of wines of much better quality than had been hitherto produced, creating a revolution in favour of California wines and the conquest of markets that even the most sanguine among us never hoped to acquire.

A quick fulfilment of Mr. Hittel's prediction, was it not? And one, too, that has not its parallel in the

annals of any other country,—speaking much plainer than words, of the energy and enterprise of the "Sons of California," for the change called not only for hard labour but a faith in the future that has seldom been equalled. Among one of the many curiosities of this wonderful State was a grape-vine in Santa Barbara County, the history of which is given by R. Guy McClelland in his book entitled *The Golden State*. It reads:

The largest and most productive grape-vine in the world is in California, at Montecito, Santa Barbara County. In 1765, Senora Dominguez, then a little girl, was making a journey on horseback towards her home; she had in her hand for a whip a grape-vine. After riding awhile she observed that the vine was budding in her hand, and on her arrival at home she planted it. It grew; and to-day (1872) is fresh and vigorous, although it is entered upon its second hundredth year. From this single sprig has grown a stem eighteen inches in diameter, with innumerable branches and offshoots covering an area one hundred and twenty feet in length and eighty feet in width and producing between three and four tons of grapes annually. This vine and its produce has for almost a century been the chief support and shelter of its planter; for one hundred years Senora Dominguez lived beneath the hospitable shade of this vine, and on the ninth of May, 1865, at the advanced age of one hundred and five years, and just one hundred years from the time she had planted it, surrounded by over three hundred of her offspring, in children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, Senora Dominguez died, leaving her generous vine still fresh and vigorous. The great growth and productiveness of this vine is attributed by some to the fact that its roots are watered by a mineral spring adjacent.

The want of foresight on the part of the early wine-makers in the East in not giving to their wines proper and distinctive names should have been a lesson to the Californians, but like many other matters of this nature the warning was not heeded, and the result is that the œnological nomenclature of America—or at least the United States—is only remarkable for its almost entire lack of originality. Unlike France, Germany, Spain, and other wine-producing countries, where characteristic and symbolical names were applied or given to the product of their vineyards, the American vineyardists have never had the temerity to assume their proper places among their brethren in the craft. It was William Congreve who said many years ago that "comparisons are odious," and Chaucer long before had said "Odyous of olde been comparisonis," and American wines have suffered from this utter want of anything approaching a patriotic sense and pride of product, compelling at all times the odious comparison.

The cause of this is, of course, easy of explanation, and lies in the entire indifference to anything American that was so firmly instilled into the minds of our first settlers. Even our geography had to suffer on this account, and the reading of our cities, towns, states, rivers, etc., is but a repetition of European names. Other factors, too, have suffered accordingly. From east to west and from north to south, we are confronted with one continual reminder that our forefathers were entirely lacking in originality, or that their thoughts were ever on the land they had left. In most of the cases the result has only been of an æsthetical nature, and while it has had a strong inclination to confusion

the remedy is easily applied. This, however, is not the case with our wines: they have to bear comparisons that are at the very outset unfair to them. Their merit and real value are lost at once in the thoughts of the drinker when he is told their names, for no matter how fair-minded he may be, the name will bring to him thoughts of the original, and unconsciously there will ensue at once a comparison, not as to the merits of the wine, but upon the line suggested by the title, which at once removes all chances of a free, unbiassed judgment.

In Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1584) is to be found the statement that the Indians of Roanoke Island "drank wine as long as the grapes lasted." Hakluyt fails to mention anything regarding the grapes from which this wine was made, but it was most probably the *scuppernong*, a variety that is *sui generis* to the locality, and which, like the *catawba* of the north, has survived to this day. It is a peculiar grape, inasmuch as the ripening of its fruit is very different from that of other grapes. The berries will drop one by one from the clusters as they mature, necessitating their being gathered every day for several weeks.

Another beverage of which the early explorers found the Indians possessed was one called *pohickory*, and wherever the hickory tree grew and bore nuts this drink was to be had. The little island in the upper New York Bay, and which is known now as Governor's Island, was famous in those early days for its hickory-nuts, which were of the shell-bark variety, and better adapted for the making of *pohickory*. In fact the Dutch settlers called it Nuten Island on this account, and the Indians of that time were very zealous in

their care of it, for they considered the nuts grown there of a superior flavour and quality, not only for the making of their favourite beverage, but for food as well. Colonial history tells us that several murders were committed by both sides on account of these nuts, and that the island was a prolific source of dispute between the Dutch and the Indians for many years.

The method pursued by the Indians in making *pohickory* was to pound the nut, shells and kernels, in a mortar with a proper amount of water until a milky liquor was produced, when it was ready for use. The use of *pohickory* was by no means local or confined to any one tribe. The Indians of New England as well as of the South used it freely and plentifully, for owing to the nature of the nut, which could be kept for two or three years without deterioration, the beverage could be made at any season of the year, provided, of course, a sufficient quantity had been gathered and stored.

From the kernels of acorns, chestnuts, and chinquapins, the Indians of Virginia and the Carolinas also prepared a drink which, among some of the tribe, bore the name of *chinqua*. This drink had the virtue of keeping for some time, but whether it was so concocted as to become inebriating the writers of those days fail to state. The question of drink was a very important one with the early settlers, and was perhaps even more serious than the food problem. Neither the Dutch nor English were by habit water-drinkers, and when they arrived in America and found that the Indians were also extremely careful as to what water they drank, the matter assumed a seriousness that we of the present day can hardly comprehend.

Beverly in his *History of Virginia* says that the liquid the Indians preferred for drinking purposes was the water that had been long standing in ponds exposed to the sun. This at first sight would appear to be a most hazardous method of quenching the thirst, but it must be borne in mind that these people were but children of nature and were guided solely by their instinct, and, strange as it may seem, their guidance was more accurate than otherwise. Pond water has a repugnant sound, but reservoir water rather appeals to us, yet the difference between the two is so slight that none but the most discerning can distinguish it.

In New England the water question was just as grave, and Alice Morse Earle in her most interesting and instructive books, *Customs and Fashions in Old New England* and *Home Life in Colonial Days*, says:

> The English settlers who peopled our colonies were a beer-drinking and ale-drinking race—as Shakespeare said, they were "potent in potting." None of the hardships they had to endure during the first bitter years of their new life caused them more annoyance than their deprivation of tneir beloved malt liquors. This deprivation began at the very landing. They were forced to depend on the charity of the ship-masters for a draught of beer on board ship, drinking nothing but water ashore. Bradford, the Pilgrim Governor, complained loudly and frequently of his distress, while Higginson, the Salem minister, accommodated himself more readily and cheerfully to his changed circumstances, and boasted quaintly in 1629 "whereas my stomach could only digest and did require such strong drink as was both strong and stale, I can and ofttimes do drink New England water very well." As Higginson died

in a short time, his boast of his improved health and praise of the unwonted beverage does not carry the force intended. Another early chronicler, Roger Clap, writes that it was "not accounted a strange thing in those days to drink water," and it is stated that Winthrop drank it ordinarily. Wood, in his *New England Prospects*, says of New England water: "I dare not preferre it before good Beere as some have done, but any man would choose it before bad Beere, Whey or Buttermilk."

It was also praised as being "far different from the water of England, being not so sharp, but of a fatter substance, and of a more jettie colour; it is thought there cannot be better water in the world." But their beerless state did not long continue, for the first luxury to be brought to the new country was beer, and the colonists soon imported malt and learned to make beer from the despised Indian corn, and established breweries and made laws governing and controlling the manufacture of ale and beer; for the pious Puritans quickly learned to cheat in their brewing, using molasses and coarse sugar.

Now let us turn to Phillip Alexander Bruce's admirable *Economic History of Virginia*, in which he writes:

In the True and Sincere Declarations, issued in December, 1609, by the Governor and Council for Virginia there was an advertisement for two brewers, who as soon as they were secured were to be despatched to the Colony; and in a broadside published about this time the advertisement was repeated. Brewers were also included among the tradesmen who were designed by the Company to go over with Sir Thomas Gates. This indicated the importance in the eyes of that corporation of establishing the means in Virginia of manufacturing malt liquors on the spot instead of relying on the importations from England. The

belief became prevalent that one of the principal causes of the mortality so common among those arriving in the Colony in the period following the first settlement of the country was the substitution of water for the beer to which the immigrants had been accustomed in England. The Assembly, in the session of 1623-24, went so far as to recommend that all new comers should bring in a supply of malt to be used in brewing liquor, thus making it unnecessary to drink the water of Virginia until the body had become hardened to the climate. Previous to 1625, two brew-houses were in operation in the Colony, and the patronage which they received was evidently very liberal. The population of Virginia at that time had, with the exception of a small proportion, not only been born but reared in England, and had, therefore, the English thirst for strong liquors. It was not long before they discovered the adaptability of the persimmon for beer. Even an attempt was made to make wine of sassafras. Barley and Indian corn were planted to secure material for brewing, the ale produced, both strong and small, being pronounced by capable judges to be of excellent quality. Twenty years after the dissolution of the Company, there were six public brew-houses in Virginia, the malt used being extracted from the barley and hops which had in considerable quantities been raised for this purpose. In 1652, George Fletcher obtained the monopoly of brewing in wooden vessels for fourteen years. In some places, beer was, about the middle of the century the most popular of all the liquors drunk in the Colony, the great proportion of it being brewed at this time in the house of the planters. With the progress of time, the cultivation of barley practically ceased. In the period of the English Protectorate, there were offered numbers of petitions from English merchants who were anxious to obtain licenses to export malt to Virginia; the quantity brought in steadily increased, the landowners in good circumstances purchasing

it to be used in making beer. They also import the beer itself. The poorest class of people had recourse to various expedients as a substitute for malt. They brewed with dried Indian corn or with bran and molasses; or they brewed with the baked cakes of the persimmon tree; or with potatoes; or with the green stalks of the maize chopped into fine pieces and mashed; or with pumpkins; or with the Jerusalem artichoke, which was planted like barley to be consumed in the manufacture of beer and spirits. It is said, however, that the liquor made from this vegetable was not very much esteemed. There are many references in the county records to malt-houses and also to malt-mills, which were the private property of the planters. Some owned distilleries, others worms and limbecks. Cider was as commonly used as beer; in season it was found in the house of every planter in the Colony. In the opinion of English judges, like Hugh Jones, it was not much inferior in quality to the most famous kinds produced in Herefordshire. Fitzhugh, however, does not appear to have entertained this opinion, although like Jones, he had early in life been in a position to compare English with Virginia cider in the country where it was made. On one occasion, he sent to George Mason of Bristol a sample of the cider of the Colony, accompanying it with a somewhat apologetic letter. "I had not the vanity," he wrote, "to think we could outdo, much less equal, your Herefordshire red stroke, especially that made at particular places. I only thought that because of the place from where it came, it might be acceptable and give you an opportunity in the drinking of it to discover what further advantages this country may be capable of."

In New England cider had also become to be a very popular drink as witness "Josselyn's account of two voyages to New England, 1638" who says:

Syder is very plentiful in the countrey, ordinarily sold for ten Shillings a hogshead. At the tap houses in Boston I have had an Ale quart spic'd and sweetened with sugar for a groat, but I shall insert a more delicate mixture of it. Take of Malago-Raisins, stamp them and put milk to them in a Hippocras bag and let it drain out of itself, put a quantity of this with a spoonful or two of Syrup of Clove-Gilliflowers into every bottle when you bottle your Syder and your Planter will have a liquor that exceeds passada, the Nectar of the country.

Whether apple-jack was first distilled in New England or Virginia our historians fail to tell, but of one fact we are assured and that is in both places it quickly came into vogue. In Virginia it was known as apple-brandy, and still bears that name, but in New England the title apple-jack was universal. The desire for strong drink was expressed on every quarter, and everything in the shape of fruits, vegetables, and grain soon found its way to the distillers, there to be manufactured into liquor, the owner of the still taking toll in kind for the labour performed. An old song which reads—

> Oh, we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,
> Of pumpkins, of parsnips, of walnut-tree chips—

gives the reader a quick and comprehensive idea of the means resorted to in those early days to gratify our forefathers' craving for something besides water.

Aside from spiritous beverages, the Puritans had a goodly list of what we to-day term "soft drinks." There was switchel, a concoction of molasses, vinegar, and ginger in water; beverige was of the same nature

with the vinegar left out. In an advertisement of the day we read:

The use of Hyperion or Labrador tea is every day coming into vogue among people of all ranks. The virtues of the plant or shrub from which this delicate Tea is gathered were first discovered by the Aborigines, and from them the Canadians learned them. Before the cession of Canada to Great Britain we knew little or nothing about this most excellent herb, but since that we have been taught to find it growing all over hill and dale between Lat. 40 and 60. It is found all over New England in great plenty, and that of the best quality, particularly on the banks of the Penobscot, Kennebec, Nichewannock, and Merrimac.

Had the writer of the above said that Hyperion tea was only a fancy name for raspberry leaves, he would have lost much in the strength of his advertisement and would therefore decrease his chances of selling something quite ordinary and easily procured. Liberty-tea, made from the four-leaf loose-strife which was pulled up like flax, the stems stripped of the leaves and boiled; the leaves put into an iron kettle and basted with the liquor of the stalks; then the leaves placed in an oven and dried, was a very popular drink and highly esteemed by the ladies; the leaves of other plants, such as ribwort, sage, strawberry, and currants, also furnished a modicum to disguise the taste of the much dreaded water.

When rum came into fashion the epicure quickly found several ways of mixing it that soon became popular with all classes. In no case was the mixing done to render the beverage weaker; in fact the reverse can be said to be the object sought, and a perusal of

a few of these decoctions leads to the conclusion that either these old-time people were almost immune from alcoholic influence or that their object was, like the Indian, to get drunk quickly, but the facts do not bear out this deduction. Stone-wall, a mixture of hard cider and rum, was an every-day sort of a drink and was to be had at every tavern. Comment as to this drink is entirely unnecessary; even a novice in the art of drinking can figure out the effects. *Bogus*, which by the way was the shortening of Calibogus, was rum and beer, of which the less used the better. Black-strap was a mixture of rum and molasses; Alice Morse Earle says:

> Casks of it stood in every country store, a salted and dried codfish slyly hung alongside—a free lunch to be stripped off and eaten, and thus tempt, through thirst, the purchase of another draught of black-strap. A remarkable drink is said to have been popular in Salem—a drink with a terrible name—whistle-belly-vengeance. It consisted of sour household beer simmered in a kettle, sweetened with molasses, filled with brown-bread crumbs, and drunk piping hot.

In the South, both peach and apple brandy were generalised under the name Virginia drams, and a morning draught of either was considered as essential to good health as a breakfast, but rum soon drove them out and *bombo*, made of rum, sugar, water, and nutmeg, became the fashion. *Mimbo* was a variety of *bombo* with the nutmeg left out. In both the North and South, *scotchem*, made with apple-jack, boiling water, and a small quantity of mustard, was considered a fine beverage on a cold day.

The Dutch of New York, or as it was then known the New Netherlands, were confronted with the same conditions, but we have the assurance that they, with their usual foresight in such matters, brought with them a goodly supply of their favourite schnapps, and also in addition to that they began the brewing of beer just as soon as they could get the materials together for the purpose. As early as 1640, Wilhelm Kieft, Director-General of the Colony, erected a distillery on Staten Island, putting it in charge of Wilhelm Hendricksen. This still was the first in North America to make liquor and spirits from grain, and fortune followed it. For Kieft, although an arbitrary Director, had an eye for business, and it was he who built the first tavern on Manhattan Island, thus securing an output for his distillery. Corn and rye were the grains that were mainly used, for the reason that they were the more plentiful, being easier of cultivation.

The practice of distilling soon spread but it was by no means confined to men, as witness the reply of Governor Lovelace to a petition made to him in 1672:

Whereas Jeuffru Armigart Printz *alias* Pappegay living in Delaware River did make a request unto me that in regard that she lived alone and had so little assistance by servants, having only one man servant and likewise in harvest time or other seasons of the year for husbandry when she was constrained to hire other people to help her, for whose payment in part, and relief also she was wont to distill some small quantities of liquors from corn, as by divers others is used in that river, that I would excuse her man servant from ordinary training in the company in which he is enlisted, and also to give her license to distill in her own distilling kettle some small quantities of the

liquors for her own use and her servants and labourers upon occasion as before mentioned, I have thought good to grant the request of said Juffro Pappegay, both as to the excuse of servant being at training (extraordinary ones, upon occasion of an enemy or invasion excepted) and likewise that she have license to make use of her own distilling kettle, as is desired, provided it be done with such moderation that no just complaint do arise thereby, to continue one year.

Not a period or full stop in the whole document and worthy of preservation on that account alone. Three years later, May 24, 1675, an ordinance was passed prohibiting corn or grain from distillation under the penalty of £5, but this was soon removed, and the business kept growing, until a hundred years later, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, it is said that no matter where one travelled in the country he was sure to see smoke from distilleries at every point. In fact it became so serious that had not the authorities interfered there would not have been grain enough left to make bread for the army.

While the Swedes were in possession of Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey which at that time was called New Sweden, Israel Acrelius visited the colony and on his return to his native land he wrote a very interesting and comprehensive history of the new possessions. For many years his book remained untranslated, but when the Pennsylvania Historical Society was formed they had it written into English. Acrelius was a close observer of how people lived, and unlike many other historians he did not think that it detracted from his volume to record these facts, and accordingly we are enabled at this late date to form

a good idea of conditions as they existed then, not only of a public nature but of a private and individual character, which perhaps in the aggregate is of more importance in tracing the progress of a country than its public speeches, laws, and wars. On the subject of drinks he was very comprehensive and also minute, and the Swedes of those times surely had very little to complain of in this respect, for according to the historian the list was very complete. *Mamm*, he writes, was made of water, sugar, and rum, and was the most common drink in the interior. Its popularity was so great, he adds, that it has set up many a tavern-keeper. A *meridian* was a punch composed of rum, limes, water, and sugar and was drunk just before dinner—therefore its name. Cherry bounce was made from the cherry juice with a goodly quantity of rum in it. *Manathan* was small beer, rum, and sugar. *Long-sup* or sling was one half water and one half rum, with sugar in it to taste. *Sillibub* is made of lukewarm milk, wine and sugar, not unlike our oleost (made of warm milk and beer). Spruce beer is a kind of small beer which is called in Swedish "larda tidningame." *Tiff* is small beer, rum, and sugar, with a slice of bread toasted, and buttered. *Sampson* was warmed cider with rum in it; mulled rum, warmed, with egg-yolk and allspice. *Sangaree* is made of wine, water, sugar, a dash of nutmeg, with some leaves of balm put in it. Cider royal is so called when some quarts of brandy are thrown into the barrel of cider, along with several pounds of muscovado sugar, whereby it becomes stronger, and tastes better. If it is left alone for a year or so, or taken over the sea, then drawn off into bottles with some raisins put in it, it may

deserve the name of apple wine. Cider royal is of another kind, in which one half is cider and the other half mead, both fermented together. In cherry wine, the berries are pressed, the juice strained from them, muscovado or raw sugar is put in; then it ferments, and after some months becomes clear. *Raw dram* is a drink of rum unmixed with anything. Still liquor, brandy made of peaches or apples, without the addition of any grain, is not regarded as good as rum.

Beer is brewed in the towns; is brown, thick, and unpalatable; is drunk by the common people. Small beer is from molasses: when the water is warmed, the molasses is poured in with a little malt, or wheat-bran, and is well shaken together. Afterwards a layer of hops and yeast is added, and then it is put in a keg, where it ferments, and the next day it is clear and ready for use. It is more wholesome and pleasanter to the taste than any small beer or malt. Table beer is made of persimmons. The persimmon is a fruit like our egg-plum. When these have been well frosted, they are pounded along with the seeds, mixed up with wheat-bran and baked in the oven. Then, whenever desired, pieces of this are taken and moistened, and with these the drink is brewed. Mead is made of honey and water boiled together, which ferments of itself in the cask. The stronger it is of honey, the longer it takes to ferment. Drunk in this country too soon, it causes sickness of the stomach and headache. Tea is a drink very generally used. No one is so high as to despise it, nor any so low as not to think himself worthy of it. It is not drunk oftener than twice a day. It is always drunk by the common people with raw sugar in it. Coffee comes from Martinica, St. Domingo,

and Surinam; is sold in large quantities and used for breakfast. Chocolate is in general use for breakfast and supper. It is drunk with a spoon; sometimes prepared with a little milk, but mostly only with water. Brandy in tea is called *lese*. Besides these they also use the liqueur called cordials, such as anise-water, cinnamon-water, and others scarcely to be enumerated, as also drops to pour into wine, brandy or whiskey without end. If any one went thirsty in New Sweden it must have been because he belonged to a prohibition society, for the variety was great enough to satisfy the most fastidious.

At a much later period sage wine became quite the fashion. To make a barrel according to an old recipe take forty pounds of *malaga* raisins, two bushels of sage cut fine with the raisins as for mince-meat, then take and boil the raisins and sage in about five gallons of water for fifteen minutes; then strain out all the liquor and add forty pounds of sugar, make it into a syrup with the liquor you have just strained out and pour it into your stand cask; then add fourteen gallons of rum, fill up with water. Balm wine, made with prunes, cinnamon, mace, Havana brown sugar, balm, and pure white spirits, was also another favourite. Birch wine made from the sap of the birch tree was popular, and clarry wine, manufactured from clarry-tops when in blossom, and lovage cordial made from a plant of the same name had their admirers. In 1776 Richard Deane, a distiller from Ireland, had for sale at his distillery on Long Island near the ferry, so reads his advertisement—"Aniseed-Water, Orange Water, Clove Water, All Fours, or the Cordial of Cordials, Royal

Usquebaugh, Plain ditto, Royal water, Cordial of Health, Cinnamon Water, Cardamon Water, Angelica Water, Aqua Cœlestis, or Heavenly Water, Ros Solis, Stoughton's Elixir Mirabilis, or Wonderful Water. Besides Irish Whiskey, Brandy and Rectified Spirits of Wine."

Drinking in those days was carried to an excess that we of the present time can hardly realise, and very few men of to-day would fancy sitting down to a banquet where every guest was expected to give a toast and to drink to every one given. A story illustrative of this method and practice, and which at the time was not considered anything unusual, is that of Captain McDougal, who for some offence of little moment was confined in jail and forty-five of his friends gave him a little dinner in his temporary residence, and it is a matter of record that they used forty-five pounds of steak and each drank forty-five toasts. This happened in New York in 1770 and speaks quite well for the men who a few years later had to shoulder their muskets and march to their country's defence.

Doctor Cutler mentions in his diary that when he dined with Colonel Duer in New York, in 1787 besides beer and porter fifteen different kinds of wine were served at the meal. The war was over then and peace reigned, but our fathers had lost none of their valour in the struggle.

The terms in vogue at that time to describe a person who had taken a drop or two too much are quite expressive even now: for instance, "He 's made an Indian feast" conveys the idea at once to any one who has the slightest knowledge of the Indians and their habits. "He 's lost his rudder" needs no further

explanation, while "He 's sore-footed" is minutely graphic; but "He walks by starlight" and "He 's taken Hippocrates' elixir" are somewhat too poetical for modern use, though perhaps this can be overlooked in the phrase "He 's as dizzy as a goose."

There has always been for some reason a reluctance on the part of many to speak of a person as being drunk; why this is so is hard to explain, but even in early times in Greece and Rome we meet with phrases more or less vague to convey this meaning. The poet who wrote,

> For planters' cellars you must know
> Seldom with good October flow;
> But perry, quince, and apple juice,
> Spout from the tap like any sluice,

could not have had the pleasure of drinking Sopus ale, which for many years was famous not only in New York but in New England as well for its fine quality; owing, as one chronicler said, to the fine water that was to be had at Esopus.

Potato coffee was quite a beverage in this part of the world a century or more ago and many people seem to have relished it better than the real berry. To prepare it the potatoes were cut into small square pieces, then dried and parched in an oven, and when wanted were ground and treated in the same manner as the coffee berry. We are more or less prone to look with astonishment at the stories of the amount of liquor the people of those days could drink without any seeming bad effects, but all this wonderment and surprise will leave us when we again refer to Alice

Morse Earle in *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*, who says:

> In an old almanac of the eighteenth century I find a few sentences of advice as to the "Easy Rearing of Children." The writer urges that boys as soon as they can go alone go without hats, to harden them, and if possible sleep without nightcaps, as soon as they have hair. He advises always to wet children's feet in cold water and thus make them (the feet) tough, and also to have children to wear thin-soled shoes "that wet may come freely in." He says young children should never be allowed to drink cold drinks, but should have their beer a little heated; that it is "best to feed them on Milk, Pottage, Flummery, Bread, and Cheese, and not let them drink their beer till they have first eaten a piece of Brown Bread." Fancy a young child of nowadays making a meal of brown bread and cheese with warm beer! He suggests that they drink but little wine or liquor, and sleep on quilts instead of feathers. In such ways were reared our Revolutionary heroes. Our girls and young ladies of this time were under no restraint and they were at liberty to partake of punches hot or cold whenever they were served, and one young miss of eight years of age, according to our entertaining author, left her grandfather's house in high dudgeon because she could not have wine at every meal, and her parents upheld her, saying she had been brought up a lady and must have her wine when she wished it.

Evidently Cobbett's statement of the free drinking of wine, cider, and beer by American children was true—as Anna Green Winslow's "treat" would show, another young lady or miss that Alice Morse Earle tells of. Elsewhere in the same volume is a description of a funeral, written by Sargent, in the days of his youth:

When I was a boy, and was at an academy in the country, everybody went to everybody's funeral in the village. The population was small, funerals rare; the preceptor's absence would have excited remark, and the boys were dismissed for the funeral. A table with liquor was always provided. Every one, as he entered, took off his hat with his left hand, smoothed down his hair with his right, walked up to the coffin, gazed at the corpse, made a crooked face, passed on to the table, took a glass of his favourite liquor, went forth upon the plot before the house and talked politics, or of the new road, or compared crops, or swapped heifers or horses until it was time to *lift.* A clergyman told me that when settled at Concord, N. H., he officiated at the funeral of a little boy. The body was borne in a chaise, and six little nominal pall-bearers, the oldest not thirteen, walked by the side of the vehicle. Before they left the house a sort of a master of ceremonies took them to the table and mixed a tumbler of gin, water and sugar for each.

It was a hard struggle against customs and ideas of hospitality, and even of health, when the use of liquors at funerals was abolished. Old people deplored the present and regretted the past. One worthy old gentleman said with much bitterness, "Temperance has done for funerals." On the other hand, while funerals were of great social importance, natal events were likewise considered an occasion of liquid refreshments as well.

In New England, Alice Morse Earle writes, the "groaning beer" was drunk, though Sewall "brewed my Wives Groaning Beer" two months before the child was born. By tradition "groaning cake," to be used at the time of the birth of the child and given

to visitors for a week or two later, also was made; but I find no allusion to it under that name in any of the diaries of the times. At this women's dinner good substantial viands were served. "Women din'd with Rost Beef and minc'd Pyes, good Cheese and Tarts." When another Sewall baby was scarcely two weeks old seventeen women were dined at Judge Sewall's on equally solid meats—"Boil'd Pork, Beef, Fowls, very good Rost Beef, Turkey, Pye and Tarts." Madam Downing gave her women "plenty of sack and claret." In New York the amphidromia was better known as "a caudle party," and Mrs. John Van Rensselaer in her charming book *The Goode Vrow of Mana-ha-ta* writes very entertainingly of these important gatherings as follows:

The particular dainty that was the inseparable accompaniment of the reception, and gave it the name, was the drink that was brewed and served piping hot to the visitors. It was called caudle, and its concoction was a secret carefully preserved in certain families, who always prepared it and sent it to the house of "the lady in the straw" as an especial mark of their favour. A family receipt that has been handed down from mother to daughter through the descendants of Cornelia Lubbetse (Mrs. Johannes de Peyster) calls for three gallons of water, seven pounds of sugar, oatmeal by the pound, spice, raisins, and lemons by the quart and two gallons of the very best Madeira wine. And this, my readers, was for the ladies, who partook of it freely and often without scandal and returned to their homes in time to prepare for their husbands' and sons' coming to their suppers, where another goodly quantity of liquid refreshment awaited all parties.

Liquors of all kinds were considered a necessity in those days and not a luxury. In Philadelphia conditions were the same, as witness an extract from the diary of John Adams, quoted from *Home Life in Colonial Days* (of the home of Miers Fisher, a young Quaker lawyer):

> This plain Friend, with his plain but pretty wife with her Thees and Thous, had provided a costly entertainment: ducks, hams, chickens, beef, pig, tarts, creams, custards, jellies, fools, trifles, floating islands, beer, punch, wine and a long etc. . . . A most sinful feast again! everything to delight the eye or allure the taste: curds and creams, jellies, sweetmeats of various sorts, twenty kinds of tarts, fools, floating islands, trifles, whipped sillabubs, etc., Parmesan cheese, punch, wine, porter, beer.

Was n't it a sinful feast! and one wonders if the venerable gentleman partook of all these good things he is so careful to enumerate. Weddings were of course golden opportunities for our drink-loving ancestors and many were the concoctions prepared for this occasion—none of them, it may be remarked, being noticeable for their mildness. In 1743 *The Weekly Post-Boy* gave the following recipe for all young ladies that are going to be married to make a *sack posset:*

> From famed Barbados on the western main
> Fetch sugar half a pound; fetch Sack from Spain
> A pint, and from the Eastern coast
> Nutmeg, the Glory of our Northern Toast.
> O'er flaming coals together let them heat,
> Till the all-conquering Sack dissolves the sweet.

O'er such another fire set eggs twice ten,
New born from foot of cock and rump of hen;
Stir them with steady hand and conscience pricking
To see th' untimely fate of twenty chicken.
From shining shelf take down your brazen skillet,
A quart from gentle cow will fill it.
When boil'd and cool'd put gentle Sack to Egg,
Unite them firmly like the Triple League;
Then covered close together let them dwell
Till Miss twice sings—"You must not kiss and tell!"
Each lad and lass snatch up their murdering spoon
And fall on fiercely like a starved Dragoon.

Thus it was strong drink on every side and used unsparingly by all—men, women, and children; and it was these people who made the country, fought for it, freed it, and then governed it and carried it through epochs of troubles that have not their parallel in all history. Can it be that the reply made by President Lincoln to the complaint that his only victorious general was a great whiskey-drinker, and said he, "I would like to get several barrels of that same brand for my other generals," carried with it a meaning to which some would like to blind their eyes?

The beverage that takes the place of the Oriental sherbet in America is soda water, but unlike the sherbet soda water is purely an article of commerce. Its chief ingredient, the water, which has to undergo a costly preparation, deprives it of the social qualities so intimately connected with sherbet and in consequence the preparing of soda water is confined to people who make it a business. The use of water containing an abundance of carbon-dioxide gas is a matter of early history. In the beginning these waters

were only to be had from natural sources, but as education increased the art of making the peculiar gas was solved. At first this substance was called by the rather lengthy title of carbonic acid gas, but owing to the fact that sodium bicarbonate in conjunction with an acid was used to produce this change the name was soon shortened to soda water. The desire to render this water more palatable was only the instinctive outcome of the dislike the majority of people have for pungency, and the use of syrup flavoured or plain naturally followed. Unfortunately neither history nor legend tells us when this occurred and to enter upon the field of speculation would be to invite criticism that would not repay the trouble.

The national beverage of Americans of the present day is whiskey, but it is a whiskey of their own make and manufacture, differing in many details from the liquor of the same name made in Ireland and Scotland. For a number of years this beverage was known as Bourbon whiskey, deriving its title from the name of the county in Kentucky where a great deal of whiskey was and is yet made.

According to Collins's *History of Kentucky* the first still erected in Bourbon County was constructed and operated by Jacob Spears in 1790, others also, says the same authority, claim that it was Captain John Hamilton who built the first distillery. The fight between rum and whiskey for supremacy was a long, tedious battle, but eventually rum was driven to the wall and for fifty years whiskey has maintained its popularity. In 1782 the court in Jefferson County, Kentucky, enacted a law making the price of whiskey fifteen dollars a half-pint or two hundred and forty dollars a gallon.

What sales were made at this price our historian (Collins) fails to state; neither does he mention how long the price remained in force, but it is undoubtedly the record price ever placed by law upon any beverage.

Kentucky, however, was by no means the first State in which whiskey was made; as shown elsewhere it was Wilhelm Kieft, Director-General of the New Netherlands, who erected the first still in North America, and others seeing his success soon had the art spread throughout the then settled portion of the country. In Pennsylvania, and more particularly in the western parts of the State, according to the Pennsylvania Archives, it was the practice to have a still wherever twenty or thirty houses were, and all parties would take their rye to it, paying for the distillation in kind. This method was universal and it was this condition of affairs that led to the "whiskey insurrection" when the federal government determined to collect a revenue upon all whiskey made. This action also led the people into moonshining, for until a tax was placed upon liquors illicit distilling was impossible.

The process of manufacturing whiskey, while it ultimately leads to the same result, differs materially in almost every locality and even among individual distillers. Also there are different kinds known, collectively, as sour mash, sweet mash, rye whiskey, and pure rye whiskey. To attempt a technical description would be a task that would be of but little interest to the reader, but some time ago there appeared an article in one of our trade journals which while it is of a technical nature is so plain that almost any child can understand it. It reads:

The writer has been connected with the whiskey business since 1881 and he has never yet seen two distillers who would give the same definition to hand-made sour mash, and very few would agree as to how any of the many varieties of whiskey should be made. It is really a difficult matter to tell just where whiskey ends and spirits begin, as witness the following varieties:

Sour Mash Whiskeys

(*a*) Made only from corn, corn malt; mashed in small tubs by hand, fermented by dipping back.

(*b*) Made from corn, rye, and barley malt; mashed in small tubs by hand; fermented by dipping back.

(*c*) Made as above, but mashed by machines and yeasted.

(*d*) Made as above, but mashed by machines in big tubs.

(*e*) Made as above, but run through charcoal by gravity in cistern-room.

Sweet Mash Whiskeys

(*a*) Made from corn, rye and barley malt; scalded with water; singled in wood and doubled in copper over fire.

(*b*) Made as above, but singled in three-chamber copper still and doubled in copper over fire.

(*c*) Made as above, but singled in copper continuous beer still and doubled with steam.

(*d*) Made as above, but scalded with spent beer instead of water.

(*e*) Made as above, but scalded in cooker instead of mash tub.

(*f*) Made as above, but run very high in proof and stored in excessive heat.

Pure Rye Whiskeys

(*a*) Made of rye and malt and scalded with water.
(*b*) Made of rye and barley malt and scalded with water.
(*c*) Made as above but scalded with spent beer.

Rye Whiskeys

Made of corn, rye, and barley malt along all sorts of lines. It 's a wise man who can straighten out these children of the still and name them properly and tell which are like and which are unlike.

Thus is the story told by one who has the ability to say a great deal in a few words, and whose experience of more than a quarter of a century makes what he says peculiarly valuable.

In the southern part of Texas there grows a plant which the Indians of that vicinity call *pieoke*—the whites, whiskey plant, which when sliced as a cucumber and eaten produces the same effect as the beverage from which it derives its name. Among the swamps of South Carolina there are many places covered with grass; these are called tussocks. They are all more or less inaccessible and on many of them, hidden from view, can be found a small still to which is conveyed the seemingly worthless bruised pulp of the sorghum cane from which the syrup has been extracted. It is from this pulp and swamp water that the drink called *tissick* is distilled. It is almost pure alcohol, white and innocent to look upon but most dreadful to imbibe.

Under the names of *fuss fungle* and *polinky* are two

beverages to be found in the coal regions of Pennsylvania which, as disturbers of the peace, as a reporter aptly put it, hardly have their equal elsewhere in America. *Polinky* is made from young raw whiskey and stale beer, while *fuss fungle* has for its component parts alcohol in its pure state, sugar, water, and molasses. Aside from whiskey there is another popular beverage, the cocktail, but who first gave this mixture its name or how and where it came about none can tell. There are numerous stories as to its origin, but all of them smack of recent birth, made, as it were, to fit the occasion. One story speaks of it as having originated in New York State during the Revolutionary period, while another says it is a relic of the Mexican war. Still another claims that it is derived from a stock-breeding term as applied to horses; that is, a cocktail was a horse with a small touch of impure blood, in fact a mixture. This has a plausible sound and is perhaps the true source of the name. But the derivation of the term and the methods of mixing the liquors in their varying proportions seldom bother the man who has had his education advanced to the point of drinking the seductive concoction, which by the way has as many names as ingenuity can well supply and as many methods of making as there are makers. What the original ingredients and foundation were is also a matter of speculation. More than fifty years ago both Hawthorne and Thackeray wrote of the cocktail, one a gin cocktail, the other a brandy, and a few years ago an unknown writer penned the appended lines which appeared for the first time in the San Francisco *News-Letter:*

The Great American Cocktail

Since Dionysius blithe and young inspired old Hellas air
And beat the muses at their game, "with vine leaves in his hair";
Since Wotan quaffed oblivion to Nieblungen gold,
And Thor beside the icy fjord drank thunder-bolts of old;
Since Omar in the Persian bowl forgot the fires of hell
And wondered what the vintners buy so rare as that they sell—
What potion have the gods bestowed to lift the thoughts afar
Like that seductive cocktail they sell across the bar?

Perhaps it 's made of whiskey and perhaps it 's made of gin;
Perhaps there 's orange bitters and a lemon peel within;
Perhaps it 's called Martini and perhaps it 's called, again,
The name that spread Manhattan's fame among the sons of men;
Perhaps you like it garnished with what thinking men avoid—
The little blushing cherry that is made of celluloid;
But be these matters as they may, a *cher confrère* you are
If you admire the cocktail they pass across the bar.

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